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**OCTOBER
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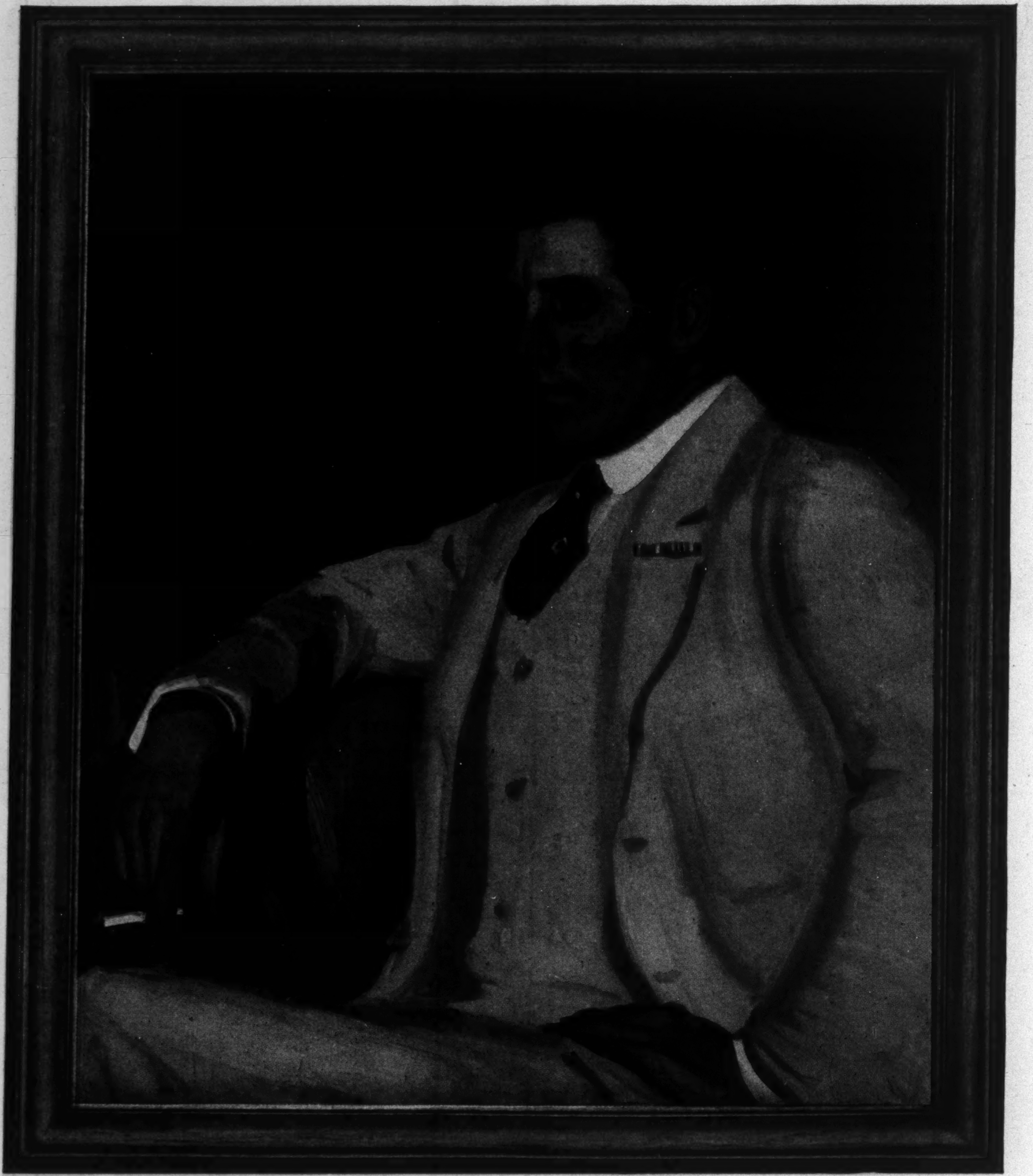

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McCLURE'S

Volume 51
Number 10

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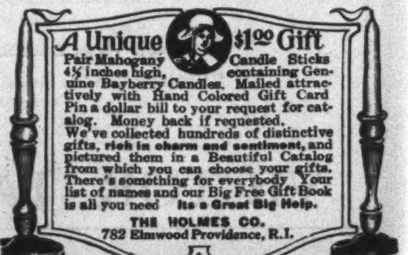

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"Out they came, the financier patting Preston on the shoulder in a fatherly sort of way. . . . . 'Come to see me as often as you can, Mr. Preston, and remember that I'll back you to the limit.'"

The Most Convincing Talker I Ever Met

Everywhere this man goes, people shower him with favors and seek his friendship. Things which other people ask for and are refused, he gets instantly. How he does it is told in this amazing story.

LET me ask you this: There is a big business deal to be put through. It involves millions of dollars. Putting it through depends wholly on one thing—getting the backing of a great financier.

But this man is bitterly opposed to your idea and to your associates. Seven of the most able men and women in all America have tried to win over this financier. They failed—dismally and completely.

Now, could you, a total stranger to this man, walk in on him unannounced, talk for less than an hour, and then have him take your arm as a token of friendship, and give you a signed letter agreeing to back you to the limit?

Could you?

"At luncheon one of our directors said, "Why don't you run down to New York and take a shot at it, Preston?" And Preston answered, "You're on!"

ASTOUNDING? Yes! But it *was* done. And I'll tell you how. Here is the way it all came about. For a long time the directors of our company had felt the handicap of limited capital. We had business in sight running into a million dollars a month. But we couldn't finance this volume of sales. We simply had to get big backing, and that was all there was to it.

Because of trade affiliations, one man—a great financier in New York—controlled the situation. Win him over and the rest was easy. But how to win him?—that was the question. No less than five men and two women—all people of influence and reputation—had tried. They were all repulsed—turned down cold and flat.

You know how a thing of this sort grows on you and how bitter utter defeat is. Well, we were talking it over at a board meeting when one of our directors announced that he knew of only one man who could possibly put through the deal—a man by the name of Preston.

So it was agreed that Preston was to be sounded out at luncheon the following day. He proved to be a fine type of American. At 34 years of age he had become president and majority stockholder of a thriving manufacturing business rated at three-quarters of a million dollars.

Preston was deeply interested, as anyone would be over the prospect of closing such a big deal. The director in question said casually, "Why don't you run down to New York and take a shot at it, Preston?" Preston looked out of the window for a moment, and then quietly answered, "You're on."

I WENT along with Preston simply as a matter of form to represent our interests. Aboard the 10:25 train out of Chicago we headed for the smoker and got to talking with the crowd there.

Then I noticed something: Preston had dominated them all. Everyone was eagerly hanging on his words, and looking at him with open admiration. No sooner would he stop talking than one of the men would start him up again. And as the men dropped off at stations along the way they gave Preston their cards, with pressing invitations to look them up. No doubt about it, Preston was *the* man aboard that car.

The colored porter, too, came under his sway. For that night, when the berths were being made up, the porter came unasked to Preston, told him that his berth was right over the car trucks, and insisted upon changing it to a more comfortable one.

And so it went all the way to New York. Everyone who met Preston took a great liking to him the instant he spoke. They seemed to be eager for his companionship—wanted to be with him every minute, openly admired him, and loaded him with favors.

Even the usual haughty room clerk at the hotel showed a great interest in Preston's welfare. He showered us with attention while a long line of people waited to register.

The next morning we called on the great financier—the man who was so bitterly against us and had flatly turned down seven of our shrewd influential representatives.

I waited in the reception room—nervous, restless, with pins and needles running up and down my spine. Surely Preston would meet the same humilating fate?

But no! In less than an hour out they came, arm in arm, the financier patting Preston on the shoulder in a fatherly sort of way. And then I heard the surprising words, "Come to see me as often as you can, Mr. Preston, *and remember that I'll back you to the limit!*"

AT the hotel that night sleep wouldn't come. I couldn't get the amazing Preston out of my thoughts. What an irresistible power over men's minds he had. Didn't even have to ask for what he wanted! People actually competed for his attention, anticipated his wishes and eagerly met them. What a man! What power! . . . Then the tremendous possibilities of it all—think what could be done with such power!

What was the secret? For secret there must be. So the first thing next morning I hurried to Preston's room, told him my thoughts, and asked him the secret of his power.

Preston laughed good-naturedly. "Nothing to it—I—well—that is—" he stalled. "I don't like to talk about myself, but I've simply mastered the knack of talking convincingly, that's all."

"But how did you get the knack?" I persisted.

Preston smiled, and said, "Well, there's an organization in New York that tells you exactly how to do it. *It's amazing.* There's really nothing to study. It's mostly a knack which they tell you. You can learn this knack in a few hours. And in less than a week it will produce definite results in your daily work.

"Write to this organization—The Independent Corporation—and get their method. They send it on free trial. I'll wager that in a few weeks from now you'll have a power over men which you never thought possible. . . . . but write and see for yourself." And that was all I could get out of the amazing Preston.

WHEN I returned home I sent for the method Preston told me about. It opened my eyes and astounded me. Just how he had won over the financier was now as clear as day to me. I began to apply the method to my daily work, and soon I was able to wield the same remarkable power over men and women that Preston had. I don't like to talk about my personal achievements any more than Preston does, but I'll say this:

When you have acquired the knack of talking convincingly, it's easy to get people to do anything you want them to do. That's how Preston impressed those people on the train—how he got special attention from the hotel clerk—how he won over the financier—simply by talking convincingly.

This knack of talking convincingly will do wonders for any man or woman. Most people are afraid to express their thoughts; they know the humiliation of talking to people and of being ignored with a casual nod or a "yes," or "no." But when you can talk convincingly, it's different. *When you talk, people listen and listen eagerly.* You can get people to do almost anything you want them to do. And the beauty of it all is that they think they are doing it of their own free will.

In committee meetings, or in a crowd of any sort, you can rivet the attention of all when you talk. You can force them to accept your ideas. It helps wonderfully in writing business letters—enables you to write sales letters that amaze everyone by the big orders they pull in.

Then again it helps in social life. Interesting and convincing talk is the basis of social success. At social affairs you'll always find that the convincing talker is the center of attraction, and that people go out of their way to "make up" to him.

Talk convincingly and no man—no matter who he is—will ever treat you with cold, unresponsive indifference. Instead, you'll instantly get under his skin, make his heart glow and set fire to his enthusiasms. Talk convincingly and any man—even a stranger—will treat you like an old pal and will literally take the shirt off his back to please you.

You can get anything you want if you know how to talk convincingly. You've noticed that in business ability alone won't get you much. Many a man of real ability, who cannot express himself well, is often outdistanced by a man of mediocre ability who knows how to talk convincingly. There's no getting away from it, to get ahead—not merely to hold your own—to get what your ability entitles you to, *you've got to know how to talk convincingly!*

THE method Preston told me about is Dr. Law's "Mastery of Speech," published by the Independent Corporation. Such confidence have the publishers in the ability of Dr. Law's method to make you a convincing talker that they will gladly send it to you wholly on approval.

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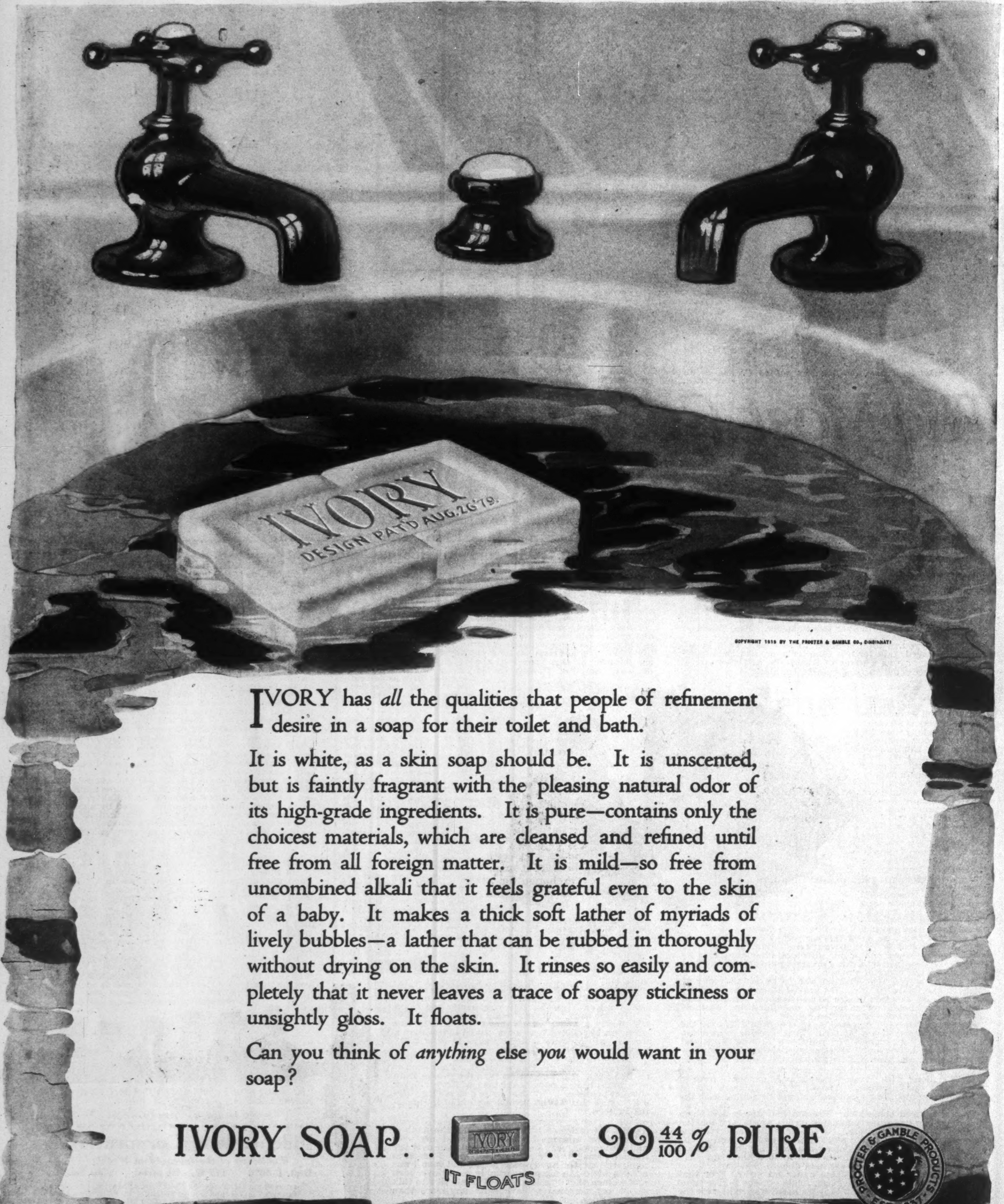

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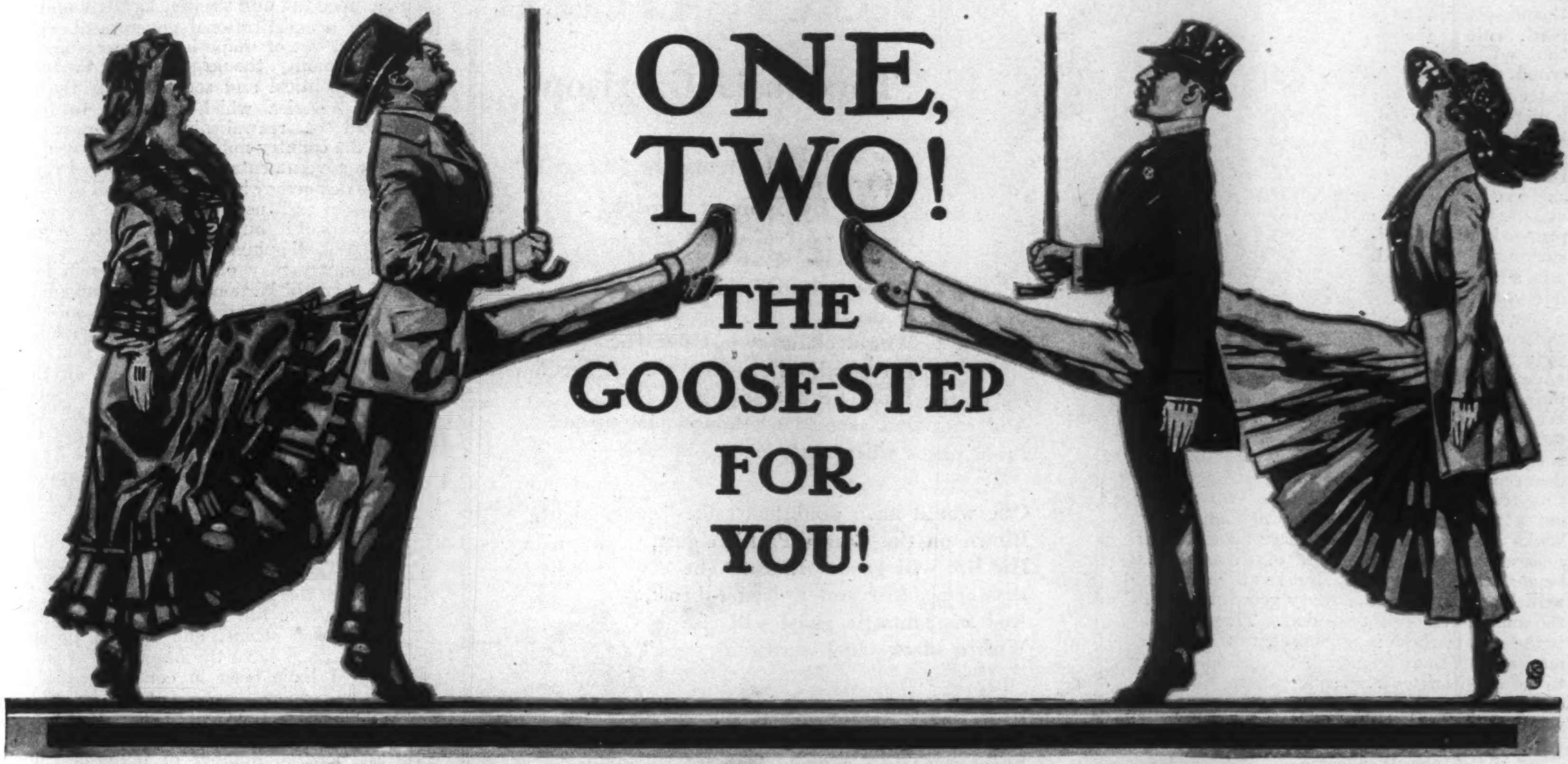

ONE, TWO!

THE GOOSE-STEP FOR YOU!

by Richard Washburn Child

Decoration by Louis Fancher

"THE time has come for all good men," as the old copybook said, to take themselves and their wives and their children in front of the old frame mirror and look themselves in the eyes and ask themselves whether or not Germany has won the War.

It is not for any one man to say so, but it may look to a lot of us a good deal as if, when we licked the dragon and bent over his warty-skinned carcass, we breathed in a long whiff of his poison, and already are seeing the same old warts growing on the skin of our own civilization and likely to break out on the foreheads of our children.

What did we fight against? German armies and militarism. Yes. But the things we really fought against were German tyranny, German Kultur, German "industrial efficiency" which had trapped mankind into a soulless machine-man, promiseless future for human beings; the German plan of cutting all men and women by die patterns; the German suppression of the right of a person to his own development and self-expression, and the "*Verboten*" business.

The thing we really fought was a system of slavery — the most subtle, slow-growing, devilish slavery! Not half so much the slavery of a Kaiser as the slavery of a Kultur. We fought a goose-step civilization because we wanted to free the world from any master who would make us do the goose-step, and by the great horned spoon! we pulled our lance out of the corpse and are walking away — with everybody doing it!

Do you remember how we reviled the German plan of life? How we indicted it and convicted it and jumped up and down on it and frothed at the mouth about it! Well, did we go one step too far and eat it alive?

Next Month: "Our Parlor Bolsheviki," by Porter Emerson Browne

The thing we cursed was tyranny. What kind? The insidious, chronic disease that blocked the right of every man to his own development and the exercise of his free will. We did not believe in free will when that interfered with the free development of other men, à la Kaiser or à la Bolsheviki. But we damned the plan which would threaten the *American* idea of freedom, and we damned the thing in each particular part.

The first part we damned was tyranny of government — political slavery.

The second part we damned was the tyranny of a merciless industrial system — the slavery of soulless labor. We may have thought we were damning the hungry, top-heavy Frankenstein of Germany's capitalism, which, when the War came, was about to fall and crush its creators, but we were really damning any tyranny of industry whether Kaiser-bred or Bolshevist-bred. We were damning any industrial system, capitalistic or red socialist, which makes a slave and a machine and an automaton of man and woman and eats the creative impulse out of human life. We were not damning poverty or wages or hours or capital or labor. We were damning the accursed industrial efficiency of Germany, not because it made men poor but because it made them inhuman. It took their souls in exchange for a lot of new-fangled junk like patent cigar cutters and self-opening ink bottles and scientific tablets containing a business man's lunch; and it took away sunlight and gave in exchange the ornamental chandelier; took away the sense of play and the desire for song and furnished in exchange the film and the disc record. For soul and spirit and freedom it gave us in exchange an appetite for a lot of metal, wooden, porcelain, composition, rubber things, which, after we have gotten them, are about as comforting as the chicken-pox. If you do not believe it look around your own house and see what things are a comfort and what things are a confounded nuisance!

The third part we damned was the regulation of a man's own life by decrees and thou-shalt-nots and prohibitions and pattern cutting — the slavery of the rule book — the thing known in Germany as *Verboten*.

And the fourth part we damned was the propaganda and the suppression of opinion — the poisoned pen and the tongue cutting — the half-hidden system of spoon-feeding people with drugged news.

The Germans had the field well covered with this nasty Kultur, we thought. Why not? The slavery — that's what it was — covered what a man should obey under government that went beyond old American notions and became too much government. It covered what a man should make. How he should live and play! As a last straw, it covered what he should think!

Speaking for oneself and immediate family, when life becomes like that let's go down to the river with bricks in our pockets and our children's little hands tied to our wrists, and jump in. Because the black man in the South was a free man compared to the slave of this Kultur system. And who cares whether a Kaiser or a Lenine or a flock of American jackasses leads it? Who cares which? I don't. You can label the thing Autocracy and convince the world you are fighting tyranny. Or you can label it Democracy and fool folks just the way you can fool them by labeling a morphine mixture "Soothing Syrup for Children." But if the warts of the German dragon-skin begin to heave out on our bodies and we begin to catch ourselves doing the goose-step after any one-man dictated leadership, or following the fetich of industrial production, or going along with rings in our noses after a lot of meddling prohibitions, or lining up as the Germans did because there is black-jacking of public opinion by government propaganda bureaus, or because a millionaire's fund or pan I. W. W. fund is used to garrote the right to think by busting freedom of speech in the face, we have sold out everything that man lives for. We will part our hair by law, write music by mathematics, love by rule, work by diagram, express ourselves by time table, and whether God, who intended that we should express something, and that our personal moral victories should be earned by each of us, will laugh at us or cry over us, who knows?

You don't believe we are learning the goose-step? Oh, you do, do you? You have seen it, too, have you? You can see it in Russia, where there is so much "democracy" that a man not only cannot call his soul his own but has to pay rent on it.

And in America — do you hear the goose-step time a-playing and the gloomy music coming down the road? Well, it was Germany that wanted to make the world

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a place where men were cut out, stamped, labeled, tagged, machine-ized, efficiency-ed, denaturized, spirit-gutted, saved from themselves, moralized, ruled, verbotenized, over-governed, preached to, patted on the head, holier-than-thou-ed, propaganda-ed, drugged and supine-ized. I ask you, straight, if Germany's idea of the proper kind of civilization has spread, has she or has she not won the War?

For instance, isn't the world goose-stepping politically? In government? They have all been goose-stepping in Russia. But take England. Take us. What has become of Parliament? No end of thoughtful Englishmen asked me. The answer is that Parliament has gone the way of our own dear representative — government stronghold — Congress. The years before the War worked out a party whip system in England, so that books are being published there about how a representative in the House of Commons no longer can express himself, but has to goose-step with his party, and the party goose-steps with the small group of party leaders. They say that is the reason there is no representative statesmanship any more. And in America, who wants to be a political goose-stepper among our present House members or in the Senate? Who wants to be a political squeak-mouse?

We began to ask that question before the War. Then the War came and put another crimp in man-sized representative government. It made the executive everything in our country. In England, too, it was the same. "Let George do it," said the English. That was because the War drove them to it. "Let Wilson alone," said we. That was because one-man leadership is the only emergency action we know, and perhaps the best. But already we and the British have learned two things.

The first is that it is easy to turn over everything to an executive. The Germans did that to the Kaiser. All you have to do is to check your brains in the cloak room, and half the time you will find centralized authority comfortable and painless. It is like putting your head in the lion's mouth — all right until the mouth shuts. The exercise of citizenship and thinking out problems is about as much a duty as a pleasure, and if things are apparently rocking along fairly well, it is easy to say, "Let Washington do it."

The Germans were certainly astounded to know that they were being autocrated; it goes to show how easy and painless dictatorship and a flabby citizenship may be when it creeps up on a people who are drugged into a belief that they are permanently happy and well and free.

The second thing we have learned is that when the fundamental idea of a democracy — that of straight, simon-pure, representative government — is broken down for war purposes, it is a difficult thing to get it working again. It is difficult to prevent some English people from saying to-day, "Oh, Lloyd George knows more than I do. He knows things which cannot be told." They have been taught that hokum; it is a part of the organized wish-wash and smoke-screen put out by those who are in the saddle. But just this kind of trust in the pretense of exclusive knowledge possessed only by a few in leadership, or by one leader, hoodwinked the German people into the trap of following the Kaiser. They followed his gang into a conquest of the world to save a top-heavy industrial structure about to come crashing down with its over-extended credits. It is the same brand of trust in judgment other than citizenship judgment which allowed us to tolerate a war-unpreparedness which cost us billions and a tragic waste of young life.

Once a people go into this supine frame of mind they will see Congress bulldozed and sidetracked and hear the cracking noises in the foundations of a republican form of government without stirring themselves. They have been pumped full of a sleeping sickness and do not repair a constitutional government which was twisted out of shape in an emergency.

The community, the neighborhood, the town, the small political and social unit, is the one thing in America which promises to be a stronghold of reawakening democracy. In most of the country nobody gives a hoot about the state governments any more. And representative democracy is not to be found in Washington, even as it used to be; there are a few timid flowers of it, but not much fruit. A good deal of goose-stepping, isn't there?

The country may or may not be in favor of the League of Nations as now compounded, but it never had a chance to say so. The whole fate of the United States may have been decided in Paris. Did any one ask your opinion? Were you asked before anything was settled; or afterward? Have you even been kept informed? You had a choice of doing nothing or of doing the goose-step, didn't you? Leaf out of the book of Germany, isn't it?

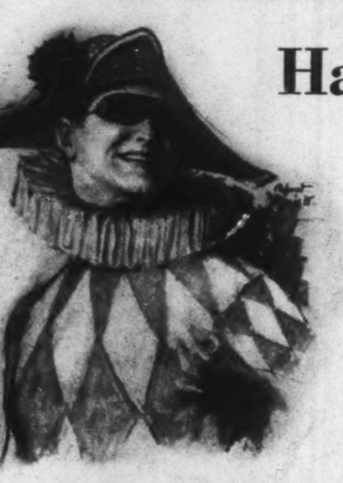
There's another. More serious, it appears. Its delusion spreads like influenza. I found England caught with it — afire with it. Of course, we are in a fever already. We were ripe for it. It is industrial intoxication. It is the fetich of production. It is the bowing down before the great god Efficiency.

All my active life I have been worshiping at that foolish shrine, and I shall probably go on because I have the habit. Year in and year out I have been in contact with large production corporations. I have learned to hate all wastes of time and to think that heaven would be neared when every man turned out the greatest possible number of material things, like vacuum cleaners, or electric hand-lights, or shovels, or corn flakes, or quarts of near-beer, or rheumatism medicine, or parts thereof. Efficiency and time-studies and maximum production have all been swallowed whole until a kind of madness is generated and the faucets of imagination won't turn on, and we all go goose-stepping.

I inquire whether in the last few years you have ever stopped to wonder if we were not galloping along toward a material civilization where we are almost smothered under a tangle of things we do not need or really want and for which we are swapping at least two things infinitely more important than any of this decorated, invention-bred, troublesome mess of *things*. Haven't you ever said to yourself, "These benefits of civilization turned out in marvelous quantity production may be all right, but where does mankind get off? What will become of health, and the only real life — the life of the human mind with its wholesome passions and time to think?"

I know a laborer who built a house out in Connecticut. He put a lot of money into a little library room with convenient lights and he had the contractor build a small nook of field stone with an outdoor seat. He showed this to me with pride. "I've wanted to read all my life," he said. "And now I've got two places where I can sit down with books." But he doesn't. He is too busy to read; too hard pressed to make the money to pay for his library and reading nook; too tired when he comes home. The gods must consider this a great joke on the poor booby, though on second thought he is not to blame unless it be for having been born in an age when everybody appears to be drunk with cheap maximum production, and labor is chasing around and around the circle of higher wages and higher cost of living, or reversing along lower cost of living and lower wages, and there is no way to beat the game.

Christabel Pankhurst, who was running for the House of Commons this spring, came toward the truth when she said that the Bolsheviki had not succeeded in raising the condition of the poor but had only spent their [*Continued on page 51*]



Harlequin Laughs

by

Theodosia Garrison

Illustrations
by Robert Amick

If we one day had guessed how death
Would claim at last our Harlequin,—
He to whom laughter was as breath,
He of the lifted brow and chin
And eyes that seemed as though just turned
From pages where a love-song burned—

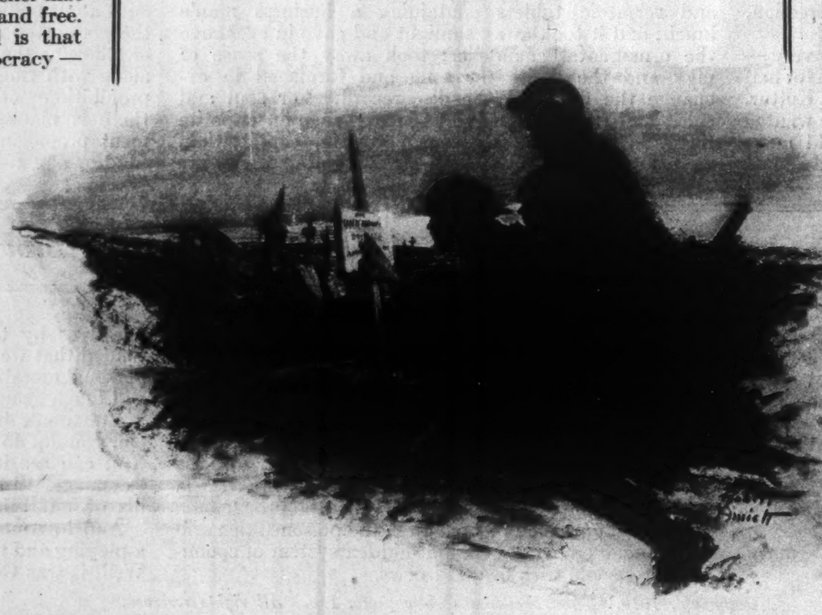
One would have doubtless said: "Some night,
Blown on the Carnival's high gust,
His life will go out like a light
Between a kiss and a dagger-thrust,
And his fantastic ghost will rise
With a black mask across its eyes."

Or one might say, "Some Springtime dawn
Will find him, in all certainty,
Full-flung upon a dewy lawn
Beneath a rose-hung balcony,
Lips curving in a song struck mute,
And at his side a broken lute."

Or say, "Upon a raft at sea,
Careless if death come late or soon,
So he but end the rhapsody
He sings to the complacent moon,
Saluting with his finger-tips
Till the last ripple strikes his lips."

. . . .

O well-beloved ghost, what chance
Is yours to make the answer due?
There is an unnamed grave in France
That in its silence speaks for you,—
The soldier's grave you fought and died to win—
Laugh—but laugh gently at us, Harlequin!



The Stylish Life

by Bruno Lessing

Illustrations by Wilson C. Dexter

BLESSED is he who expecteth nothing for he shall not be disappointed!"

One is moved to quote this familiar bit of wisdom in contemplating the drawbacks of ambition. He who is without ambition breathes freely and sleeps soundly. Your ambitious man must worry. In every man's past there is a chapter or a page or a paragraph or, perhaps, only a single sentence which, if he be ambitious, may at any moment arise as a specter to distress and disturb him. The only known method of guarding against this contingency is to form one's ambitious plans in the cradle and always stick to them or else, have no ambition. Should you require a Q.E.D. for this, "list, list, O list!"

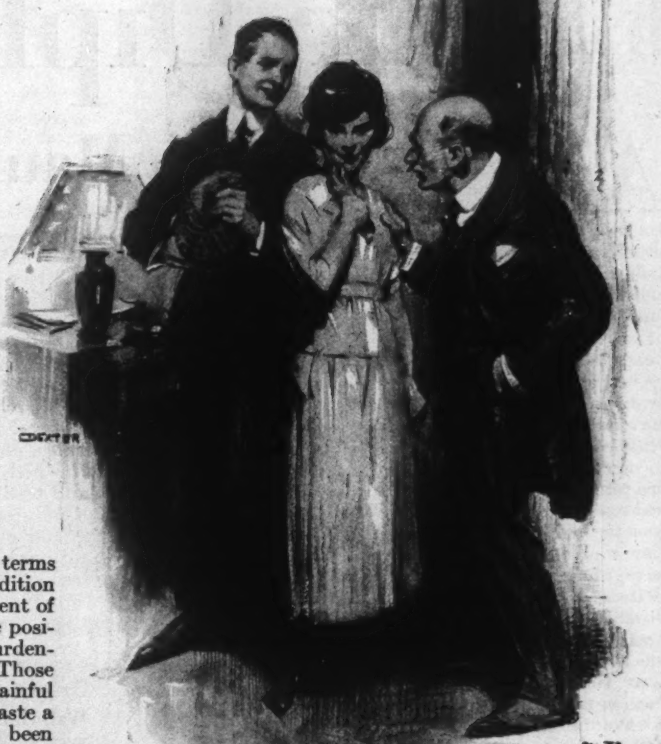
His name was Radin and he was a widower with a daughter. He had served his apprenticeship in the Ghetto, had worked hard and stubbornly and, when he had accumulated all the money he cared for, had moved "up-town." To the denizens of the crowded tenements upon the East Side and the sweat-shop workers and the pedlers, "up-town" has always been a fabled region where rich Jews who had squeezed from the Ghetto all that they could, went to live in a species of earthly paradise. Those who moved there never came back. Some there were among the East Siders, who told of having visited this wonderful region, told of brownstone houses and servants and electric lights, of private carriages and automobiles and of carpets in every room. But such visits were rare; those who moved up-town were usually careful to sever every bond that had tied them to their humble origin. Standing upon the threshold of a new social world their past merely hampered them.

So it was with Radin. When he moved up-town he looked upon his past career as a sealed book. Woe be to any one who attempted to open its pages. Having forsaken the little synagogue where for many years he had worshiped with those who had come from his own birthplace in Galicia, Radin joined an up-town synagogue where most of the hats that were kept on were silk hats.

The leading figure of this synagogue was Marks, who was fat, bald and sixty. Had you opened the pages of Marks's book you would have found that he, too, had sprung from the Ghetto, had made his success in business and had moved up-town. But up-town, excepting when there is a quarrel, one does not open another's book. Radin's house was next to Marks's. In fact, he had bought it from Marks and had paid about one hundred and twenty-five dollars more than he knew he ought to have paid, according to the microscopic up-town real estate scale, merely in order to be on friendly terms with its former owner. Because Marks, in addition to standing high in the synagogue, was president of the Parnassus Club. If you do not know the position of the Parnassus Club it would take a burdensome amount of time and space to explain it. Those who move up-town and, after weary and painful waiting, are admitted to the Parnassus Club, taste a bliss known only to those who, after having been presented at a royal court, are asked to drop around again some afternoon to join the king and queen in a game of pinocle.

"You got to be patient," said Marks to Radin. "There's Rosenstein, for instance. He's been trying to get in for five years but the committee don't want him. They say he's low in his tastes. He goes down to a coffee-house on Grand Street every Saturday night and plays cards with a lot of bums. But you're different. You'll get in all right, only you got to wait. Just live stylish and wait."

Radin knew but little of Marks. In fact, among the wide circle that had grown familiar with the sight of him and respected him — probably more for his wealth and his aloofness than anything else — there were few that appeared to know anything of his past life. He lived alone in a big house, rarely received visitors and talked but little. He had been selected as head of the Parnassus Club principally because he had more spare time than any other member which is an excellent reason in a club. One day he brought Radin to the club as his guest and introduced him to several of the members. One of these held Radin's hand somewhat longer than the others and gazed at him with interest.



"I'm a bit crazy about Leah"

"You're the gentleman what lives next door by Marks?" he asked. Radin nodded.

"That's me," he said.

"My boy said he was introduced to your daughter the other day at Mrs. Fleischmann's party," said the member. "He's been talking a lot about her. You got to keep your eye on them young people. Have a drink?"

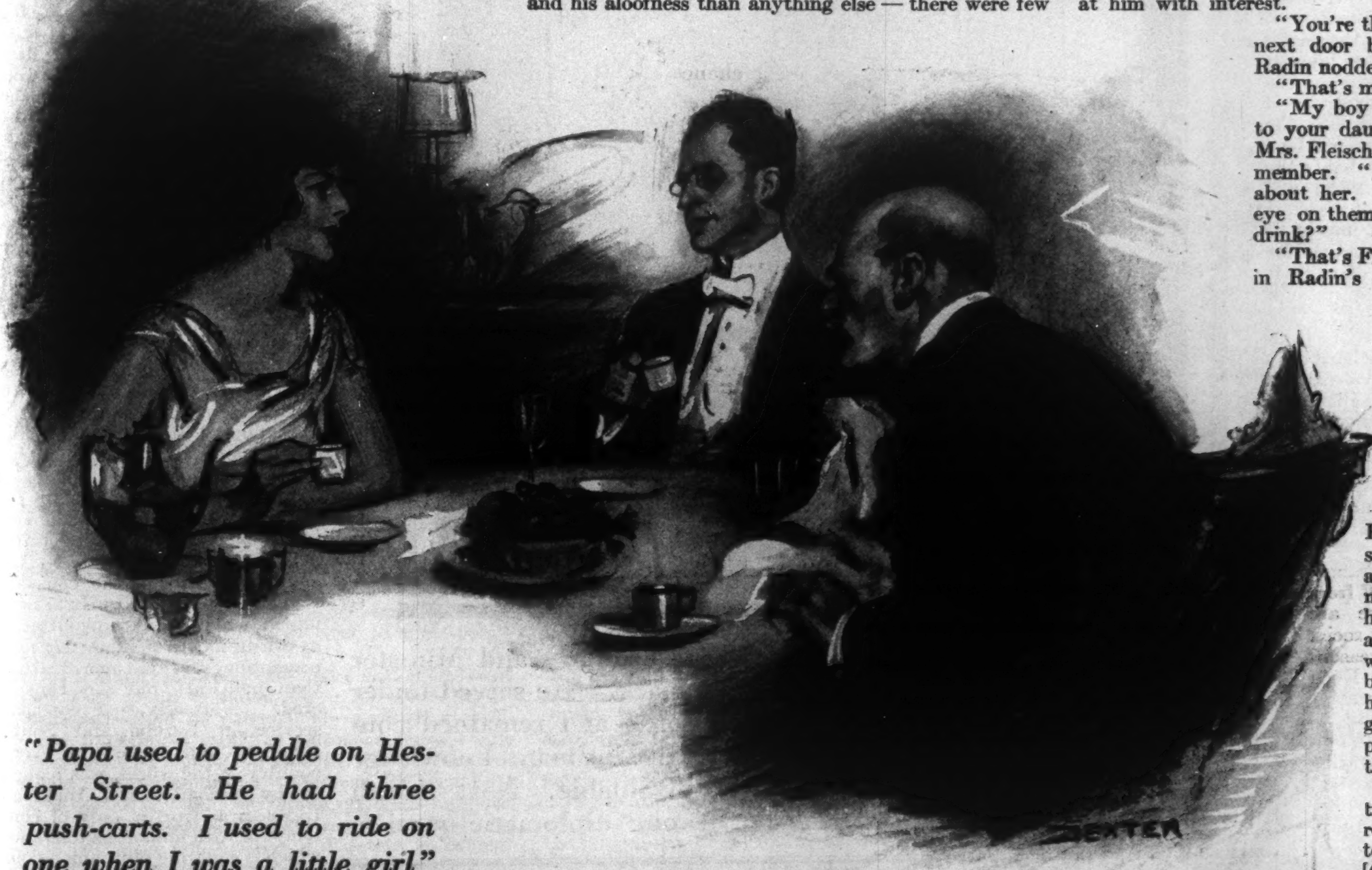
"That's Fishel," whispered Marks in Radin's ear. "Wholesale jewelry. He's a good man to keep in with. He's rich and lives stylish."

"Tell your boy," said Radin to Fishel, "I'll be glad to have him drop around for dinner some night — any night he likes."

Living stylish, from Radin's viewpoint, consisted of a hearty dinner at night instead of the noonday meal to which he had been accustomed all his former years, wearing a flower in his buttonhole, assuming a haughty stare and forgetting that he had once pushed a pedler's cart through Hester Street.

A few days after his introduction to Fishel he returned home in time to meet a good-looking

[*Continued on page 54*]

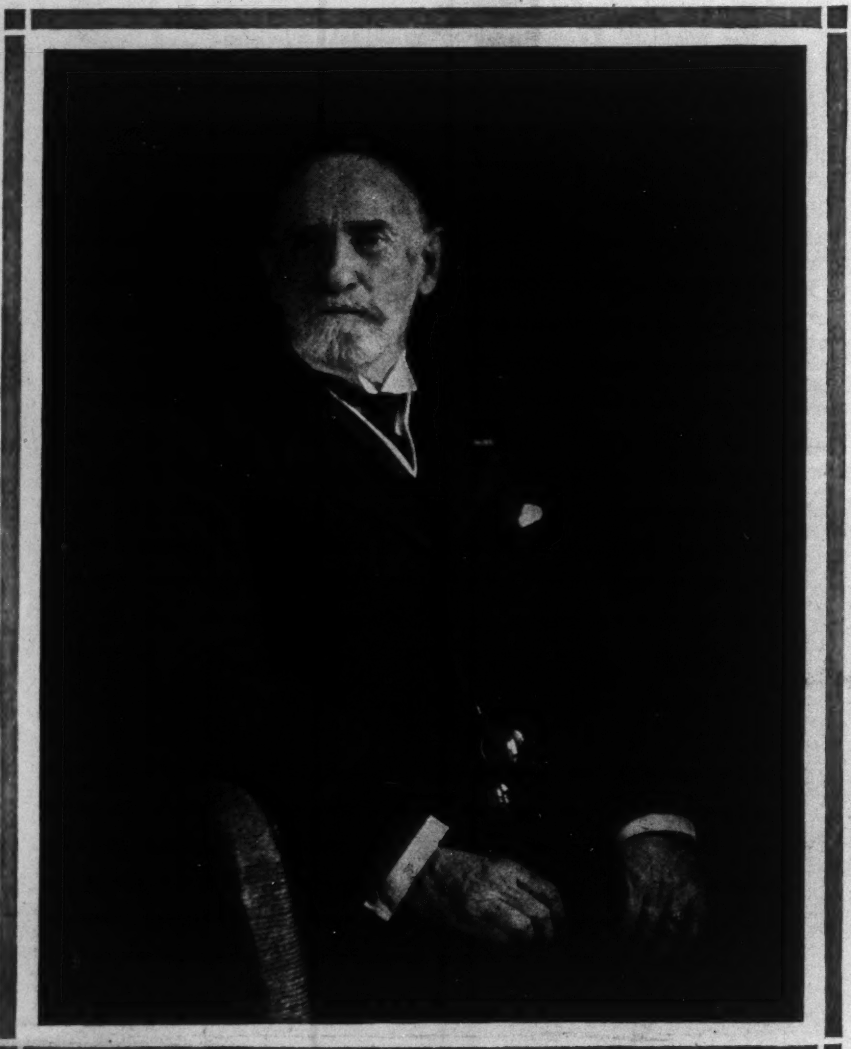


"Papa used to peddle on Hester Street. He had three push-carts. I used to ride on one when I was a little girl"

Why We Must Reform Our Diplomatic Service

by Maurice Francis Egan

AMONG the lessons of this war which ought to be learned by the American people is that neither the diplomatic nor the consular service should be made dependent on political proclivities, convictions, or, worst of all, generous contributions to the campaign funds of either party. If the kind of democracy which everybody talks about, and few people analyze, is to prevail in our country, one of the first duties of the American people — the British people seem to have failed hopelessly in dealing with it — is the abrogation of the nefarious campaign fund system. It is not now so rotten as it was in our country, but in the light of progressive opinion it still resembles the "rotten borough" system in the England of former days. It is notorious that in England peerages are practically bought and sold and bartered for political reasons. Even during the War, when Great Britain was tremendously preoccupied with its ultimate fate, time was found to open an investigation as to the barter in royal honors; but, while a title presupposes in Great Britain a social position and certain unwritten prerogatives which every healthy Briton desires, it does not mean that a Baron, or an Earl, has, since the cutting down of powers of the House of Lords, any real power in determining the destiny of his country. Feudalism is going rapidly to pieces in England, and titles to-day do not imply that aroma of aristocracy with which even the descendants of Charles II and Nell Gwynn, and of Louis XIV and Madame de Montespan, formerly wreathed themselves about as in a rosy mist. They were set apart, divided, with many others of their kind, from the hard gaze of the sun of common sense.



Dr. Maurice Francis Egan was Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Denmark. He served under three Presidents — Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson — and remained continuously in Copenhagen for ten years. His intimate knowledge of European politics makes this article invaluable. Next month he will dig deeper into the problems of our diplomatic service.

TO-DAY, however, your great newspaper man, or your important brewer, or the owner of a chain of department shops who has contributed largely to campaign funds, or to deserving charities, but who was in the aristocratic sense "not born," takes his seat in the House of Lords and enjoys the reward of his generous expenditure of money. When Labor gets into the saddle in Great Britain, there will be a change in this; but very probably the new leaders of the Labor Party will feel the compelling impulse of the same passion for distinction that impels all normal human beings to yearn for precedence. This selling of titles is not confined to Great Britain; and, when you come to think of it, a title — which is the tip of royalty — is an easy thing to give away for hard cash that may be turned to benevolent purposes. It implies to-day no alienation of lands, no injustice to anybody; and in England it assures the wearer of being able to enjoy that delectable sensation of having multitudes look up, while he assumes the attitude of having been accustomed all his life to look down.

In Spain, in Italy — France has unfortunately cut herself off from this source of revenue — there are always means of acquiring social honors by the disposal of a reasonable sum of ready money. Even the Holy See, with agreeable frankness, is not unwilling to establish a Duke, or a Count, or a Baron, for sufficient consideration in favor of its many charities. Ten thousand dollars to a hospital is, after all, worth a minor princedom; and many indigent old ladies bless the head that wears the coronet the sale of which enables them to exist in comparative comfort.

All this is amusing and not without its value, if you see it in the right way; but it must be admitted that, so far as I know, Great Britain has never sold outright appointments to the diplomatic corps; nor do I know of any nation, except ours, that has. Santo Domingo, under the old régime, was capable of anything; and one could never count on Hayti. But, outside of these countries, the diplomatists were, like the old race of heralds, chosen under certain rules which had nothing to do with political economics. The impression in the world to which we send envoys is that these envoys are not only creatures of a Party — likely to disappear at the end of every four years — but that the greater positions are the rewards of pecuniary offerings. These offerings, it is concluded, are made by gentlemen who may be personally of great distinction and talent, but who have been chosen by the President not solely for this distinction and talent. That the choice in many cases for the great positions has been good, even the most cynical of Europeans admit.

As an example, the most unreasonable of our critics has never dared to underrate the value of most of the gentlemen sent to the Court of Saint James. But the usefulness of these eminent personages was always lessened by the bad system which has left our diplomatists very doubtful as to their powers, very unsure as to the policy which they could consistently interpret to the British Foreign Office, and utterly uncertain of almost everything, except the fact that at an hour's notice they might be reduced to the rank of simple citizens, with broken plans, no expectations, and no diplomatic value whatever in the country to which they had been accredited. At home, there was no place for their experience; abroad, whatever value they had disappeared with the going out of the party under which they had served; and the British Foreign Office arranged itself to meet at a short notice new men and new measures.

Whatever optimists may say, it is very hard to combat the assertion made by people worth while in Great Britain, in Europe, in the East, in Mexico, in Central and South America, that the United States has never had a continuous foreign policy. While there are advocates in nearly every country of a form of republic like ours, I have never heard a word in favor of the short terms of our Presidents or of the humiliating position of our Ambassadors and Ministers, subject apparently to the slightest breeze of expedient political caprice, or of the manner in which they are often removed.

In most European countries the tradition exists that the first intimation an American Ambassador or Minister receives of his recall, is a paragraph quoted in the papers of the country to which he is accredited or directly communicated from an American Press Agency. Under these circumstances, it requires an unusual effort on the part of our diplomatic representatives to maintain their dignity. To be a servant of one's government is one thing; to be looked on as a slave is quite another. It must be remembered, too, that in a foreign country the position of the diplomatic representative in the eyes of the Foreign Office, of society, and of the people at large, depends very greatly on the attitude which his own government is supposed to take toward him. He reflects the position of his country: and if his government does not make any effort to assist him with its prestige, he is soon looked on as a mere political hanger-on, who is tolerated rather than approved.

The improvement in the consular service has been marked. It is now understood that an appointment as consul means permanency and promotion, and that merit rather than political "pull" is considered. Formerly, our consular service in Europe and South America, and indeed in every country in the world, was looked on by foreigners and American travelers as worthy only of contempt or with humorous tolerance which is a glaring fault among our own people toward conditions that ought to be considered seriously.

It was not unusual to hear it said of one of our Consuls who had practically been deported for political reasons — "He is such an agreeable man when he is not drunk," or again "You know what an American Consul generally is." Little was expected of him; and it was not until our relations with foreign countries became better understood in the United States, and both business men and travelers for pleasure realized the evil of merely political appointments to the consulates, that our consular service began to become respectable and dignified. It is now hard to find in any service a more worthy body of men than our Consul Generals, and with few exceptions our Consuls and Vice-Consuls.

It must be said that when the State Department has even a small chance to act, free from mere political pressure, its treatment of our representatives, both in the diplomatic and consular service, is worthy of all praise. Whatever improvement exists at the present moment in our consular service is due to the constant pressure of the best men in the State Department against the old abuses, to which the people, on whom the responsibility for any of our governmental evils entirely rests, were culpably indifferent. Local politics had guided them; local politicians dominated them; local political issues filled their minds; and the only thing they required in the matter of our foreign service was that a "good Republican," or a "good Democrat," should be rewarded by obtaining one of the consular "plums" as the old-line politician denominated these important offices. Under President Wilson we Americans are not obliged to blush for our consular officials. It would be wrong for me not to mention here, even at the risk of offending him, Mr. Wilbur Carr, head of the Consular Bureau of the State Department. He, himself, is not a political appointment, and I can well imagine the tremendous obstacle he has had to face, on the road to reform, from the old-fashioned advocates of the doctrine "To the victors belong the spoils" — the spoils being the consulates, formerly considered the most luscious examples of pastry distributed over the political pie-counter after an election.

The unhappy tourist shrieked in vain; the cultivated American, critical of deportment and conduct, made his polite protests equally in vain; but when the men in business discovered that their interests were being jeopardized by partisan folly, they evidently brought such pressure to bear on "the powers that be" that Consul Generals and Consuls have been made really serviceable. They are no longer persons sent abroad, to exist comfortably at the public expense until a change of administration dragged them back to their home-country.

It seems almost inconceivable that a nation like ours, priding itself on its common sense, its efficiency, its far-sightedness, and its patriotism — a nation so sensitive that the faintest breath of European censure puts it into a rage — should have allowed this condition of things to become notorious. This can be accounted for only by the fact that our whole system is poisoned by political partisanship. It will require a long campaign of education and a series of disasters, so evident that every man in the street can understand them, to awaken us to a realization that policies are more important than parties, and the character and ability of men quite as important as policies. There is, owing to the awakening of our business men to the real function and value of the consular service, the beginning of a great change for the better. To-day a young man, passing the required examination, may look forward to a permanent occupation — indeed, I may say, profession. He is not, like a competent Secretary of Legation, deprived of all hope of promotion. Being expected to attend strictly to business, he is not expected to have social ambitions, and consequently his pay, or rather his "reward," is not counted by the government as the privilege of mingling in what is called good society. The prestige he requires during his years of service comes merely as the result of work well done.

Whether the American Colony looks on him as a social success or not, does not count. He may assist or not — probably being only a consul, and representing merely commercial interests, he will not be asked to assist at the *récherché* "Teas" of the leading patronesses of the American embassy or legation.

It is quite understood in all foreign countries where an aristocratic society exists that there must be a really elegant American family, or families, who feel it their duty to look down from a great height on the representatives and their wives sent out by the Government of the United States. The Consul or Consul-General, holding his position through merit, is not obliged to consider the opinion of these very interesting people. He may go his own way; he may entertain or not, as he pleases; outside of business hours he may amuse himself as any respectable American amuses himself, and he can live as moderately as he likes without being reported by his ultra-refined compatriots abroad for not keeping up appearances. He may even live within his salary without incurring a storm of criticism from his indignant compatriots.

Not so the Secretary of Legation; he is obliged to consider the opinion of the American Colony; likewise, the impressions that critical tourists give of him when they reach home, and also the less critical demands of the society in which he lives. This is generally society with a big S, and it demands very little of the secretary in comparison with what his exalted compatriots require. He must play bridge, of course; he must dance, naturally; he must not outrage the *convenances* of well-conducted foreign life by neglecting the mothers and giving all his attention to the daughters, as he would at home. He is expected to dress well, which means abroad with a certain modesty and lack of ostentation. He must treat his chief with respect, and his cheffesse with an air of reverence — respectful adoration will gain him even a higher mark for efficiency; but it requires some time for a young man, bred in an American university, to acquire complete knowledge of this delicate distinction. At the same time, under our present dispensation, he must work. His chief may not know French, even academically, but the secretary must both speak and write it; his chief may be rather vague about the keeping of accounts, or the forms of the protocol, but the secretary cannot be. He must have, under all the social glitter which is often a great help to the obtaining of information, a habit of obedience, of discipline, and a knowledge of political phases both in his own country and the country in which he lives — or at least he ought to have. If he sometimes fails in this last quality, it is because he is forced by circumstances to look on his "job" as a mere experience — rather pleasant — which may or may not be of value in the future, but which, at any rate, cannot lead to any permanent occupation. If he has a moderate income of his own — his salary cannot support him if he is single, much less if he is married — and fulfills reasonably all the demands made of him by the Department of State, his various chiefs, and the Expatriates of Fashion abroad, he may be at the age of forty-seven or forty-eight decorated with the title of "*Conseiller l'Ambassade*" which has a distinguished meaning in French, and not any meaning at all when put into English.

There have been rare cases in which a ranking secretary, or *conseiller*, has been promoted to the rank of minister. It is natural enough that he should have very little chance, for in the first place he cannot, as a rule, have pulled any political [*Continued on page 45*]

Dining-room in the American Legation at Copenhagen. The Legation was once an old Danish palace which has undergone many changes

The drawing rooms at the Legation. Congress has begun to realize that Ambassadors and Ministers need establishments owned by the Government

Aboard the Midnight Limited

And Some Startling Things that Happened There

A Novelette Complete in This Number

IT was nearly one A.M. A thunder-storm was raging. The River City station of the I. & T. S. Railroad was in process of rebuilding. The west-bound platform was a sorry thing — a temporary affair of sodden, rough-hewn planking. On this side of the tracks the only dry spot, the only shelter from the storm was afforded by a hastily erected shed, closed in on three sides, wholly open on the fourth. In the driest corner of this shack, the wedding party crouched, huddled together, a bit bedraggled; for the most part silent, waiting. This was Fraser Grayson's wedding party — his and Margie Young's. With them were two others — Fraser's best man and Margie's maid of honor. These four were the only people on that storm-swept platform; the only people waiting for the train. There was a blinding flash of lightning — a deafening peal of thunder. Doc Winters, Fraser's best man, clutched his coat collar tight about his neck. Harriet Bird, the maid of honor, cheeped like a frightened little chicken. Fraser Grayson's bride shuddered just a bit. She crept the closer into Fraser's sheltering arms and laid her face against his shoulder.

"Not — afraid?" whispered Fraser in her ear.

"No," she smiled prettily, "it's just a good excuse — for this."

Fraser held her very tight. Within ten minutes, five minutes, possibly, there would be no need of excuses. They would be alone. He drew out his watch and showed her.

"Already overdue," he said.

Doc Winters took out his watch and compared it, like an old maid, with Fraser's. He was Fraser's best friend, Doc Winters was. Margie wondered vaguely why. Fraser's friends, his method of picking them, were mysteries to her. She felt that she must see to it that Fraser cultivated the right kind of people. It was clear to her that Doc Winters wasn't Fraser's kind.

Harriet Bird blinked at the happy couple. "Ugh — but it's wet," she cried. Fraser involuntarily looked her over, she was Margie's girlhood chum. His gorge rose suddenly against girlhood chums and boyhood friends, rose against best men and maids of honor. Why hadn't they been friendly enough and chummy enough to leave Margie and himself to their own devices? They'd done their bit, they'd witnessed the ceremony. Why hadn't they quit then and there, like good old scouts? Hang 'em, they were nothing but an old maid and an old bachelor!

THERE was a whistle from the direction of the bridge, two miles away. The Midnight Limited from New York was tearing through the gloom at a mile-a-minute clip. Harriet Bird swept up to Margery. She caught Fraser by the hand and clasped Margery about the neck. A sickly, sentimental smile overspread her pinched features.

"Good-bye, dears," she cried, too unctuously, "I *know* that you're going to be very, *very* happy."

She said it defiantly; said it as though somebody — the newspapers perhaps — had argued the counter proposition. Happy, of course they'd be happy! But Harriet Bird wouldn't; she'd never be happy. The maid of honor looked ghastly, at least she did to Fraser under the white light of the nitrogen lamp above their heads. Hang it, she was old, that maid of honor. She looked like a hag, with that dab of rouge upon her face. Fraser's best man stepped to the fore. He removed his hat, he exposed his bald spot to the moist breeze. He exposed it to Margie's gaze. She was glad at any rate that Fraser wasn't bald.

"Well, good-bye, old man," said Doc Winters, a bit curtly, "and good luck to you both." Saying it, he suppressed a yawn.

Fraser was about to answer. So was Margery. But they didn't. Something was happening, almost in their midst. Loud laughter, shrill voices, pandemonium. Youth and gaiety were clattering up the stairway. Youth and gaiety; yes, more than that! A wedding party, a second wedding party. A lively one, a real one. Here were a dozen gaily dressed young hoodlums, male and female, girls and boys, dashing madly through the storm, pummeling one another, clawing, kissing, hugging one another. With a wild whoop they made for the shelter, crowded into it, filled it with rose-colored life and laughter. They cut capers; confetti choked the air. Joy was considerably unconfined.

Suddenly one of this new party, another best man to another bridegroom, held up his hand.

"Girls," he cried, in a voice that howled down the thunder, "she's coming. I see her headlight. Get busy, boys. Line up."

The girls grabbed the bridegroom, five girls. He was a shock-headed, rosy-cheeked young fellow, was this boy. The bridesmaids caught him, clutched him close and kissed him all at once. The bride, a fluffy, pretty little thing, found herself at the tender mercies of the men she was about to leave behind her. They kissed her. They kissed the powder off her face, they kissed the hat off her head, they kissed her till her fluffy hair came down. She screamed, she shrieked, she buffeted them — it did no good. They stood upon their rights. They took advantage of all the privileges, prerogatives, formalities, that go with weddings. The best man, hatless, flushed of face, held up his hand. Once more he lifted up stentorian voice.

"Enough, boys. Here she comes." She came, tearing, shrieking, grinding into the station, the Midnight Western Limited from New York. She stopped. One Pullman door was opened, one pair of steps cleared to take on River City passengers. There was a wild rush, a mad, boisterous scramble toward this opening. Fraser Grayson and his little wedding party left the shelter of the shed, skirting the lively, noisy young crowd. The storm buffeted them.

"Hail," yelled Fraser through the din of voices.

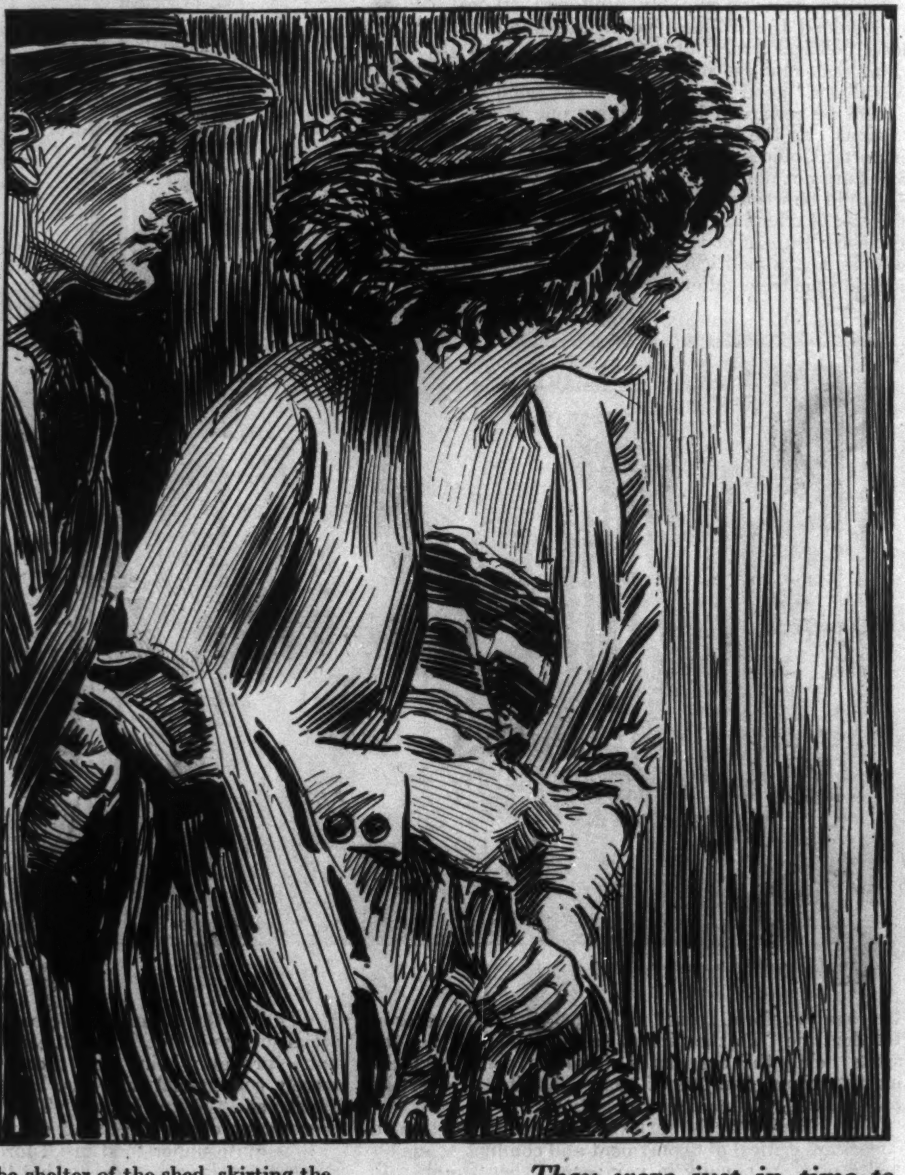
"Not hail," cried Margery, "it's rice." It *was* rice. The air was filled with it; it beat against their faces like sleet. Rice! Fraser wondered if Doc Winters was throwing rice. He was not. Neither was Margery's maid of honor. No such luck. No, youth was throwing rice, slinging it by huge fistfuls, by the half pound; casting it about with delirious delight. Youth was doing other things.

"We'll take you to your barracks," yelled a lad in uniform. The rest of the party swarmed up into the coach with suitcases and a hat-box.

Margery glanced at Fraser with shocked eyes. "Fraser — it's disgraceful," she exclaimed. Fraser didn't answer. He wasn't sure it was. In fact he rather liked it. He lifted Margery up to the platform of the Pullman, and waved his hand to Doc Winters and the maid of honor. "Good-bye, folks," he yelled. "God bless you; watch for post-cards. And be good."

Following Margery he made his way into the stuffy car, just as the other wedding party was clattering out. Girls and boys and perfume brushed past them, sounding a noisy retreat. There were more giggles, shrieks. The last two that struggled to the platform and dashed down the steps were holding on to each other for dear life. Fraser's eyes glowed.

This joy, to Fraser, was infectious. Hal Winters and Harriet Bird, those two old fogies, had enveloped him in gloom. The elbow touch of youth revived him.



They were just in time to

The platform doors were closed, the Midnight Limited eased its way out of the station. Sleepy-headed passengers, who had peered through the heavy green curtains, watching, wondering at the scramble, drew back into their shells. The Pullman car became a dismal, narrow canyon once again. The Pullman porter bowed to Fraser.

"Stateroom B, I think," said Fraser. He handed his ticket to the porter.

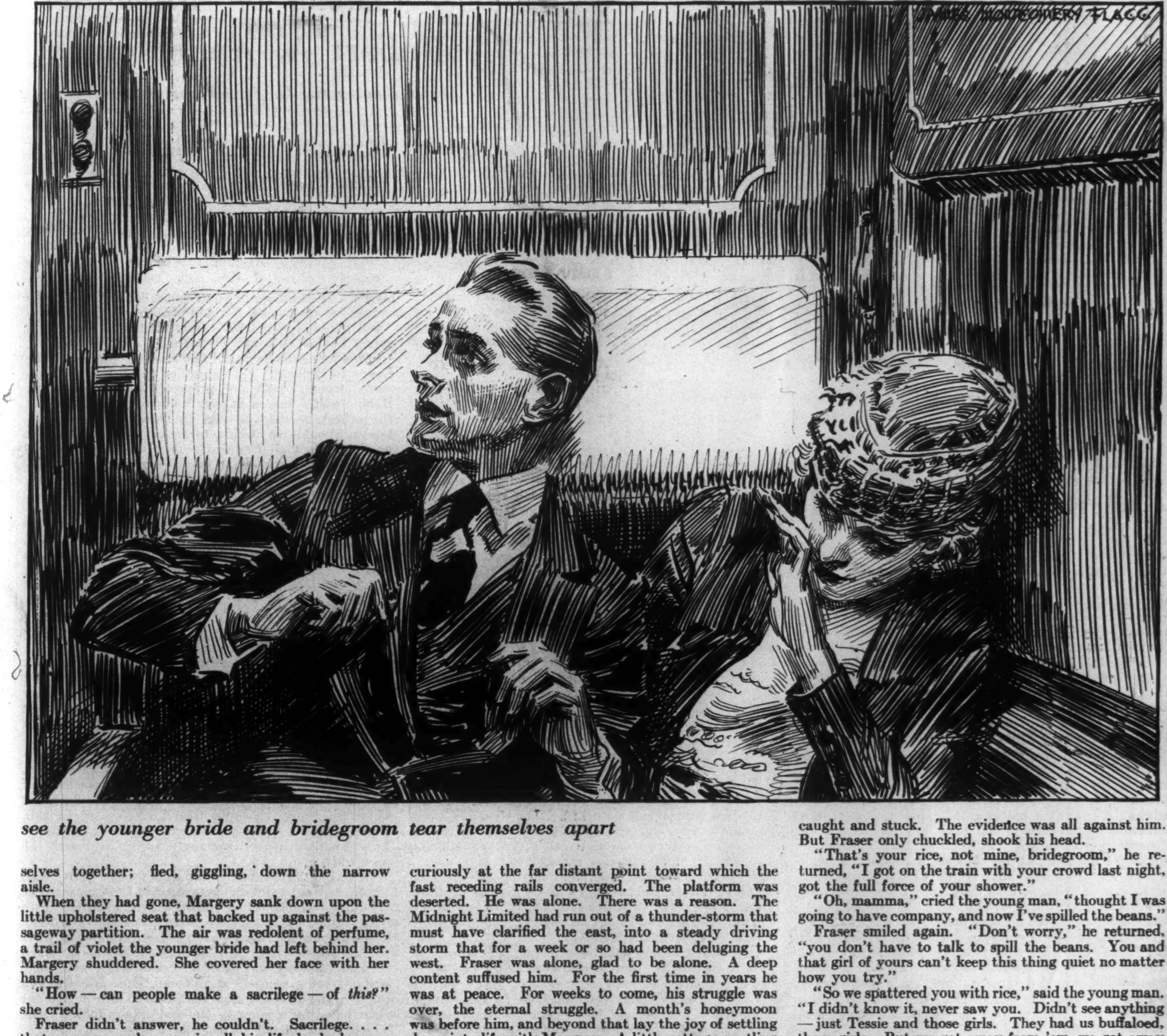
"Yassuh," said the porter, "right this way." They went that way. They reached stateroom B. The porter pushed the door open, and stood aside to let them pass. Margery, her face set, her heart sinking, entered. Fraser, his arm half about her shoulders, nervously followed her.

There was a stifled shriek. Stateroom B was already

by William Hamilton Osborne

A Love Story Rushing at Sixty Miles a Minute

Illustration by **James Montgomery Flagg**



see the younger bride and bridegroom tear themselves apart

occupied, youth was ahead of them. Fraser was just in time to see the younger bride and bridegroom tear themselves apart, to catch the glimpse of tousled hair, flushed faces. Youth was in that stateroom, youth was ahead of him, youth was in his way. Fraser drew a sharp breath, the blood was racing through his veins.

"Beg pahdon," said the porter, "some mistake."

The mistake was the mistake of youth. Youth had preempted stateroom B. It had done so innocently. It belonged in some stateroom, stateroom A, at the other end of the car. With shamefaced apologies on their lips, the younger pair pulled themselves together; fled, giggling, down the narrow aisle.

When they had gone, Margery sank down upon the little upholstered seat that backed up against the passageway partition. The air was redolent of perfume, a trail of violet the younger bride had left behind her. Margery shuddered. She covered her face with her hands.

"How — can people make a sacrilege — of *this?*" she cried.

Fraser didn't answer, he couldn't. Sacrilege. . . . that young couple. . . . in all his life he had never seen more fitting votaries, more devoted suppliants, at this shrine.

But he forgot them speedily. He gathered his own bride into his arms. She came to him, trembling.

"Listen, Margery," he whispered, "I've known you, dear, for thirteen years, thirteen long years, Margery. It's been a weary waiting for us both, a long, long journey. During all that long time, Margery, I've never stopped thinking, dreaming, of the journey's end. The journey's end, Margery — the journey's end is here."

The journey's end, for him, for Margery. Some ten hours later Fraser Grayson found himself upon the observation platform, self-hypnotized, perhaps, staring curiously at the far distant point toward which the fast receding rails converged. The platform was deserted. He was alone. There was a reason. The Midnight Limited had run out of a thunder-storm that must have clarified the east, into a steady driving storm that for a week or so had been deluging the west. Fraser was alone, glad to be alone. A deep content suffused him. For the first time in years he was at peace. For weeks to come, his struggle was over, the eternal struggle. A month's honeymoon was before him, and beyond that lay the joy of settling down into life with Margery. A little cottage, nestling among his people in the factory district of his home town, was waiting for them, his rent was paid three months in advance. For three years Margie and he had been laying by odd bits of furniture, enough to start with, anyway. Doc Winters, his old skate of a best man, would take care of Fraser's practise while Fraser was away. There was nothing to think about, save Margery.

Fraser started suddenly. A hand was placed upon his arm. A boyish face thrust itself close to his, a boyish voice saluted him.

"Hello, neighbor," said this voice. "I've got you spotted by the hayseed on your hat. Looks like you're in the same boat as I am myself."

Fraser removed his hat and looked it over. The youth was quite right. Here and there little white pearls of rice peeped from his hatband. They had caught and stuck. The evidence was all against him. But Fraser only chuckled, shook his head.

"That's your rice, not mine, bridegroom," he returned, "I got on the train with your crowd last night, got the full force of your shower."

"Oh, mamma," cried the young man, "thought I was going to have company, and now I've spilled the beans."

Fraser smiled again. "Don't worry," he returned, "you don't have to talk to spill the beans. You and that girl of yours can't keep this thing quiet no matter how you try."

"So we spattered you with rice," said the young man. "I didn't know it, never saw you. Didn't see anything — just Tessie and those girls. They had us buffaloed, those girls. But we got away from 'em, we got away from 'em all right. Did you — did you take a look at those girls?"

"More or less," said Fraser.

"Peaches," said the youth,

[*Continued on page 71*]

Trudging Along with the Boches

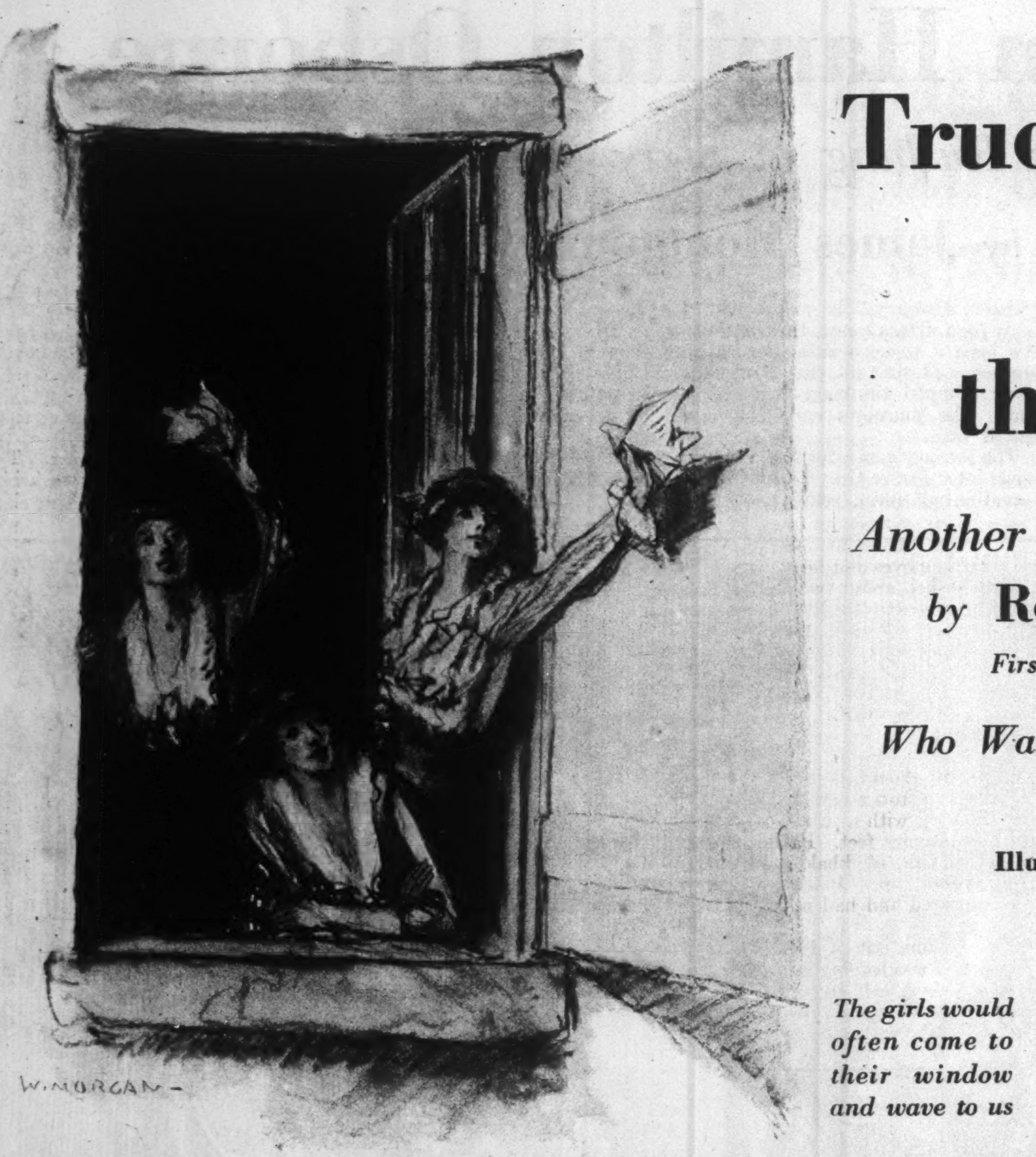
Another Chapter of Adventures

by Robert A. Anderson

First Lieutenant, U. S. Air Service

Who Was Brought Down Behind the German Lines

Illustrations by Wallace Morgan



The girls would often come to their window and wave to us

AFTER I had been in the German Prison Hospital a month, I began seriously to consider an attempt to escape. I lay awake at night for hours, thinking it over and planning first one way and then another. My leg was still a little sore, but it seemed to me that I ought to get away now if I were going to at all, because if I waited much longer I would be sent on to Germany. Once there, it would be well nigh impossible to get out, on account of the hostile civilian population.

My idea was to get clear of my immediate prison, and enlisting the aid of friendly Belgians, to trust to their hiding me until I would be better able to travel.

There were two obvious alternatives in making good a get-away from our immediate prison: through the Hun lines, thence via No Man's Land to our own; or across Belgium and through the frontier defenses (that consisted of a sentry line and an electric fence) into Holland, and, if all went well, so again to England and civilization.

The first way would, of course, be much shorter walking, but then there were other little difficulties which made the consideration of a longer tramp quite advisable. For instance, every step taken in the direction of the lines would lead into territory more densely populated by the Hun, so that unless one spoke perfect German, his chances of slipping through would be exceedingly slim. Due to the diminishing civilian population in that direction, it would become increasingly difficult to obtain food. This would necessitate a forced march on very meager rations.

To gain the neutrality of Holland, on the other hand, the entire width of Belgium must be traversed. The whole country would be occupied by German troops, but would be more thinly held the farther we traveled from the battle line. We could rely on a sufficient food supply from the Belgians. The serious obstacle, of course, would be the border defenses, concerning which we heard many alarming tales. However, we knew that men had got through, so that they were not impenetrable. Of the two schemes we all admitted that the Holland one seemed the more feasible.

I had a pet scheme of my own, calculated to give very speedy results, should it by any chance succeed. My idea was to search out a Hun airdrome, find a hiding place near enough at hand from which I might study the workings of the squadron, and at the first opportunity to steal away in a plane. Wildly impracticable as the idea may at first sound, I was encouraged to consider it when I recalled how we had done things at my own squadron. It was always still quite dark when we took off for a "dawn show." When we, the pilots, appeared on the scene, our planes were out and lined up into the wind, with their engines already started and warming up. It was more than likely that the Hun employed similar methods. If so, why would it not be possible some fine dark morning to steal unnoticed up to one of the machines, quickly draw aside the "chocks" that blocked the wheels, and jumping into the seat open wide the throttle and skim away before the astonished Huns could have an opportunity to collect their scattered wits?

OF course there would be difficulties. It would be a strange machine; I might not be able to find the throttle lever before I was discovered and it was too late. However, I had been in a Hun Albatross scout that we had had at the fighting school in Scotland. I felt reasonably certain that other types would not vary widely in design and arrangement of controls. There was the chance, too, that having got clear of the ground, the engine would go wrong and let me down again. I would be obliged to take off with a practically cold motor. But then, I gave the Hun credit for having a reliable engine in the Mercedes.

The more I considered this wild plan of escape, the more it appealed to me. Perhaps because I had never heard of its having been done before. Once off the ground I would fly due west and close to the ground, trusting not to meet any Allied planes before reaching the lines. At the first sign of hostilities from the ground, I would know that I was over our own lines and would land immediately, permitting myself to be captured by the British. How wonderful it would be then to call up the squadron.

"Hello, major, this is Anderson," I would announce myself. Then before he could pinch himself and make certain he was awake, I would continue in this vein:—"Yes, major, just got back from Hunland. Brought a young Fokker with me. What shall I do with it?"

Often we prisoners would talk over the project of the escape to Holland. That appealed to the rest of them more strongly than my proposal to steal a plane. Robbie and I talked it over more often than any of the others, because he was the most fit for an attempt, should we decide to make one. I brought up the subject so frequently that the rest of them began to josh me about it. Now and again some one would come out with: "Well, America, when are you leaving us?"

I took precautions to save my tiny compass in case of another search of my belongings. With Inglis' pocket knife, I enlarged the hole in my Red Cross corncob pipe, until I could just squeeze the compass into it. Then, taking tobacco from the cigarettes that had been given me, I filled the pipe and thus buried the compass.

"America," Drew began one day, "you had better go down and talk to 'Ginger.' He has just been telling me he knows a way to escape."

Ginger was a good-natured, red-headed Tommy, who worked in the cookhouse. I did go to see him and he told me he thought we could manage to get away by sliding down the rain spout outside a third story attic window, where he and a number of other Tommies were quartered.

Our building was bordered by a number of backyards, separated one from the other by brick walls, which led to a row of houses built tight up against one another with no room to pass between them. Once down the spout, therefore, it would then be necessary to gain access to one of the houses in order to reach the street. This would have to be arranged beforehand with the occupants.

In one of the houses were three young girls, with whom we used to exchange greetings through our one back-hall window that was heavily barred with barbed wire, and was some twenty feet above ground. The girls would often come to their window to wave to us. I believe it would have been possible to enlist their aid, had we been able to communicate with them without being seen by any of our Hun friends; but by the time I had Robbie enthusiastic and in just the right mood for a jaunt to Holland, affairs took a trend which upset all our plans.

The very day after a long session of plotting Robbie was taken away from us. He came in from a walk in the yard all excitement and brimming over with the news that he was leaving immediately for Germany. He hastily gathered together his few belongings, and escorted by those of us who could walk, hurried down to report at the little office in the archway where the entrance doors were.

So we bade Robbie good-bye and good luck. With a cheery smile he shook us each by the hand and returned our good wishes. Then, his tam-o-shanter tossed jauntily over one ear, he strode rapidly away, out through the big doors where his guard stood waiting. That was the last I saw of good old Robbie. Perhaps some day, when I go again for a visit to bonnie Scotland, we shall meet. Brief though they were, those friendships in the Hun hospital meant much, and I hope that in the years to come many of them may be renewed.

Robbie's departure upset for the time being all plans for escape. None of the others was fit enough to attempt it, and they all advised me to abandon my scheme of an airdrome raid, so for a few days the subject was dropped.

It was at this time that several of us had the one real feed of our sojourn in Mons. It happened just after the arrival at the hospital of a consignment of Red Cross packages from England. There were no packages for any of us recent arrivals. Those who received them had been prisoners at least four months. There was one Australian, a prisoner for over a year, who only now was receiving his first shipment of letters and parcels. There were seventy-two letters and postals and half a dozen parcels for him.

PALMER invited Drew, Inglis and me to dine with him the night after the big shipment came in. It was a wonderful meal, which I shall never forget. We sat down to a small, bare table, in a little room upstairs that was occupied by several of the interpreters. There was a small gas stove in one corner, on which we heated several cans of stew and vegetables. While they were warming up we ate the fish course of canned salmon. We ate more of the salmon alone than we usually had for an entire meal.

Then came the real meat and gravy, turned out of the tins into a huge dish and mixed with the vegetables from the other cans. When the big, steaming bowl was put before us our eyes fairly bulged from their sockets. This was the first real food any of us had seen in weeks. It was all too wonderful. How we ate! We gormandized — we gorged ourselves. But, oh, how we paid for our intemperance! Our poor stomachs were in no condition to accommodate such a meal as our voracious appetites had thrust upon them. We were ill the rest of the night, suffering attacks of acute indigestion. But it was worth it. How envious the other boys were when we came back to bed and rolled on our cots in agony!

The little dinner that I have just described took the nature of a farewell banquet for me. It happened Friday evening, the twentieth of September, and Sunday, the twenty-second, I left the hospital. Sunday morning Palmer came to me with the wonderful news that he had secured a pair of shoes for me. They were the personal gift of the man who was the head of the Belgian Red Cross in Mons. It seemed that he owned a shoe factory in Brussels. These shoes that he was giving me were made in his factory. M. Pelanofski is as nearly as I can recall his name. I never saw the man, but I wrote a note to thank him for his wonderful generosity, and many a time later, as I tramped through Belgium, I felt grateful toward him for his timely aid, for it was that very day that I was ordered to leave Mons.

The notice came at about one thirty to get ready. I immediately packed my tooth-brush, extra shirt, and pair of socks. These articles, together with my flying suit, helmet, gloves and heavy boots, I tucked away in a wicker basket, about two feet long, that had likewise been presented by the Red Cross only the Thursday before. I also took good care to stow away my corncob pipe, in whose bowl I had hidden the compass. When I was ready I said good-bye to all the boys.

Drew and Inglis, like myself, had just recovered from the dinner Friday night, so they were able to escort me down-stairs to see me off. I reported at Palmer's office, with the idea in mind of picking up a spare biscuit or two, should there be any lying about. He gave me a dozen to stow away in my basket. I was dressed in my uniform, with a pair of Red Cross socks and the new shoes on my feet. Palmer donated, besides the biscuits, a pair of khaki-colored stocking-puttees, and a civilian cap. I had had on my helmet when I was captured and had no other head covering with me.

When I came out of Palmer's office, the prisoners with whom I was leaving were already drawn up in the archway for roll call and inspection. I was the only officer. As such I was accorded the privilege of standing by until this business was completed. Then the order came to move and I was obliged to fall in. I hastily shook hands with Drew and Inglis and Palmer, picked up my basket of belongings and fell in at the end of the column as it moved out through the gate. I turned and caught a final glimpse of my friends as they stood inside waving a last farewell. The big doors swung shut.

Along the cobblestone street we marched in column of twos, a guard in front and a guard in rear. Fleugel, the little American private, and I brought up the rear, just ahead of the rearguard. The other eight men in our party were British Tommies. They, as well as my compatriot, were all being taken out to join working parties.

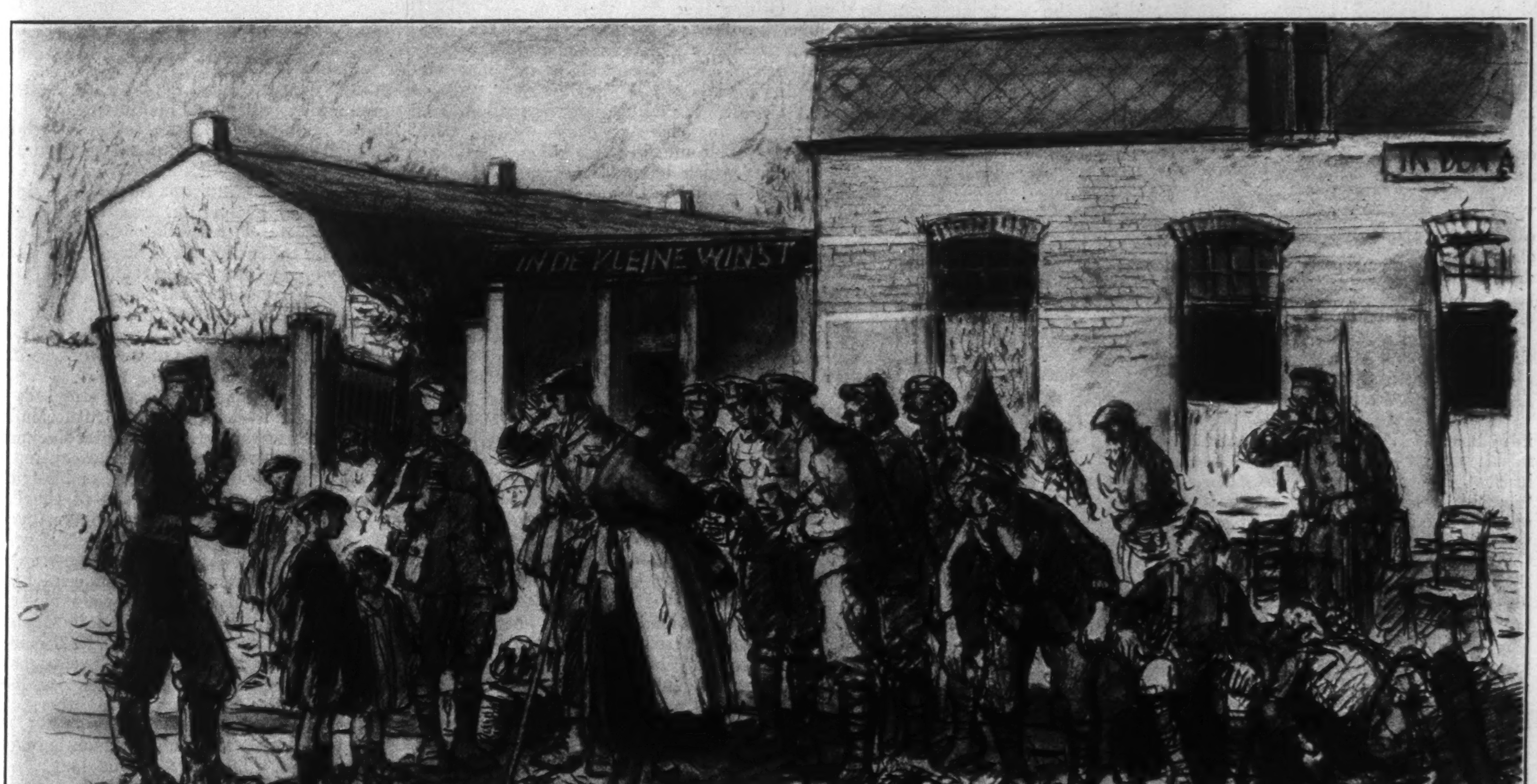
WE marched several blocks down to the center of the town, toward the railway station. I thought we were going directly there, so was somewhat puzzled when we passed across the street leading to it and continued on parallel to the tracks, instead. However, this maneuver was shortly explained when we turned into a narrow alley, at the entrance to which was a sign that read "*Croi Rouge Belge.*" It was the headquarters of the Belgian Red Cross, who, we learned, were giving us farewell presents before we entrained.

We were met at the back door of the house by the Belgian who was in charge and three young girls who were assisting him. They invited us all to come into the little back room and seated us in a circle, around a table in the center. The man spoke to us in French, asking for each man's name, rank, organization and home address. He gave me a pencil and some paper to record these particulars for the whole party. Then he asked what one present each man wanted most. I asked each one in turn, doing my best to translate the requests into French.

They gave us shirts, socks, and roughly-made underclothing of a coarse material. My wardrobe was increased to the extent of an additional pair of socks, a shirt, and some underclothing. Then each man received two dozen of the square, brown biscuits and a tin of molasses. Each of us, too, was given a bag like a flour sack in which to put his belongings.

I did my best to express to these people the gratitude we felt. And although I must have done it very clumsily, I know it pleased them.

"*Merci, monsieur! Merci, mademoiselle! Merci bien!*" That is about all any of us could [*Continued on page 69*]



We crowded eagerly forward. Glass after glass she poured until everyone had drunk his fill. Nothing before or since ever tasted better

RUTS

Success comes only to those who rush out to meet it. The clock of achievement is set to a heart-breaking schedule; it demands from you perpetual motion of the brain

by James Hay, Jr.

OUR business men — all those who produce, buy and sell — have discovered that there is one thing no man may do and retain his financial life. It is a self-indulgence which Wanamaker was never brave enough to practise, nor Carnegie foolish enough to discuss, nor Rockefeller rich enough to risk.

It destroys credit and repels the public. It devitalizes energy and vitiates intelligence. It robs even genius of its glory. Without it, any man may accomplish better things and rise to greater heights. Under its terrific handicap, no man can grasp an alluring opportunity or create a brilliant future. Inevitably as the hours come and pass, it breaks the arms of ambition and blinds the eyes of enterprise.

Its frequency and its depraving power made Osler say: "At forty years of age, the average man is through — spent!"

All of which means: getting into a rut is the supreme sin in modern business. It is suicide. It rushes its victims to loss of money and loss of reputation — and the rushing is always at high-clutch speed. In other words, procrastination is the thief of trade — and those who dwell in ruts are punctual once only: their appointments with ruin are always kept.

When you are in a rut, you are convinced that the business methods of yesterday will meet and beat the competition of to-day. As a matter of fact, however, business has its fashions no less than woman — and the business man who fails to learn and employ the "latest thing out" will accompany last year's hats and shoes to the rubbish pile.

"Watchful waiting" has no charms for success; and open improvements "openly arrived at" are the open sesames of the people's purse.

William C. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce in the Wilson Cabinet and the possessor of a "get-up-and-get" career that places him in the double-A class of producers and salesmen, has often described the difficulty of working from the shadowy recesses of mental ruts. On one occasion he told a story to illustrate it:

Old man Jones was loud in his lamentations. Scorching tears, home-grown and full-sized, fell from his reddened eyes to his trembling lower lip.

"I've suffered two big losses," he confided to a friend, "two dead losses, and no salvage possible! First, my son, John, insisted on going to college to gather up 'new ideas about business.' That cost me four thousand dollars. And there it was: dead loss number one!"

"Yes, yes!" said the friend peevishly. "We all have those 'losses.' What was the other? Why did you lose a second time?"

"John's new ideas!" exploded Jones. "He brought 'em into the store — and then came the bust-up: dead loss of forty thousand dollars. Oh, my God! — those new ideas!"

"That's bad," the friend sympathized. "It's *tough* — ruined by an only son's new ideas!"

"I'll explain," wept the old man. "'Tain't his new ideas; but I got so mad keeping him from ruining the business with 'em that I didn't know I'd failed until the creditors foreclosed on me!"

With that anecdote Mr. Redfield put his finger on the core of the whole trouble: the honest man works, or thinks he works, as hard with the worn-out system as he would with the new — perhaps harder. The fellow who slows up from sheer laziness is, so far as this article goes, merely an inefficient member of society. He "lays down on his job" because he hates work.

But a man who is "in a rut" has slipped a mental cog. He has persuaded himself that there is no new path to profits. Act the Christopher Columbus to the world of new methods, new advertising, new selling talk? Not in a thousand years!

He made good, he reflects, when he was twenty-five, when he was thirty-five, when he was forty. Why change at forty-two? Why look for "new stuff" in the conduct of his business? Useless! And that settles it — he has found his rut and is in it.

Being in it, he not only works less efficiently, but he soon reaches the point where the light of imagination is lost. He thinks of nothing new.

The great mail-order houses were not projected from a rut.

The immensely effective "send-no-money" system of selling — and, if you don't like the article after ten days inspection or trial, return it to us — did not originate in a rut.

The idea of the five-and-ten-cent store was not flashed from a rut.

AND yet, no matter how easy it is to get into the unproductive groove, you can get out. This is not to say that getting out is easy. If it were, there would be fewer ruts, and fewer people in the ruts. The fact that you are in one is proof that it will be hard for you to escape it.

Still, it can be done. Others have done it — thousands, tens of thousands. You can do it. Many men have never been in a rut at all, have never seen one. Therefore, ruts are not unavoidable. You can steer clear of the enticing depths for the rest of your life if that is your real desire. Or, after falling into one, you can climb out.

Consider the case of a traveling man in the middle-west. Up to his thirty-fifth year, he was a wonder on the road — no salary for him! — always commissions — There was nothing he could not sell. Merchants, when they saw him coming, sighed and reached for their check-books; they put up no resistance. They knew he would sell them.

Suddenly, and to the amazement of his friends, he lost his grip. His commissions shrank, dwindled to nothing. Buyers stopped reaching for check-books. He was a rank failure — tiresome, inefficient. What was worse, he confessed it.

"People don't want me around any more," he said. "The firms I used to work for don't answer my letters. I'm all in — can't sell!"

For three years this went on. Because he whined about his "hard luck," men crossed to the other side of the street when they saw him coming. He looked shabby. He interested nobody; and nobody interested him. He was in a rut deeper than a well.

At the end of the third year he met a woman who told him what she thought of him. She did not soften the condemnation. He said afterward that the idea of a woman's being able to say what she said to him and being truthful in every word of it brought him to his "best senses" at once.

"I admitted to her and to myself what I hadn't admitted before," he explained: "that my failure had come from loss of interest, from that and a conceited belief that I could sell without exerting myself. As soon as I made that confession, I knew the success-stuff was in me, had always been in me, and would be in me as long as I chose to draw on it."

His eyes had again their old sparkle; the old power was in his talk. Moreover, he bought a home and married the woman who had waked him up. Last year, he told me, he made something over seventeen thousand dollars.

Sometimes — not often — a man realizes what has hit him. Several months ago, a Pennsylvania country physician came to me:

"What shall I do? I'm thinking of moving. I'll go to a small town I have in mind, and build up an easier practise, mostly an office practise."

"But," I said, "you've a good practise where you are now, haven't you?"

"Yes; but I'm afraid of it. I'm thirty-nine years old. In a little while, some youngster will come into that community, and people will refer to me as 'old Dr. Smith.' The youngster will be full of new stuff. He'll be reading and studying; he'll have new books, new instruments. That sort of thing impresses people, gets their patronage. Then, where'll I be?"

"Why don't you study, too?" I asked. "A physician who has both the spirit of up-to-dateness and the confidence of his community can't fail."

"That's true," he admitted, face flushing; "but the trouble is I don't want to study. I can't — now. It's hard work, too hard. Study's an awful strain on any man who's close to his forties."

"But it wouldn't be if he had kept up his studious habits all through his twenties and his thirties."

"Sure! But I didn't — and once let go of those habits, once let the study muscles get flabby, and you're gone!"

The doctor knew what handicaps he had put upon himself. He foresaw the certain results of those handicaps. But the knowledge was not enough to jar him out of his rut. In fact, he confessed it: "I see that what I want to do is to take my rut somewhere else — to a place where I can get away with it." His hand was out for something nobody has ever grasped: to make a living without exerting himself.

Hope of doing so, however, still pulls at his mind, while fear of the future holds him in his old location. Mental slackness prevents his reaching and executing a decision. And, like the rest of his tribe, he is an unconscious victim of the bad traits developed by rut atmosphere.

He proves once more the truth of what the European psychologist, Alfred Adler, says about men of this kind. Adler has written a wonderful book explaining why they are dilatory, wasting valuable time with their talk of having "to view all the details before reaching a decision." As a matter of fact, he declares, this dilatory habit is an expression of their fear to make up their minds. Pretending to possess great wisdom, they are afraid to do the one thing or the other. All cowards are fond of ruts.

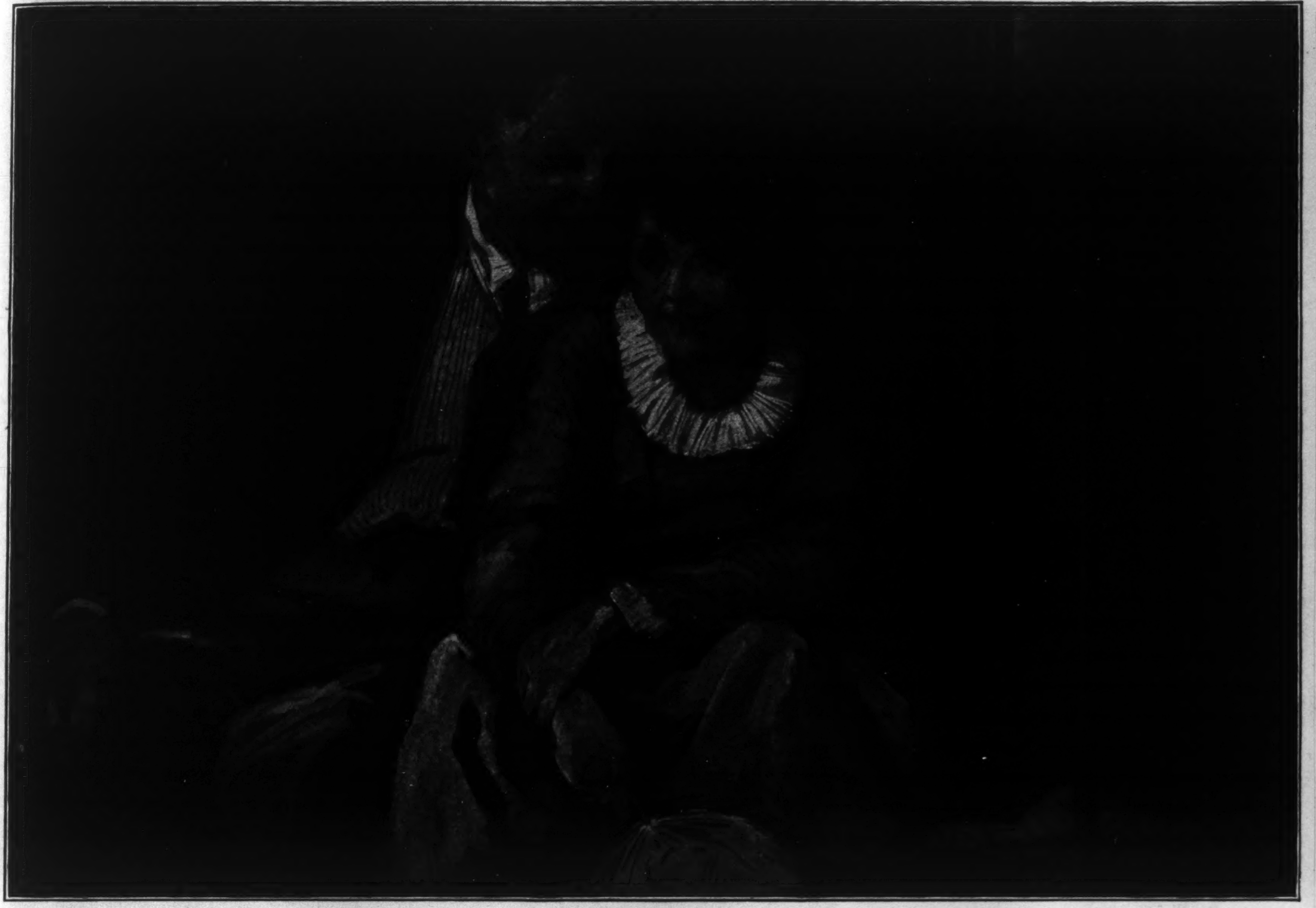
They belong to the *mañana* band — which is one of their chief disabilities. The day of the lazy "who knows?" and "why not let well enough alone?" is past. A shrug of the shoulders merely confesses a back too weak to carry the burdens of live business. Refusal to decide and to do, advertises a brain too lethargic to study or understand.

Unlike the country physician, most of the rut inhabitants need a distinct shock, a strongly compelling motive, to show them that they are in a mental location which they ought to leave.

Dr. Smith Ely Jelliffe, one of America's great psychologists, gave this explanation:

"Very frequently a man [*Continued on page 54*]

Be on the lookout for Waldemar Kaempffert's great article coming next month: "Uncle Sam Talks on Peace Brides." This article is like a small dose of TNT left over from our late unpleasantness. Applied rightly it will blow up many of the old stupidities and the smug contentment of ancient and honorable business.



"Honest, Miss — Miss Renie, that's straight goods — you really are! Most of 'em are nuts on this dancing stuff, but you ——"

Ground Floor Values

A Human and Tender Love Story with Strudel Combined

by Ruth Leigh

Illustration by Thomas Fogarty

AT the sound of her daughter's irritable voice, Mrs. Ginsberg, seated in the dim kitchen of her ground floor flat, ceased suddenly whipping the egg beater against the sides of the yellow earthen bowl she held in her ample lap.

"Mamma, for heaven's sake, I'm yelling at the top of my voice and you don't seem to hear me. I can't find my black silk stockings. Where'd you put 'em, mamma, anyhow?"

"Sha, Jennie — must you holler so? All the neighbors should hear you. In the stocking bag they are. I ain't darned them yet. Such a run in new two-dollar silk stockings — it's a shame."

"But, mamma, what'll I wear? Gee, it's almost quarter past seven and Eddie's comin' soon. I ain't even started to comb my hair. Can't you sew my stockin' now, mamma?"

"Sure, now in the middle of my Shabbas bakin' I should stand and sew your stocking. I just got time now."

At this sarcasm, delivered in convincing tones, Mrs. Ginsberg resumed her clatter of egg beating.

"Oh, mamma, please, can't you sew my stockin' now? Looker the time. For the love o' Mike, mamma, what's your hurry about bakin' — it's only Thursday night."

"Hurry? It ain't no hurry — oh, no! Only I should have Mrs. Wasserman make a fool outa me while she tells the whole block what a grand cook she is. Only one week she lives in this house and the whole neighborhood she tells already about her strudel. I should stop my baking now and let her show off a better strudel as mine —— "

"Oh, mamma, don't be a fool! Ain't you the best cook on the whole street? Don't everybody make such a fuss about your strudel? What should you worry about, mamma?" Silence for a moment. Then, resignedly:

"Well, if you can't sew my stockin', I suppose I'll have to wear Renie's new ones then."

"Jennie!" Mrs. Ginsberg stood her yellow bowl sharply on the table. "You shouldn't wear her things, do you hear me? A cheek — her sister's new silk stockings she wants to wear."

"OH, she should worry about her silk stockings, mamma. She never wears 'em, anyhow. She don't go any place. Besides, she told me those new silk stockings don't fit. Size nine Aunt Minnie give her an' Renie wears eleven. She's got a foot like a canal boat."

Mrs. Ginsberg rose and stood at the kitchen door, her voice directed to the inner room.

"You hear me, Jennie. You shouldn't touch your sister's things. Too fresh you are — nineteen years old running around to dances with fellers —— "

"Oh, mamma — never mind that now — " desperately. "Sew my stockin', please, mamma, won't you? Eddie's comin' early — we gotta be at the dance first —— "

"I ain't worryin' about that snip, Eddie Sollinger. Nineteen years a girl don't need to go out so much with fellers. A sister you got — older as you, to get married first. It ain't nice a youngest one should have more fellers as her sister."

Miss Ginsberg's inarticulate answer indicated hairpins conveniently held between her teeth.

"Oh, mamma, you know how Renie is with fellers. She's so serious — she don't even make herself friendly. Oh, where's that spool of black silk, mamma? I suppose I gotta stand now and sew —— "

"Get me them black silk stockings out of the stocking bag behind the door. Such a talk — in the middle of my baking I must stop —— "

Mrs. Ginsberg stood at the door of her daughter's disordered room — her hands on her broad hips.

Miss Jeanette Ginsberg, slim and graceful, in a faded lavender crêpe kimono, stood leaning forward over her bureau, her face two inches from the mirror, patting her short nose with a large, reddish-brown powder puff.

"Right on the ankle, mamma —— "

Seated comfortably in the rocker before the open window of her ground floor parlor, the stocking bag on her lap, Mrs. Ginsberg ran an experienced hand through the stocking while she looked up to nod to a plump matron in a bulging green sweater seated on the broad stoop ledge.

[*Continued on page 66*]

Something for Nothing

What a Chapter! Lovely Girls—A Mysterious Bag—Jurian on the Job!

by Freeman Tilden

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

Part V

THE earliest reaction which came to Frederick Jurian, when he realized that he was all but penniless, was a quavering sullenness, as though the world had wantonly abused his confidence and reasonlessly wounded him.

As he had a foundation of good sense, however, this mood quickly passed away. He knew well enough that the money which he had missed getting, was money he had never had, never earned, and had no real claim upon, except in so far as he had been led to believe it would be his.

The second mood was more enduring. During the next forty-eight hours Jurian spent nearly all the time in his room at the club, trying valiantly to face the changed future. It was less a bitter disappointment than a dizzy sense such as the navigator has when off his course in strange waters. He was conscious of having a stiff job, but he could not see where to begin.

Before Jurian had left Alfred Silver's office, the decent old man had gone unexpectedly far out of his way to be generous and helpful.

"I think I can connect you with some firm downtown, Fred," he said. "Of course, you've reached an age where it's a little hard to begin at the foot of the ladder, but I think you're going to be game enough for that. You can't expect much pay. But, as for that, I shall be glad to bank on your future a little. You can look to me for running expenses, and pay me when you can; or, if I don't live to collect, you can stake some other young chap, sometime, and pass the good thing along."

A big lump came into Jurian's throat as he seized the lawyer's hand. "That's wonderfully fine, Mr. Silver. And it gives me heart, too. But I'm going to decline. I want to start somewhere else than in New York. I've too many associations here; there would be too many explanations; it would be harder than elsewhere."

"There's sense in that," admitted the old man. "Well, good luck, Fred. I'll let you know how affairs are settled. But don't hope for anything beyond the two months' allowance in the bank. That's yours by every right, and can't be touched."

The $2,400, two months' allowance, in the Sixth National, was the one elevation on a flat and unpromising landscape. With cash on hand, it brought Jurian's checking account up to $2,760, or thereabouts. Then the young fellow set about to dispose of his automobile and superfluous effects. He was shocked when he found out how little a three-thousand dollar built-to-order roadster can be worth six months after one buys it. Hitherto he had received good prices for his used cars, in the way of trade. It had never occurred to Jurian that the fact that he was buying a new car had anything to do with the price he got for the old one. But now he was in the market, selling. After a perspiring and humiliating afternoon of hawking, he accepted $435 for the whole outfit. Other possessions he parted with on the same basis. It seemed to him that he had stumbled into a glutted market on everything.

Jurian shivered, too, when the bills came pouring in on him. He had no conception of owing so much money. But he had to acknowledge that the bills were straight. He sold out his room-lease at the club at hard terms. Then, finally, after seeing his few remaining goods off to a storage house, Jurian went down-stairs and ordered one large forgivable drink of strong liquor, and sat staring feebly at it a long while before he drank it.

Of course, P. C. Jurian's death was headlined, and begossiped. Everybody was talking about it at the club. Members came to him with well-bred speech, with a sincere regret for his broken hopes, and considerately left him alone quickly. Jurian appreciated that. There was one exception—and he was sincere enough. He was a broker, of the uncertain type that edges into exclusive clubs some way; not a bad chap, by any means. He sought Jurian out and said, with tormenting briskness and businesslikeness:

"Sorry, Jurian, about this news I hear. But—you're young, and you may be the bigger man for it yet. Haven't thought of doing anything in a business way, have you? Tell you why I ask: we've got a fine opening for you at our house. You're the type of fellow who could sell bonds easily. You could capitalize your acquaintance, you know. If you don't care to talk it over now, we could get together——"

Jurian felt ill. He shook his head and muttered vague thanks for being thought of in this connection. "I'd a little rather not capitalize my acquaintance," he replied. "I dare say it's all right, but I'd rather they'd not get in the habit of dashing for cover when they see me coming——"

"It's a perfectly legitimate business—" began the broker, heatedly. "Do you think——"

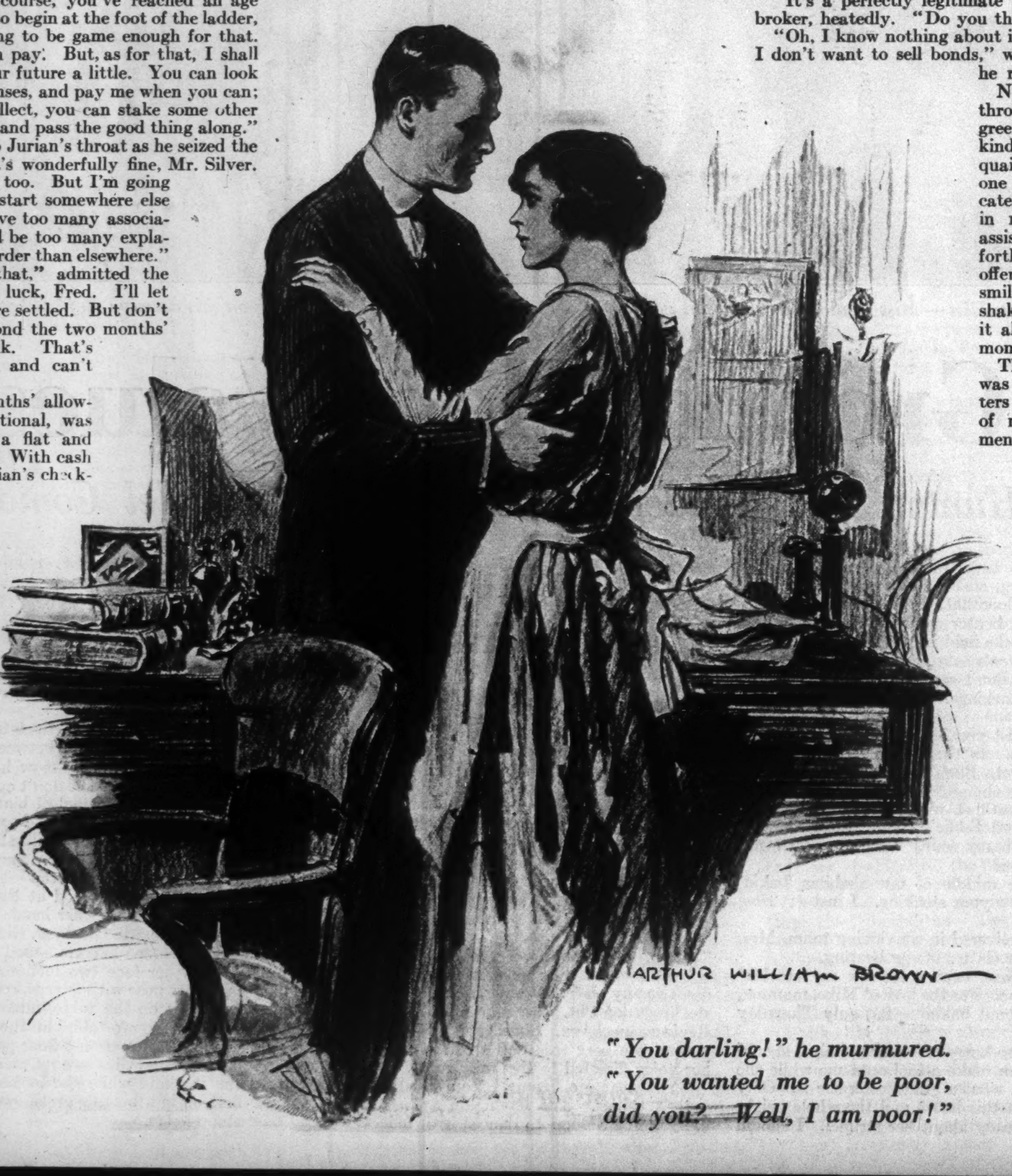
"Oh, I know nothing about it. I suppose it is. But I don't want to sell bonds," was Jurian's rebuttal as he rose and walked away.

Not a single sneer was thrown at Jurian. He was greeted with nothing but kindness by his rich acquaintances. More than one of them hinted delicately that if Jurian felt in need of any financial assistance, it would be forthcoming. To all such offers Jurian had but a smiling thank-you and a shake of the head. But it all cheered him, if only momentarily.

The young fellow's mail was big. Most of the letters were perfunctory notes of regret at his bereavement. These were vacant. Jurian felt no bereavement. How could he? But there was one note which he read several times. It was from Hazel Kernon:

> Dear Fred: We look for you Friday afternoon. The silly old uncle should have been ashamed of himself. But, if what we hear is so, Fred, it won't make any difference. You are the one man in a million who doesn't need money to make him a thousand times welcome at The Elms.

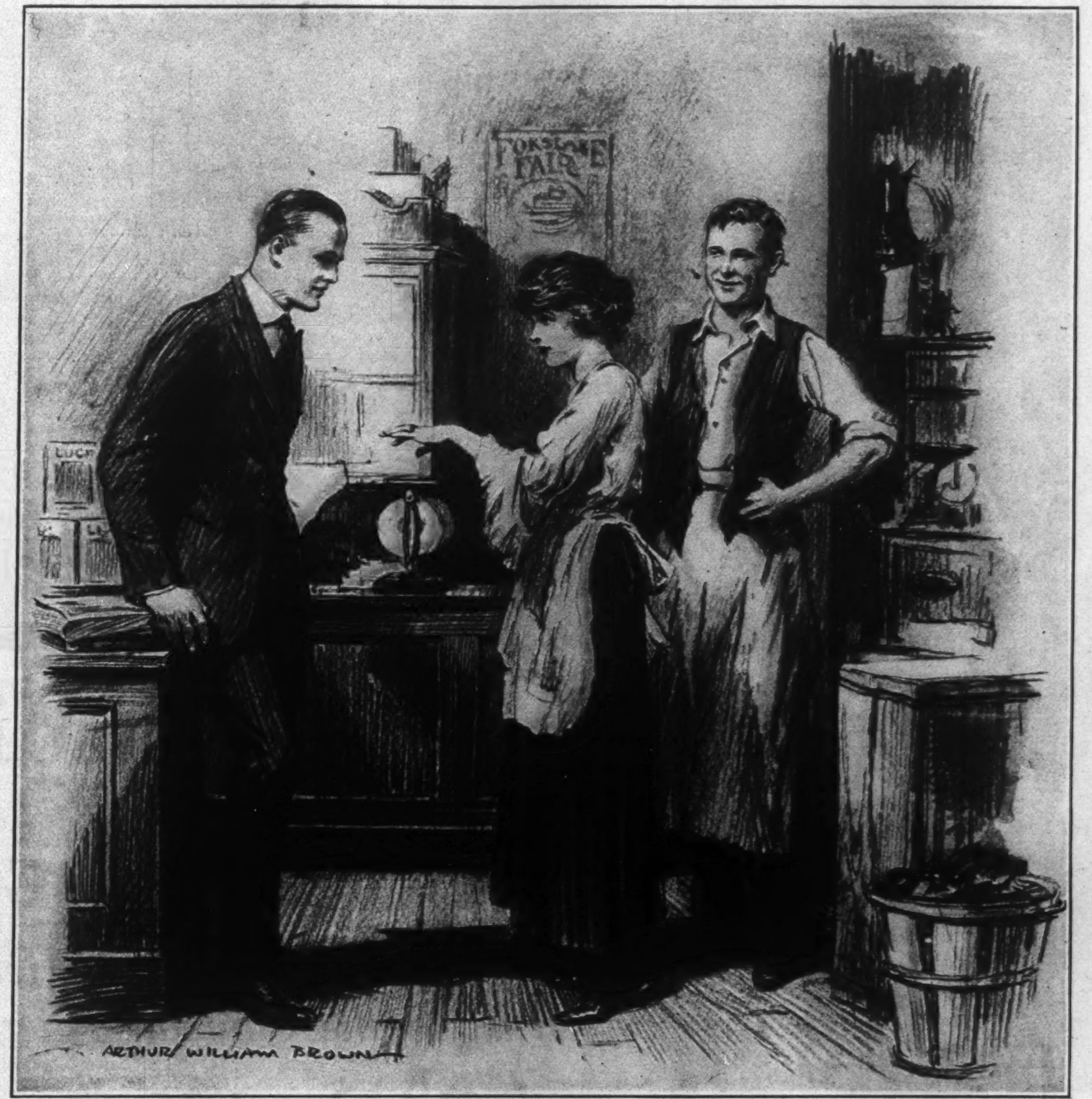
"By George, that's nice of Hazel," was Jurian's comment. "I wonder— yes, of course, she means it. But the trouble is, she doesn't realize what being without money implies. She's never been without money. I don't know



"You darling!" he murmured. "You wanted me to be poor, did you? Well, I am poor!"

myself. But I'm going to find out." He smiled grimly, and took down a picture of the Kernon country home from his desk-top. After looking it at, or past it, some moments he put it back, saying aloud:

"Good old place and fine people. That's the sort of place and the sort of people I've got to forget. They'd try their best never to let me see how things have changed — and I'd feel it worse and worse the harder they tried."



"We're already married," said Grace, blushing and holding out a finger for inspection

Jurian wrote two sides to Hazel. He would not be able to come to the Elms Friday for the week-end, but he was grateful, etc. He would never forget the splendid times, etc. It was a stupid letter, but Jurian concluded that a little stupidity would help vastly just now.

The future was the thing. But what was the future? Jurian sat at his writing-table scribbling and making aimless images. He had made up his mind firmly on two points. He would leave New York. He would not accept loans or benefices from his friends. The latter decision was not wholly responsive to pride, though that had something to do with it. It was a sort of terror at the thought of incurring obligations which he could not pay.

So Jurian sat for a long time, musing without bitterness, but without much hope, either. He who, a few days before, had jestingly given away the Hesketh General Store, much as he would have given one orange from a whole grove, had awakened to find that in that rash donation had been comprised practically everything he had in the world. Not only that, but he was in honor bound to take up the mortgage he had placed upon the store at the bank controlled by Samuel Oldridge. Otherwise it was a poor, disillusioning gift which he had made to Joe McKenzie. This would require all but a few hundred dollars of all the money he had in the world, after settling his debts. Jurian began to feel shivery. He had used the words "bread-line" in conversation, in humorous metaphor. Of a sudden, the humor of the metaphor jumped quite out of sight. He did not disguise from himself, now, that a young fellow without a shred of training, without a trade, too proud to borrow, and with an intuitive dislike of theft, may easily reach the bread-line by a straight path.

Then it was that Jurian for a while, weakened. He asked himself, "*Am* I in honor bound to give Joe that store? Am I? I didn't know my circumstances when I did it. Has he any right to expect me to part with the only property I have in the world?"

The idea caught hold of Jurian; or rather, he caught hold of *it*, like a drowning man clutching at a plank. The store! That was his only hope. Bound down to hard practicalities, he was sure that he could make a living there. A living for himself and Dorothy. Ah, that was the maddening thought about it! He had not only given Joe McKenzie the store; he had thrown away all hope of taking the girl he loved in his arms. With the store, he could ask her, now that the bugaboo of wealth no longer stood between them, to marry him at once. That would give him the impetus he needed, no doubt. Suppose they had to live very economically at first? Dorothy wouldn't mind, he was sure . . . Jurian felt himself wavering . . . he began to wonder whether he shouldn't telegraph Joe that he could no longer hold to his bargain. . . .

Then, by degrees, a picture came filming back and recreated itself in Jurian's mind — before his inner eyes. It was the picture of good, loyal, credulous Joe McKenzie, and his pale sweetheart, standing before Jurian in the little office in the rear of the Hesketh Store. He was seeing again Joe's wondering face as he learned that he was to be the proud possessor of the store, and the doubtful, wistful look that sprang into the eyes of the pale girl by Joe's side, followed by a gasp of maternal joy, as the girl realized the goal of their hopes had come.

"Oh, Lord, I can't do it!" groaned Jurian. "I can't kill that thing that was in her eyes! I can't look Joe in the face and tell him! No, by heavens, they are not the ones to go without happiness! If anybody must, I'm the one. I've been the loafer and waster in this world, not Joe. If anybody's got to wait and work for his sweetheart, you're the one, Jurian, now!"

Jurian went to the window and threw up the sash, as far as it would go. It was growing dark. A single star gleamed in the west. The trees in the Park opposite were taking on a dimness of outline. It made Jurian think of the Common at Foxlake.

Suddenly, the young fellow felt strong. He had conquered a temptation, a weakness, all alone, for once. He had done the right thing, not because he found it easier for his conscience to do the right thing, but because something within him told him that it was the turning-point. He felt something abundantly flowing within him, which he could only faintly describe as *growth.*

"The store is Joe's!" cried Jurian, buoyantly. "And for me — work! work, work and work! And if Joe will let me, I'm going to work for him. Clerk for Joe McKenzie — by jinks! — and may I never have a worse employer!"

One of the cheering things about getting back to Foxlake, to Jurian, was the fact that here, at least, he needed to make no awkward, suffocating explanations. His advent in Foxlake, his inheritance of the Hesketh Store, and the way he had begun to do business, had all been a palpitating mystery to the townsfolk, naturally; but of the real truth they still knew nothing. The visit from his wealthy friends had set tongues wagging; but nobody in Foxlake save Dorothy and Joe McKenzie and Grace Hastings could positively know how great was Jurian's downspeed from a million dollars to nothing. That was a relief.

From the train Jurian went straight to the hotel. He had been wondering whether he could afford to keep his room there. It was not expensive, though, and he decided to keep it a while till he might find a boarding-place that was cheap and good.

The hotel clerk greeted the young fellow with a smile which conveyed no intimation that the death of P. C. Jurian, if noticed at all by Foxlakers, had had significance for them.

"You'll find your room pretty dusty, probably, Mr. Jurian," said the clerk. "I obeyed orders, and told the housekeeper to leave it alone till you got back." He handed Jurian his key, taking it from one of the hooks on the board back of the desk.

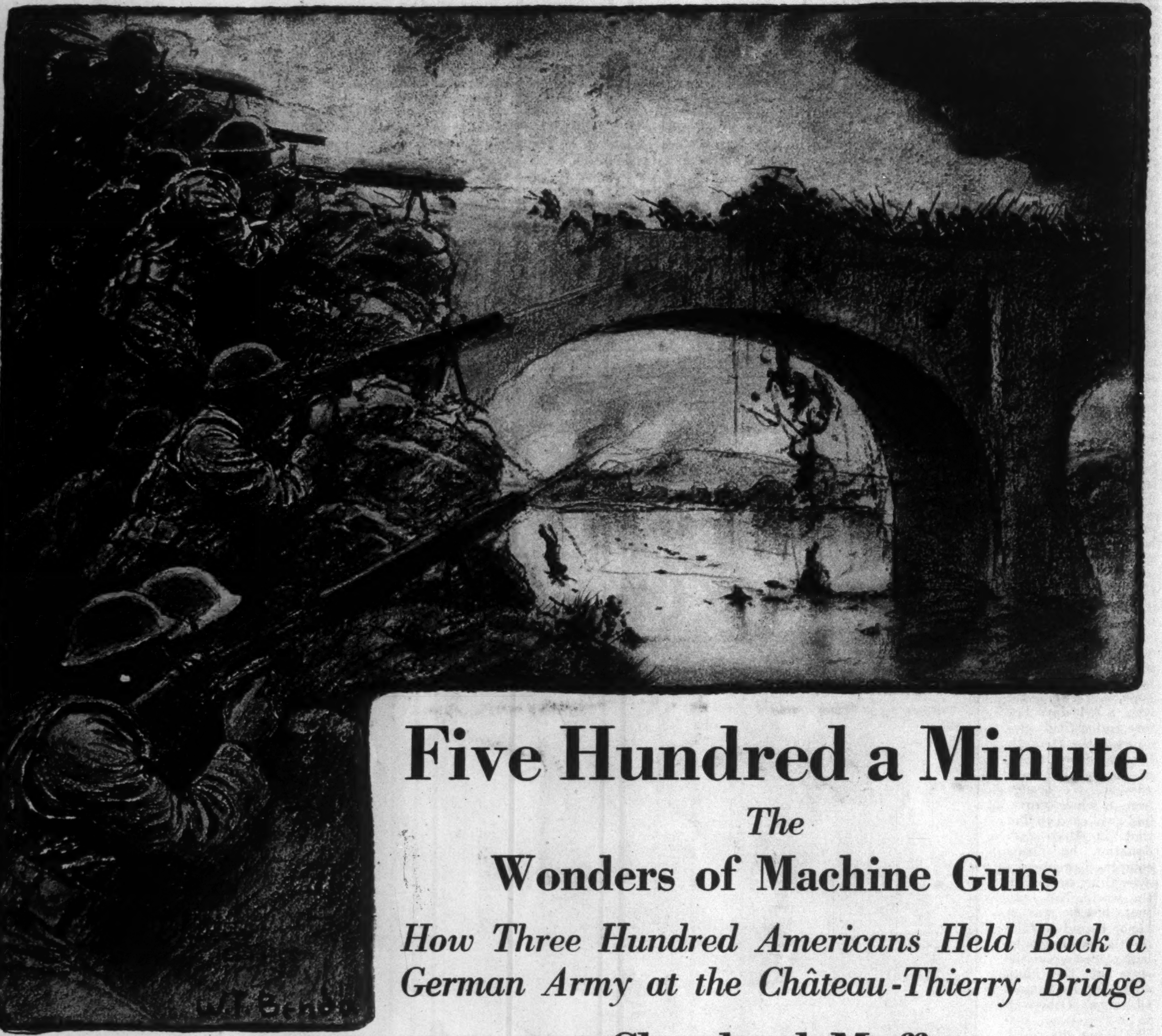
"Thanks, John," said Jurian. "You needn't bother about the bag. I'll hoist it up myself." So Jurian went up the stairs briskly. At his door he hesitated a moment, then let himself in. The clerk had been right. It was dusty. And had it not been for the dust, Jurian would not have observed that somebody *had* been in his room during his absence.

On the plain, flat-topped table which served as a writing desk, there was evidence that several books and papers had been turned over. The disturbance of dust showed that. And there were finger-marks in the dust that could not have been more than two days old.

"What the dickens have they been doing here?" thought Jurian. He tapped the key, which he still held, in an annoyed way, upon the table. And then he noticed something else. The end of the key felt queerly. On scrutiny, Jurian saw that there were bits of a soapy substance clinging to it, especially in the slots. He scraped it with his penknife, and shavings of what seemed to be wax came away from the metal.

Jurian, still without important suspicions, gazed at the key wonderingly. He couldn't remember that the key was not clean and bright when he tossed it to the clerk on leaving. He had heard of people making an impression of a key in wax, for purposes of duplication. But there seemed to be no reason for it in this case. He had nothing of great value in the room. He made a quick round of his belongings, and [*Continued on page 35*]

For a synopsis of this novel, see page 45



Five Hundred a Minute

The Wonders of Machine Guns

How Three Hundred Americans Held Back a German Army at the Château-Thierry Bridge

by **Cleveland Moffett**

Illustration by W. T. Benda

THE machine gun is essentially an American product; all standard machine guns, used both by the Allies and the Germans, namely, the Maxim, the Vickers, the Hotchkiss and the Lewis guns, are American inventions. Unfortunately, as happened with the airplane and the submarine, we devised these wonderful machines and then allowed foreign nations, more alert in a military way, to develop them and use them to our disadvantage.

The present machine gun of the U. S. Service is the Browning Gun, model 1917, created by the genius of an American, John M. Browning, who is easily the world's greatest arms inventor. It is regarded by experts as the best all-around machine gun in the world, the simplest in construction, the easiest to make, the most efficient in the field. America adopted this gun after competitive trial of all makes of machine guns held at the Springfield Armory in May, 1917. Incidentally, the original model which won this contest was taken to the Infantry School of Arms at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, in February 1918, and used extensively in training our soldiers in machine gun tactics. In the summer of 1918 it had already fired 60,000 rounds and was still going strong. I think it should be preserved in the National Museum at Washington!

The importance of machine guns in modern warfare is shown by the fact that these weapons are used in practically every branch of the service. Whenever a soldier wishes to do a large amount of execution, either in a small space or a small time, he uses a machine gun. In point of effective fire, one machine gun is considered equal to fifty men armed with shoulder rifles.

Machine guns are indispensable in trench warfare and in all infantry activities. Cavalry and artillery use machine guns, tanks and tractors carry machine guns, submarines take them to the depths of the sea, while airplanes and dirigibles bear them high above the clouds. Every captive balloon depends upon machine guns from the ground to protect it from hostile airplanes by throwing up an encircling barrage to the height of a mile or two whenever an attack threatens. Machine guns are also necessary against enemy airplanes, swooping low in raids on troops and ammunition dumps. Our machine gunners, I may mention, brought down forty-one German airplanes during the last two months of the War.

"Perhaps no invention has more profoundly modified the art of war than the machine gun. In the European war this arm has been brought into very great prominence," said Secretary Baker in his annual report for 1916.

"The machine gun is the deadliest instrument of warfare invented by man," said to me an American Colonel, an experienced instructor in battlefield tactics at one of our war training schools. "An army suffers more casualties from machine guns than from any other cause. Ask the first dozen wounded soldiers you meet how they lost their legs or their arms and at least eight of them will say: 'A machine gun, sir.' "

To test this, I stopped three soldiers on crutches one evening in Washington and asked how they had lost their legs. The first said he had been hit by shrapnel. The second had been struck by six machine gun bullets, five in one leg and one in the other. The third had suffered a complication of wounds, his foot was blown off by a high explosive shell, then he was wounded in the side by a piece of shrapnel, and, finally, as he crawled out of a shell hole filled with poison gas, he was caught by five machine gun bullets. This man had been a machine gunner himself, he had fired as many as 25,000 rounds in one day, and he is confident the Germans are shy a few legs on his account.

Not only are machine gunners great killers of men, but they themselves face unusual peril; in fact, their branch is considered the most dangerous branch in military service, more dangerous than artillery or aircraft or even infantry. Sometimes machine gun casualties run a hundred per cent. beyond the ordinary battlefield average. Yet in spite of everything, including hard work, a machine gunner sticks to his job even without promotion—he loves it, just as a lion tamer loves his job and will not change

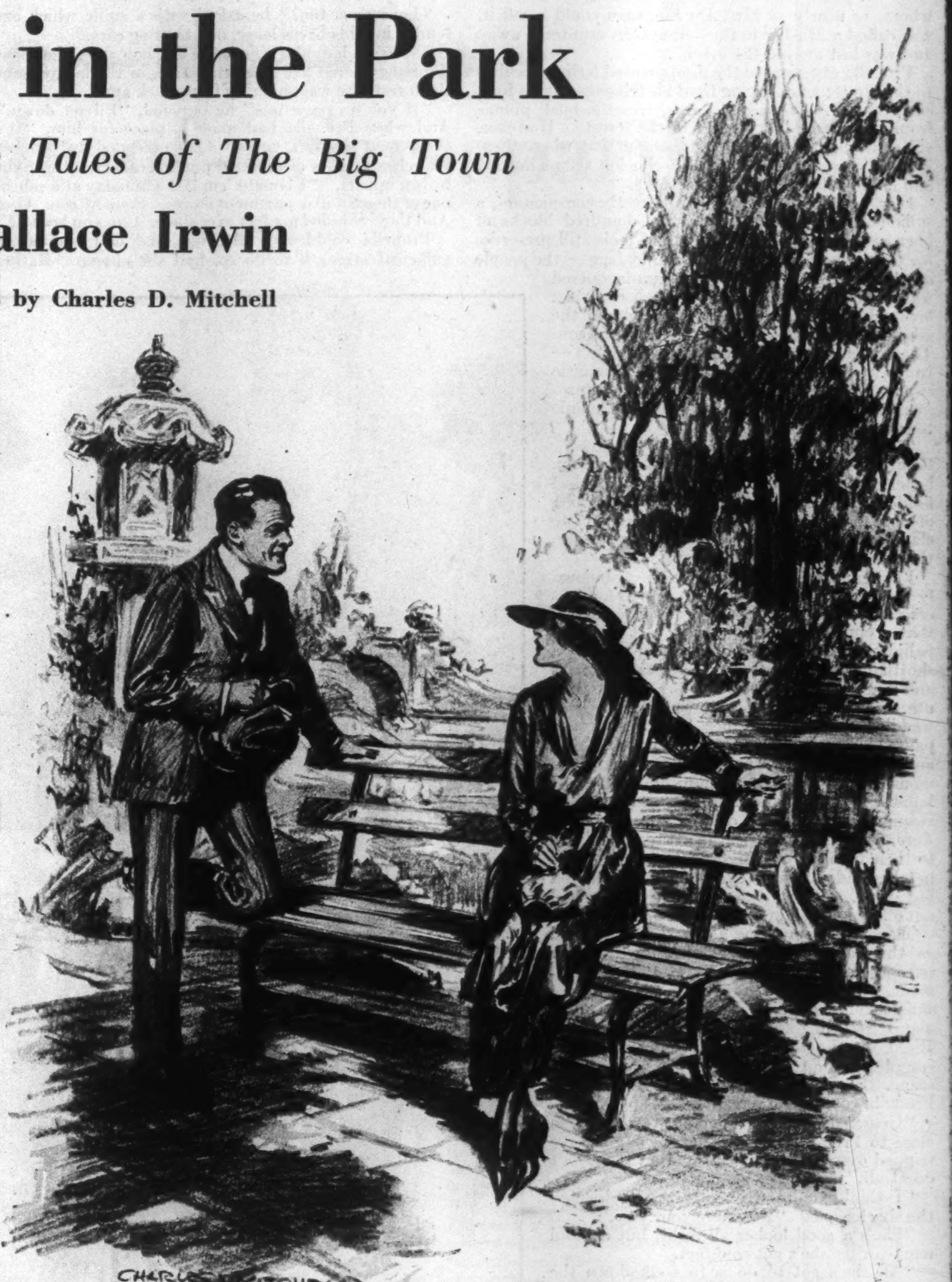
[*Continued on page 31*]

A Bench in the Park

Last of The Little Tales of The Big Town

by Wallace Irwin

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell



"Lonesome, too?" he asked, with a smile which extended to his outstanding ears

MRS. DE FINNEGAN, investigator of social conditions, paused for a drink of water which she swallowed from one of Mrs. Chillingworthy's best crystal goblets ere she looked dramatically round the carven panels and tapestried walls of the Chillingworthy drawing-room. Prunella, sitting well to the rear, her handsome lean shoulders bent forward, her wrists flexed, her violet eyes open to a wild surmise, was fixing her attention on that Other Half which parents, teachers and friends had taught her to believe were of the fourth social dimension, therefore impossible.

Was it true, as Mrs. De Finnegan had said, that the common people — persons who sew trimming on one's hats or cleanse one's gloves — were principally perishing for the lack of proper chaperonage? Did shocking flirtations go on right under one's nose — if one's nose would leave its town-car and mingle with the masses — and did such unregulated contact between the experienced male flirt and the inexperienced working girl lead to disaster and social demoralization? If so, why wasn't something done about it?

Through the lacy cascade of the window near which Prunella sat she could look across Fifth Avenue into the Park. Through the leafage she could glimpse the superstructure of many automobiles going round and round with the monotonous precision of mechanical toys. It was a crystal clear day, and Prunella, being young, would have preferred the outer air to this scented lecture room. However, what Mrs. De Finnegan was saying bore a message, and messages are seldom received in an environment of one's own choosing.

"The working girl," she said, resuming her eyeglasses and her collegiate accent, "lacks the social education which has been so carefully imparted to Our Sort. Being by the very nature of her class quite unprotected, quite unsheltered, it is not remarkable that promiscuous flirtations should ensue, that idlers should infest the Park — Mashers, I think they are called in the vernacular. Now the simple remedy for this is, as I see it, a properly appointed Municipal Chaperon. This Chaperon should have, working with her, a sizable staff whose duty it should be to investigate conditions in parks, omnibuses and motion picture theatres where idlers are most apt to congregate for the purpose of making unwholesome acquaintances. Any infraction of decorum should be reported to the Chaperon and . . ."

PRUNELLA, despite her social education, had never been able to concentrate on lectures for any great length of time. Hence her mind wandered from the abstract to the concrete. Was New York, as Mrs. De Finnegan so broadly hinted, full of light-minded fellows, Romeos with no Shakespearian excuses for their conduct? Prunella, who, like every other pretty girl in the world, fully appreciated her charm, had never been "spoken to" in all her travels through Manhattan. True, she had never been in the subway and only once or twice — and then densely chaperoned — on a Fifth Avenue omnibus. Possibly it was because she wasn't a working girl. But how did people know that? Lots of working girls dressed quite as well as she did. She knew a certain manicurist who . . .

The ladies of the audience were pushing back their chairs and Mrs. De Finnegan was getting down from her plush-covered dais. New York's flower of ladyhood, properly aroused, crowded round the speaker with questions and congratulations. Everybody wanted to help, but nobody offered a working program within Prunella's critical hearing. Being nineteen and raw, the girl had no business competing with her elders and betters, but she had a question to ask — the only question of pertinence the afternoon was to bring forth.

"Mrs. De Finnegan," she asked, in a lucky moment when she happened to find the great thinker alone, "isn't there some way of stopping these — these Mashers?"

"Volunteer work is valuable," replied Mrs. De Finnegan in her impersonal way. "Yes. If young ladies, properly reared and aware of the peril, should go forth and investigate for themselves —— "

"Oh, I should *love* to!" Prunella brought her small gloved hands together with a martyr's enthusiasm for trouble.

"Yes. Yes. Anything you find out you'll report to me, won't you? I'm in my office mornings from ten to twelve."

The lecturer swept away to join a group of receptive minds. Prunella caught the beckoning eyes of her mother — the mother who had never permitted one of Prunella's hours to go unaccounted for.

"I'm taking the car over to Mrs. Watteau's for tea, dear," said the maternal voice. "You're going to Laura Bridgeport's — and, dearest, don't be late for dinner."

So that was settled. Prunella hesitated an instant on the hem of the discussion. She hated Laura Bridgeport and her uninspired crowd. Looking through the cascade of lace masking the Fifth Avenue window she could see clusters of humanity — her humanity — moving into the Park entrance.

She slipped quietly out of the room.

PRUNELLA beheld the Menace almost as soon as she had stepped into the broad entrance of Central Park. He was sauntering boldly up and down the asphalt walk like some loudly dressed field marshal whose duty it was to review serried ranks of perambulators. Undoubtedly he was one of those things which, as nearly as Mrs. De Finnegan could recall it, were called Mashers in the vernacular. His work was, in the same vernacular, coarse. He was a medium-sized individual in a plum-colored suit, and surmounting this fruity shade he wore a velveteen hat of lively green.

It was a misbehaving hat, an annoying hat — that much Prunella could see from the distance of her vantage; for, in the frequent pauses of its owner, now here, now there, the hat would come off with a chivalric flourish which seemed to sweep the dust with sable plumes. Three times at least Prunella saw this gesture repeated in the faces of astonished nurse-maids. Thrice she beheld Green Hat continue his undiscouraged way. Once she witnessed the plum-colored suit seating itself gingerly on a bench beside a buxom lady whose generous lap contained a small, angry dog of Angora design. The distance was too great for articulate sound, but pantomime told the story. The buxom lady turned an empurpled face toward the obtrusive stranger. The little dog trembled from head to tail with a volley of passionate oaths. The plum-colored suit came up standing, the green hat was again removed, and he whom, as nearly as Mrs. De Finnegan could recall it, was called a Masher in the vernacular, sauntered away and was lost around the bend.

Prunella experienced the disappointed feeling peculiar to the hunter who, having fixed his telescope-sights for a clean shot at a thousand yards, sees the buck plunge from view to be lost forever in the forest. However, she consoled herself with the thought that where there is game there is yet more game. She left the main walk and chose a little bypath by the lake.

It was a Japanesque corner, discreetly conspicuous, a sufficiently romantic spot in that hundred blocks of lawn and leafage which the luck of fools still preserves for those who most need lawn and leafage — the people of the city. At her feet the sun-lacquered waters of a little inlet lapped rough rocks; a lovely bit of urban dell, attributable to the good taste of our unappreciated Victorian era. The water in the shallows was yellowish — Innes would have preferred it so. Romantic swans, diving at weeds and showing unromantic tails, imparted the one Germanic touch to the scene.

The proper laboratory for her investigations, thought Prunella. There was a rather clean bench under a willow, close to the footpath but hidden from the main road. A thin filtering of pedestrians came along the sloping way to clamber among the rocks and disappear into the forest below. An ideal lover's lane.

First came an undersized foreigner, obviously the contented parent of three little foreigners who slipped over the rocks and demanded that Poppa see the ducks. Next came a pallid student, aged eighteen, who studied a shorthand book through plate-glass spectacles and rendered unto Prunella's beauty the tribute of a withering frown. The buxom lady waddled by, cherishing her Angora dog; she paused long enough to ask the way to the Mall and could have turned her snarling little monster on Prunella as a punishment for not knowing. Two handsome strangers at last swung into view; well dressed strangers they were, somewhat theatrical in attire, worldly as to their bamboo walking-sticks and the saggy patches under the wise eyes. Prunella scented big game. Almost she wished that she had not offered herself in the cause of uplift.

They were sauntering along, these two, and as they approached Prunella's bench their pace slackened as though by mutual arrangement. She was sure that the shorter and more sinister of the pair had given her a quick glance out of the corner of his fishy eye. Right on the brow of an ornamental rock, completely shutting off her view of the lakescape, they stopped dead, as upon a signal. Prunella could have screamed.

"George," said the taller one, crowding so close to Prunella's bench that he might have tripped over her dainty toes, "that girl won't do at all."

"I think you're wrong, Henry," objected the shorter one. "But have your way."

"She's a good looker all right, but a blind man can see she's got cold feet."

"All she's got to do is to walk down the rocks, register hatred and fall in. Any fool can do that." George shrugged his muscular right shoulder.

"Don't get mad at *me*," cautioned Henry. "I didn't write the scenario."

THEY passed on. Two experts in the cinematographic art had all but walked on her, yet they had disdained to include her in the picture. Prunella began to enjoy a feeling of neglect, almost of desolation. She had so hoped to go back to Mrs. De Finnegan with a report that she, like other working girls, had been annoyed, that the Park was unsafe, that conditions were desperate. What a dull day for a social investigator! There fell a long pause during which nobody passed by. An impudent squirrel came bobbing its plumed tail along the bench and paused to nibble at Prunella's outstretched finger, hoping no doubt that it would impart a nutty flavor.

Someone cleared someone's throat right behind her. It was a masculine throat and the clearing was most personal in its tone. Prunella turned almost too rapidly for one engaged in the sly trade of social detective.

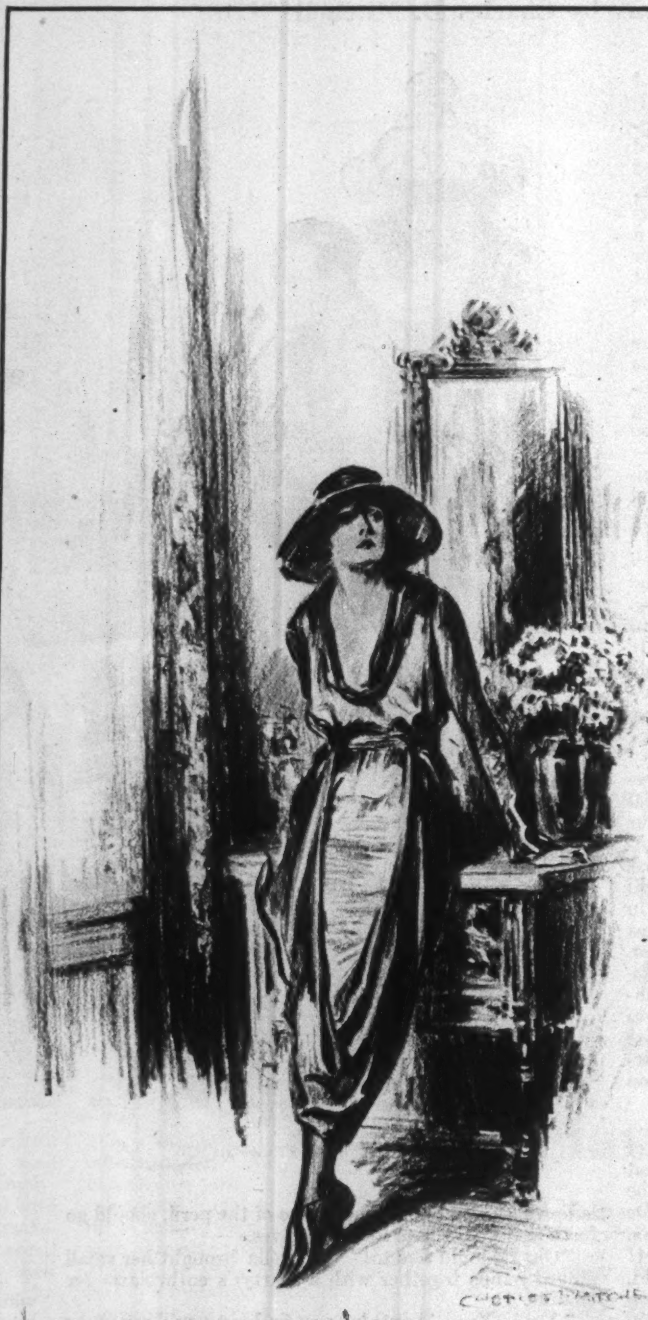
He stood there, one knee resting easily on a corner of the bench, his fingers fussing with a remarkable hat of bright green velvet. He was rather young, rather good looking, rather becomingly dressed in an outlandish sort of way. The Menace had reached her in his rounds. She would have turned and run, but the failure of her knees prevented any such decisive movement.

"Lonesome, too?" he asked with a smile which extended in folds to his large, outstanding ears.

She had a ladylike impulse to ask how dared he, then she remembered her mission. Also, in the language of the forest, she was suffering from buck ague.

"If you'll excuse me," he pursued, "I'll set down." And when Prunella had made a place for him, "It's them new shoes, I guess." He extended two rather shapeless articles of crinkled patent leather with bright brown uppers. "I bought 'em last Thursday at a sale in one of them swell department stores. Four-fifteen. Gee. And they've killed my feet ever since. Can you beat it?"

Prunella could not, although she had summoned sufficient strength to do so, had she chosen. Rather a decent face, she thought — rugged but decent. There was the look of youngness about him which aroused the maternal instinct in her nineteen-year-old breast. A hundred questions popped into her inquisitive little brain.



"Mrs. De Finnegan," she said, "isn't there some way of stopping these — these mashers?"

"I guess you was sort of surprised the way I walked up to you," he went on, making no attempt to edge closer, but regarding the patent-leather foot-killers which he now held, toes up, on the gravel walk.

"I was," she admitted, then trying to make her voice sufficiently warm, "and why did you?"

"Do you know," he confessed as he pulled down a pair of cuffs which were purple and not very clean, "I've tackled 'most a hundred ladies in the last two days. I ain't a great hand at figures, but I guess it's been as much as that, or more."

"You don't mean to say so!" Prunella turned upon him the coolness of her eyes. "How could you? How could you dare — "

"Well, it takes a heap of nerve," he admitted. "But I really can't see no other way."

"Do you find it necessary," she taxed him severely, "to go about speaking to young women — without being properly introduced?"

"Is there some place like that?" she found him asking through a deep flush; and when she counter-questioned with, "Some place like what?" he folded his thick hands across a lively waistcoat and turned his brown eyes toward the shallow waters below.

"I mean," he drawled, "some place where they introduce fellows like me."

"Doubtless there are, if you inquire at the proper sources," she volunteered with all the helpfulness of the blind leading the blind.

"I guess so." Then he turned and looked full at her. "You see, girlie, I've been nearly three weeks in this big town. It's all right, I guess — but gosh! It gets a man. I come from a town named Skallaway, and I'd be there yet, I guess, if it hadn't been for a girl. It don't make you mad, does it, my talking like this?"

"MOST certainly not," she was quick to say; in her heart she was a little impatient that the Menace should be consuming Mrs. De Finnegan's valuable time talking about a girl in Skallaway.

"It wasn't nothing much, really, except that she was a peach and I'd been keeping company for 'most a year. You see my business was driving a jitney to and from the station. Her name was Daisy — the girl's name was. She met up with a hotel clerk named Forsythe, who was a swell dresser, and they run away and got married. Of course that made me sore on Skallaway and I told Ma I was going to New York and Ma got her cousin Stacey to give me a letter to the delivery department of Stark & Pilford's.

"Girlie, did you ever have to set around New York for a month waiting for a job, nothing to do but count bricks on top of the skyscrapers till the roof of your mouth gets sunburnt, looking up?"

"Well, no — but then — there are always the theatres and motion pictures and lectures and concerts." It was getting late and Prunella was feeling that the woeful stranger was ruining her investigations for the day.

"Did you ever try going to thirteen movies alone — setting by yourself in the dark and trying not to bawl out loud when Mary Pickford goes back home in the film and hugs her mother?"

Prunella had not.

"Well, I have. Last week I got so sore at this damn town — excuse me, lady — that I swore I'd go back to Skallaway and shoot that hotel clerk and be put in some comfortable jail along with somebody that could talk my language. Then I got an idea. I says to myself, 'Boy, there's a nice girl waiting for every nice man,' so I made up my mind to mix — understand? Get acquainted."

"Yes. I noticed that," Prunella complied.

"I'm living in a boarding-house down to West Thirty-fifth Street. Most of the ladies in the place are either married or engaged to an actor. I asked one of 'em to go to the movies with me and she got mad and said I wasn't any gentleman. That's the longest talk I've had with any lady since I came here. Then I started to get acquainted with a pretty girl on the subway and the conductor told me to cheese it or I'd get thrown off. But I wasn't discouraged because I knew I was right and they was wrong."

"Whatever gave you such an idea?"

"My mother," said the friendly seeker.

"Oh!"

"I got this letter from her last week, Wednesday, the very night I was packing to go back to Skallaway."

He fumbled inside his plum-colored coat and brought out a flimsy envelope from which he unfolded a square of equally flimsy paper. Disdaining to spy, Prunella could not overlook the fact that the handwriting was illiterate and done in lead-pencil. The young man held the lower part of the letter concealed in his big palm as the stubby forefinger of his right hand carefully traced out the second paragraph of the epistle; whereupon Prunella read,

"I know you have tryed to maik good in this town, but the chances [*Continued on page 76*]

"Yo—Ho—Ho, And a Bottle of—Sarsaparilla!"

by Campbell MacCulloch

Illustration by Lejaren Hiller

"Prohibition is no longer a religious issue, but has become a business principle."

A VAST deal of nonsense about the uses of alcohol on the one hand, and the virtues of prohibition as a guide to heaven on the other, is heard on every hand. Talk foolishly upon any subject long enough and you develop hysteria, and hysteria leads men and women into exaggeration of statement and perversion of fact. From that parentage comes mental fog.

Some of the things that are said, and most of the drivel that is printed in the newspapers, would convince the visitor from some other bourne that as a nation we have lost all sense of proportion and the capacity for a sane weighing of the facts. Stupidity, perversity and selfishness have warped many of our mental processes. Now stupidity is unforgivable, perversity is ridiculous, and selfishness is merely a regrettable deficiency in character. Let us get at a few actualities about this business.

A New York newspaper the other day allowed a returned soldier to say that "the religious folk sneaked prohibition through while the soldiers were out of the country." That is both stupid and absurd, for prohibition is not the result of a religious crusade of intolerance as some foolish publications and many silly people would insist; in fact as we have it to-day it is not primarily a moral issue at all, if we are to call that "moral" which is usually associated with church work. And to say that anything has been sneaked through when the entire country has fairly rung with the clangor of the battle for six or seven years is plainly ridiculous.

Please note that the churches have been attacking the rum traffic for over seventy years. For the effect of this consult the published table of liquor consumption per capita for the United States. The first figures available deal with 1850 when the individual use was 4.08 gallons per annum. By 1900 this had shot up to over 17 gallons, and in 1912 it had topped 21 gallons per capita. Five years later the consumption had dropped to just a little more than 19 gallons per individual per year. And all these years there had been the steady pressure of religious sentiment against alcohol, and all those same years the use of alcohol had steadily increased until some six years ago when a new factor entered the fight.

"All right," says some one, "if it wasn't religious activity that downed the Demon, what was it? If prohibition isn't exclusively a moral issue, what is it?"

Good friends, it was plain American business that doomed liquor, which makes the question as we have it now before us simply an economic one. In 1912 business discovered that rum didn't pay.

We are a lightsome people. We take our pleasures gaily and our sorrows not too seriously. In fact gravity sits upon us as aptly as a hired bathing suit upon a thin minister from Mahanoy City. We do not, however, wholly lack common sense. We do not have to be beaten with many stripes for many years to make us realize there is something wrong with the practise that causes the figures of the national balance to be written in red ink. Hence, Prohibition.

I'm not decrying the services of the churches in the fight. I'm just stating that some six years ago rum took on an economic phase, and the country goes dry for that reason.

WITH the merits or demerits of prohibition I shall not deal. Like the question, Who won the War? it is too full of possibilities. In the last few years some facts have come my way — so let us dismiss personal opinion, *pro* or *contra*, and begin with the simple statement that any one with an eye to see or an ear to hear might have heard prohibition clumping down the national highway any time these five years. It was as inevitable as that the American Navy would fly across the Atlantic first when it had once made up its mind to do the job.

When the railroads of the country adopted "Rule G" the end was in sight. When the United States Steel Corporation took the stand that a man who used liquor was worth less than a man who didn't, and that the latter was entitled to hiring and promotion before his fellow worker who used alcohol, in working hours or out of them, the obituary of the late Mr. Barleycorn was being written in heavy letters of 18 point Cheltenham Bold.

When the textile mills, the street car companies, the motor factories and the like took the bookkeeper and the adding machine into the private office and put the figures down it became an absolute certainty that the days of alcohol were numbered. And this explains why the very men who voted for prohibition and argue stoutly in its favor privately stock their own cellars against the day of drought. The question is merely one of dollars and cents as it stands to-day.

Careful scrutiny of the newspapers of the country, talks with men from here and yon, consultation of figures supplied by boards of trade and chambers of commerce, show that the sentiment of the country is just what the action of the States in ratifying the Eighteenth Amendment showed it to be. The raucous outcry against the amendment comes 98 per cent. from the cities, and 75 per cent. of these are the ones lying east of the Mississippi. The greatest outcry is from New York, with Chicago a close second. Those of us who live in eastern cities take this anti-sentiment too seriously. We think we hear the country talking. Most emphatically we do not. We think prohibition sentiment is a new thing. Again, it is not.

The area of the United States is about 3,000,000 square miles. For several years the dry area has been in excess of 2,500,000 square miles. The last census showed the population to be about 100,000,000. Since 1914 the population living in dry territory has been climbing upward from 60,000,000. There are 55 cities of more than 100,000 people each, and of these 18 have been dry for more than a year. Let us admit that it was the rural vote that put prohibition over. The cities didn't want it; 80 per cent. of them, I think, have expressed themselves against it. Yet ask in the cities where prohibition has been in effect more than a year and you will be told that they wouldn't go back to rum.

There has been great outcry over the violation of personal liberty. I wonder if the word, liberty, should not properly in this application be spelled, license. Much is chattered of the coming ruin of business, but it doesn't come from the business man who has experienced prohibition, for diligent inquiry shows that in every single instance where prohibition has been in effect in a city for more than a year business has improved.

"But the hotels can't live without the profits from their bars," is the next cry. "They will be ruined."

In the cities where the

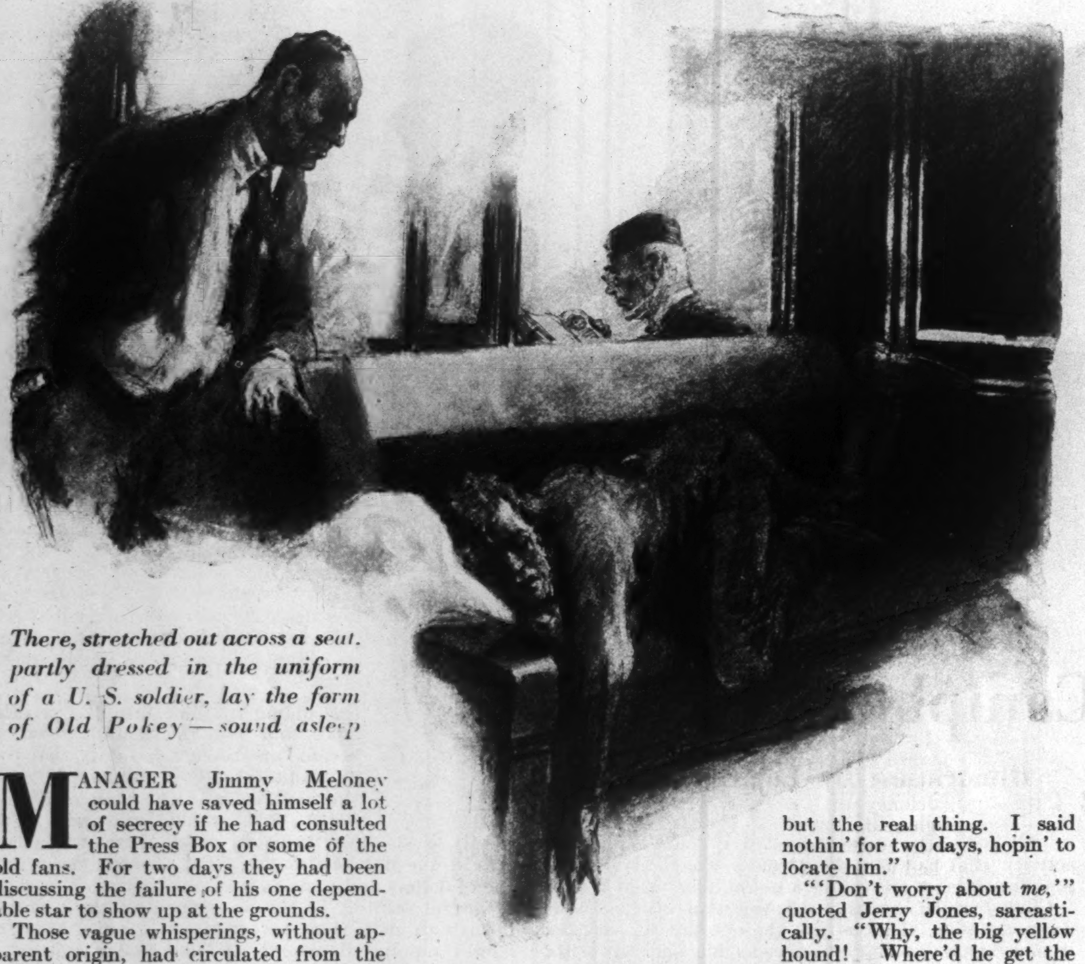
[*Continued on page 48*]

Pells Will Be Pells

Pokey the Pitcher Plays the Game

by Bozeman Bulger

Illustrations by M. L. Blumenthal



There, stretched out across a seat, partly dressed in the uniform of a U. S. soldier, lay the form of Old Pokey—sound asleep

MANAGER Jimmy Meloney could have saved himself a lot of secrecy if he had consulted the Press Box or some of the old fans. For two days they had been discussing the failure of his one dependable star to show up at the grounds.

Those vague whisperings, without apparent origin, had circulated from the bench to every part of the stand. Baseball writers were simply waiting for Meloney to discard his mask of mystery and give them the story.

Among the players, therefore, there was no speculation as to its object when the veteran manager of the Reds called them into a meeting in the clubhouse. They knew very well. They did not know, though, the exact nature of the distasteful truth that was to face them. In his hand Old Jimmy held the evidence, uncontroverted proof of something serious.

"Fellers," he announced — Meloney was always direct, painfully so — "Pokey Pell has beat it. An', as far as I can see, he's gone for good."

Though somewhat expected, this blunt announcement hit hard. Players squirmed uneasily during a moment of uncomfortable silence, lacking words to express their resentment.

"Tossed up his job 'n' everything?" finally ventured Jerry Jones, the outfielder.

"Yep, that's the size of it," Jimmy answered. "He's dogged it."

"Maybe he got on a train somewhere and went to sleep," came a voice from the back, casting for a laugh, "or, maybe he's got a new bug notion and gone visitin'."

But there was no laugh. Pokey's team-mates were too sore.

"Nothin' doin'," Meloney replied. "I thought that, too, at first, but here is the evidence in his own handwritin', an' I've got more besides. No," the manager continued, as he opened the envelopes he held in his hand, "the big Rube has quit cold an' left us in the hole. Listen to this: 'Friend Jimmy: Git somebody in my place fur I'm gone. I've beat it fur good. Don't worry about me. I simply had to go. POKEY.'

"That, fellers, is in his own handwritin', which is poor but the real thing. I said nothin' for two days, hopin' to locate him."

"'Don't worry about *me*,'" quoted Jerry Jones, sarcastically. "Why, the big yellow hound! Where'd he get the notion that anybody was goin' to worry?"

"Just the same, we're goin' to miss that pitchin' of his," observed the manager. "But you had it right in callin' him yellow. Think of a big cur runnin' out like that, just when the whole club is bein' shot to pieces by youngsters bein' caught in the draft! Now, listen: Thinkin' maybe he'd gone back to his home in South Carolina to enlist — I was givin' him the best of it, you see — I wired down there to the mayor askin' about him, wordin' my message like this: 'Can you give me any information about Braxton Beauregard Pell, alias Pokey?'

"To-day I get this answer: 'Know Pell well. He is no account an' a loafer. Draft board here trying to locate him. Telegram notifying him to report returned undelivered.' Now what do you think about that?"

"Why, the yellow-livered cur," came from several players. "Just a plain case of doggin' it. And I hear you just give him a raise," said Jones.

"Wait a minute, fellers," spoke up Benny Pell. "There may be something wrong about this. I can't believe that feller ever run away from danger. He's no rat."

Benny was the recipient of a concerted glare.

"Brother act, eh?" a youngster shot at the veteran pitcher.

"Where do you get that brother stuff?" demanded Benny, belligerently. "You know as well as I do that I'm no more kin to Pokey Pell than you are. We have the same last name, it is true, but I never saw him in my life until this spring. Yes, an' more'n that, his name bein' Pell has caused me more trouble than any of you. It was me that he was beatin' out of a job. Cut out that brother stuff. I simply want to do the square thing by the big, ignorant Rube. Give him a chance."

"I've give him all the chance he needs," Manager Meloney interrupted. "You are off on the wrong foot, Benny. I figured everything I could for him, but followin' that telegram from South Carolina, here is the knock-out.

"I know it ain't proper to be reading other people's mail, but the bat-boy found this in Pokey's box this mornin'."

He held up a card, easily recognized as an official notice from the draft board. It ordered Braxton Beauregard Pell to report for service immediately.

"NOW, is that plain enough?" demanded Meloney. "Use your bean a little. Couldn't he have read the telegram an' sent it back as undelivered — you've done it yourself many a time? Knowin' that the draft order would follow he had two days in which to beat it. That's exactly what he did. Now, to prove that he figured it out right, here comes the official order this mornin'. Of course, if he don't get the card he ain't officially notified. Simple as your nose on your face, ain't it? Just dogged it, that's all."

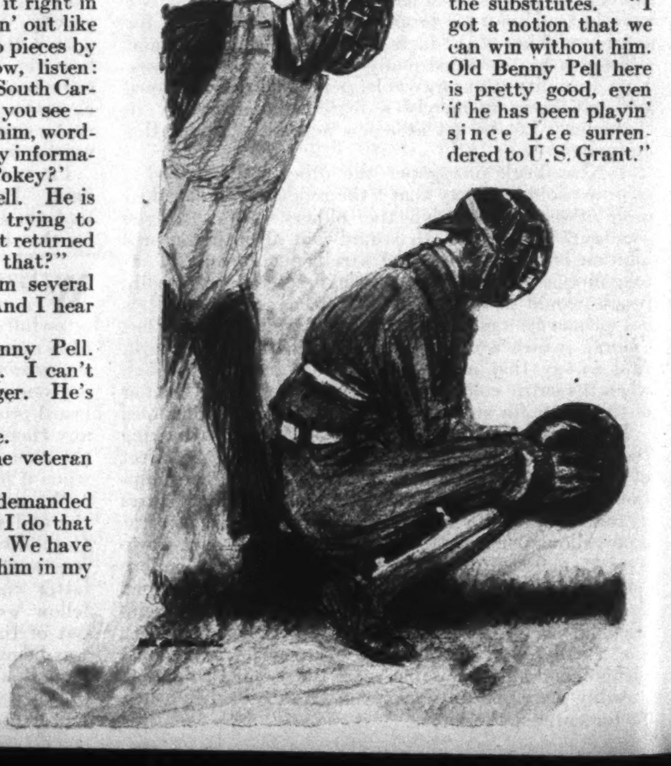
"Well, can't they pick him up if he hasn't got a registration card in his pocket?" asked Benny Pell, not completely convinced.

"Of course they'll get him in time, but the ignorant boob hasn't got sense enough to know that."

"Well, say what you will," observed Jerry Jones, reflectively, as he aimed at the sawdust in the cuspidor, "it's certainly goin' to knock our chances for this pennant. He's played us a mean, lousy trick, that's all."

"Mind you, fellers, I ain't kickin' about a man goin' into the army," explained Meloney. "All the young fellers has got to go in time. No, it ain't that; but this Pokey Pell could have answered the call, got everything ready an' been able to play for us probably three or four months before he was actually taken to a camp. It's the streak of yellow that gets my goat. An' look at the papers! When they get hold of this what a knock it's goin' to be to baseball."

"Well, he ain't the whole ball club, anyhow," declared one of the substitutes. "I got a notion that we can win without him. Old Benny Pell here is pretty good, even if he has been playin' since Lee surrendered to U. S. Grant."



"You are pretty fresh for a young squirt," snapped the veteran pitcher. "You better get out there an' get yourself a few base hits before you begin tryin' to kid an old-timer. You'll get fat on that. Why ain't you in the army?"

"I've got my card an' am ready any time they want me. They can take me whenever they want to."

"You bet your life they can," retorted Benny, "an' will, too."

This argument was interrupted by the arrival of a messenger boy with a telegram for Manager Meloney.

"Huh," he grunted. "Well, I guess this does finish it. Listen:

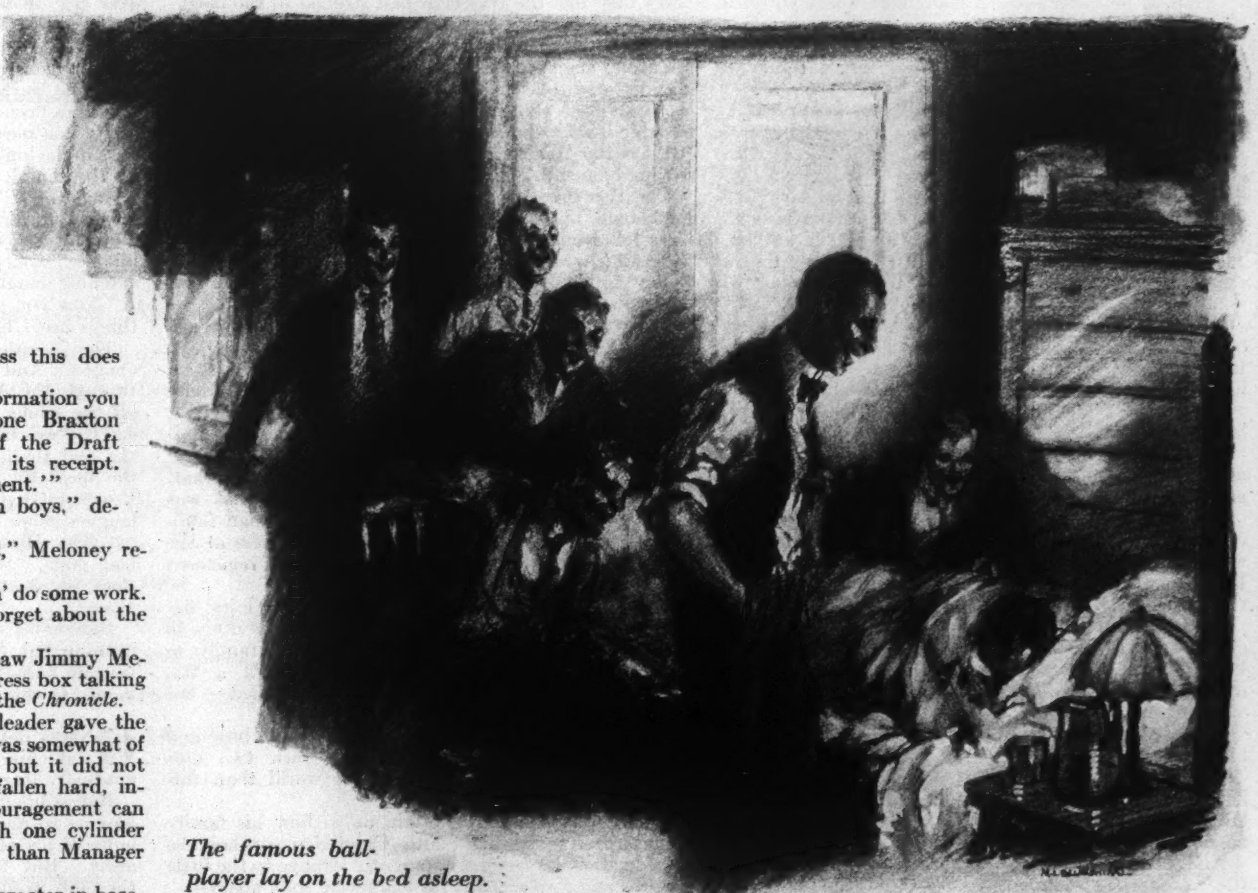
"'You are directed to report any information you receive as to the whereabouts of one Braxton Beaureguard Pell to the President of the Draft Board at Binville immediately upon its receipt. This is an order from the War Department.'"

"You better not monkey with them boys," declared Jerry Jones.

"And you can bet your life I won't," Meloney replied, starting for the door.

"All right, fellers, let's get out there an' do some work. We can win this pennant anyway. Forget about the big cur an' let's go to it."

An hour later fans in the front row saw Jimmy Meloney leaning over the rail around the press box talking long and earnestly with Hype Adair, of the *Chronicle*.



The famous ball-player lay on the bed asleep. Pokey was surely running true to form

The next morning the sporting page leader gave the missing pitcher a terrible blast. That was somewhat of a balm to Meloney's outraged feelings, but it did not strengthen the Reds. The blow had fallen hard, indeed. No amount of sentimental encouragement can make a motor maintain its speed with one cylinder missing, and nobody knew this better than Manager James Meloney.

Pokey Pell had been a picturesque character in baseball, one of those rare personages who unconsciously furnish copy to the sporting pages day after day. His absence, except for occasional reference to the mystery of it, had left these pages lifeless. The writers had been robbed of a literary pasture on which to graze. Not a word, not a clue was found of Pokey. He was swallowed up too completely to encourage stories of speculation. They missed him.

PELL had come to the Reds from a little cotton mill town in South Carolina. He was signed as a pitcher, but Meloney soon discovered that he could soak the ball like a Hans Wagner or a Babe Ruth, and he was just as often used as pinch-hitter.

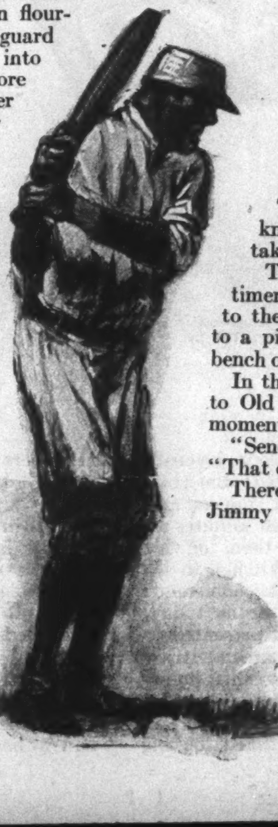
Upon his arrival there arose an immediate difficulty over the similarity of his name with that of Benny Pell. Always the presence of two players of the same name on a ball club is a thorn in the side of official scorers. In spite of all effort at care the records get mixed and the wrong man frequently receives undue credit, as well as blame. In the case of the Pells it was more troublesome than usual. The South Carolinian flourished the front name of Braxton Beaureguard while the veteran, called Benny, came into life labeled Bascombe. On the official score one was designated Pell, B. and the other Pell, B. B. It was no infrequent slip for the compositors to drop one of those B's.

In the body of their stories, though, the baseball scribes circumvented this very easily. Long before the arrival of Braxton Beaureguard, Bascombe Pell was known as Benny and had so far accepted the nickname as to stencil it on his suitcase. Bascombe was married, while a member of the Reds, some ten years ago. For many days thereafter Hype Adair, in the *Chronicle*, referred to him regularly as The Benedict. This rather appealed to the ball-players, who promptly shortened it to Benny. And the name stuck.

The changing of Braxton Beaureguard into Pokey was more a matter of evolution, beginning the first time Manager Meloney found him asleep on the bench. The fact that Pell had come from the cotton mill section of South Carolina and was unlettered added to the fitness of the nickname, with its suggestion of laziness. The players often tried to convey the impression that it had another meaning, due to the ability of this lanky six-footer to poke the ball over the fence in a pinch. It is true he could soak the "ole apple," as they called it, and he could pitch with a speed that had every batter in the league nervous about getting "beaned" — hit on the head — but that was not the origin of the nickname. Remorse over having at first derided him influenced them to offer that explanation.

Braxton Beaureguard never evinced the slightest excitement over affairs on the diamond. Following a clean-up wallop he could saunter back to the bench, the plaudits of the crowd still ringing in his ears, and calmly resume his interrupted slumbers in a corner.

Old Jimmy Meloney was really responsible for Pell's nickname, though he did not realize it. The christening occurred in the twelfth inning of the toughest game the Reds ever had with the Grays, when Pell was still considered a novice.



Benny Pell, the veteran, was pitching at the time and was beginning to get wobbly. He passed one batter and before he could settle down the Grays had the bases full with one out. One run at that stage meant the game. A long fly, an infield grounder, an error, or most anything, would turn the trick.

"Get him out of there!" Manager Meloney called to the catcher, and beckoned to Benny Pell by a motion of his thumb over his shoulder.

The veteran Benny caught the sign and knew well what it meant. He had been taken out of the box under fire.

Tossing the ball to the catcher, the old-timer slowly strode from the pitcher's mound to the bench — the longest walk in the world to a pitcher. Yelps of delight came from the bench of the Grays.

In the hubbub that followed, the Reds looked to Old Jimmy for further instructions. For a moment he seemed to hesitate.

"Send Old Pokey in there," he finally ordered. "That other Pell, I mean."

There was no chance to warm up a new pitcher, Jimmy having failed to prepare for such an emergency by keeping a man in the bullpen working with an extra catcher.

One of the subs, a bench warmer, looked around to obey the manager's instructions and spied the tall South Carolinian in the corner next to the water bucket — sound asleep!

And this, mind you, in the twelfth inning of a tied game!

In response to vigorous shaking Braxton Beaureguard finally uncoiled his long legs, shook himself and, picking up a fingered glove, calmly sauntered to the diamond.

Pell took his few practise throws allowed under the rules and the umpire ordered that play proceed. The Grays, unleashed again, opened up on the gawky youth with a broadside of taunts, the home crowd adding to the bedlam by trying to drown out these hostile shouts. Pell, however, was the least disturbed man on the grounds. Putting all he had on the first one he shot a fast ball squarely over the plate, striking the catcher's mit with the sound of a forty-four.

This grooving of the first ball did not appeal to the catcher's idea of baseball tactics. Dropping his mask he walked out to talk to Pell. The lanky southerner then glanced around the diamond for the first time.

"How'd all these men get on them bases?" he inquired, elevating his eyebrows. Aroused from a peaceful sleep he had no idea as to what had been going on.

"It's a secret," whispered the catcher in an attempt at cutting irony, completely lost on Braxton Beaureguard, however. "I'll tell you about it after the game."

"All right, get on back there," suggested Pell, "an' I'll burn a few through."

He did. Two more fast ones whizzed over and the batter fanned. The next hitter popped out to the infield and the danger was averted. In the Reds' half of the inning a run was scored and the game was over.

"I'll say Old Pokey burned that pill through that time," gleefully announced one of the youngsters as the athletes romped into the clubhouse. And thereafter the name Pokey became a fixture.

THE standing of the Reds rose with the advent of Pokey Pell, and the sporting pages carried daily digs at his need of sleep and general lack of animation, all good-natured.

Scribes in other cities laid for the arrival of the Reds, their literary mouths watering for a crack at Braxton Beaureguard Pell. For the manufacturers of merry quips he was a sweet morsel. Reporters never succeeded very well in interviewing him, though. In his extreme taciturnity he seldom said anything that could be twisted into a laugh at his expense or that of the Reds. He was conscious of his ignorance and was too frank about it to be held up to ridicule.

Over at Binville, the home town of the Grays, Spike Hart, an enterprising scribe, got Pokey Pell into a corner one day, or, rather, got into a corner where Pokey was curled up and drew him into a conversation.

"That's quite a front name you have there—that Braxton Beaureguard — Mr. Pell," he observed.

"Yas, sir. Hit's a purty good name, I reck'n," he drawled. "Hit's done pretty good so far."

"How'd they ever come to hang a name on you like that?"

"I reck'n you don't know much 'bout history, do you?" Pell replied. "I ain't had much schoolin' myself, but I shorely thought *you* had."

"Meaning just what?"

"Why, General Braxton Bragg an' General Beaureguard wuz two great soldiers," he explained with childlike simplicity. "My dad wuz a rider — courier, I believe they call it — for General Beaureguard, an' one time he took a mighty important message to General Bragg while the Yankees wuz pottin' at him. The General was so pleased that he made my dad a sergeant. An' you jes' orter heerd my old man tell 'bout him!

"Well, Dad waited a long time for a chance to show his feelin's an' when I wuz born he named me Braxton Beaureguard. I'm mighty proud uv it, too. I never have liked this business uv callin' me Pokey."

"What was your business before you got into baseball?"

"I ain't got no business. I worked in the cotton mills after my ole man died, an' that's why I didn't git much schoolin'."

To save his life Spike could not make anything funny out of that. Moreover, he discovered there wasn't much of a wheeze in quoting Pokey's bad English. Somehow it seemed to fit very naturally with the subject.

At any rate, the scribes around the circuit could always get a laugh out of the many incidents of Pokey's slumbering on the bench. A ten minutes' nap was good for a half-column any time Pokey came to town.

The Reds prospered on Pell's publicity as much as his pitching, but they were not as quick to realize it. The constant notoriety drew attention to the Reds in every city, and crowds came out to see the sleepy star. He was a genuine drawing card. That, of course, meant more salary for Pell in time.

And, coincidental with the rise of Pokey Pell, began the retrogression of Benny Pell, the veteran. There could be no doubt that Benny was slipping. Many years on the diamond had told on his strength, and his percentage of victories was decreasing at a rate rather alarming.

It must have been six weeks after Benny had started to slip that Pokey Pell was called upon again to relieve him in a pinch. As on the former occasion, Pokey made good. Not only did he pitch well the last two innings but cleared Benny's record of a defeat by hitting a home run in the ninth and winning the game. While this tended to show up Benny, the veteran harbored no resentment toward the new star. In fact he was grateful and did not hesitate to say so.

After dressing, the two Pells left the clubhouse together that afternoon.

"That wallop of yours came in mighty handy, feller," the elder Pell remarked to Pokey. "Even if you do get the credit for the win it saved me from another loss."

"Wuz pretty lucky, wuzn't it?" Pokey answered, endeavoring awkwardly to turn the subject.

"MEANS a lot to me right now," added Benny. "You know I'm not goin' so well an' but for this war comin' on it's no cinch that they wouldn't can me."

"I reck'n you've saved up a right smart of money, though, ain't you?"

"Not a nickel, Pokey. There's no chance of me ever saving up anything. You know I've got a wife an' two kids. Besides, my wife is a half invalid. She's been ailin' for three years now an' don't seem to get any better. Takes all I make to get along."

To Pokey there came the disturbing thought that, perhaps, his presence on the club had been responsible for Benny's worry. Not knowing how to express himself, he tried to dismiss the thought.

"What's the War got to do with it?" He asked, suddenly recalling Benny's earlier remark. "I ain't read much about it — readin's a right smart of work to me, anyhow."

"Why, don't you know," asked Benny, "that the draft law was passed some time ago an' they are grabbin' off the young fellers everywhere?

"An' Old Jimmy Meloney is in a hole. If he keeps this ball club runnin' he's got to do it with the oldtimers. Yes, an' all the other managers are in the same fix. That's the one chance we vets have got."

By this time the two Pells had strolled to the neighborhood of Benny's home.

"Why not come in an' see the wife an' kids for a minute?" suggested Benny, rather cordially. "Might do you good to see some home folks occasionally."

"I shorely will, if it ain't no trouble. Benny," he added, with the suggestion of a quiver in his voice, "this is the first time any city feller ever asked me to see his homefolks."

The two diamond heroes turned toward the Benny Pell home, oblivious of the admiring glances of small boys following them.

"And what have you done about this war business?" Pokey suddenly inquired, voicing thoughts that had engrossed him for several minutes.

"Why, I went down there to the board an' registered. I felt it was the right thing to do an' they can get me when they need me."

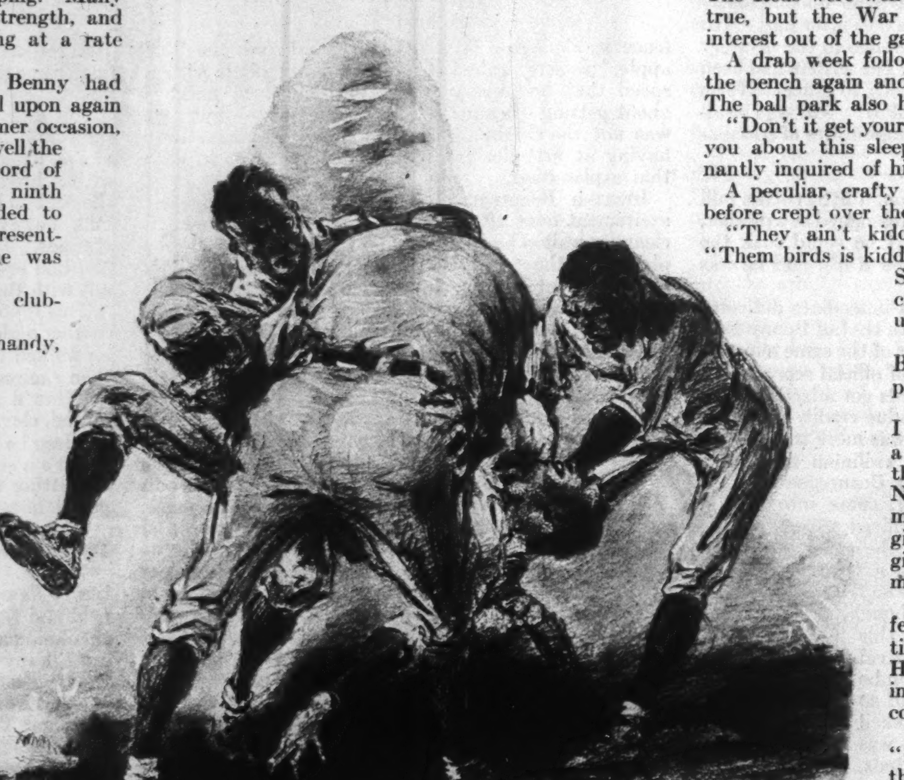
"What about yore wife an' kids? Ain't there some kind of a law about exemption, or whatever it is, that keeps a man out when he's got a family to support?"

"Sure there is, but I didn't say anything about that. I figured that the government would do what was necessary when they found out that fellers had families. I just signed my name, give my address at the ball club, an' let it go at that. Haven't you registered yet?"

"No, I ain't. The War is so fur off that I jes' figgered, somehow, that they would 'tend to that down in South Carolina. O' course, I ain't got no family to support, nor nuthin'. I ain't even got a Pa, a Ma, brother or sister, an' you know I ain't married — not yit. I reck'n they'll let me know."

The elder Pell looked at the ignorant boy and shook his head in perplexity. His own two kids knew more about the doings in the world than this big fellow.

Benny was a little uncertain as to how his family would receive the big South Carolinian, or how he would act, awkward and apparently strange to the little niceties and forms. But his fears were soon allayed.



Pokey joyously greeted the two little shavers and in five minutes he had them on his knees and, when Benny went out in the kitchen to see his wife, was teaching them how to make homemade slingshots with which to kill Germans the next day. Pokey was surprisingly gracious in being presented to Mrs. Pell and gained her friendship immediately by his unfeigned delight at meeting what he called homefolks. She had come out of the kitchen to meet him and stood in the half-open door.

"Why, whut are you tryin' to do?" he asked, looking over her shoulder into the kitchen. "That kitchen seems mighty hot for a little lady like you."

"Oh," she laughed, "that husband of mine has actually gone crazy. On one of his training trips down south he learned to eat corn hoecakes and ever since then he's been trying to get me to make them. It certainly is a mess."

"No, he ain't crazy, either," declared Pokey. "He's jes' beginnin' to git sense. Lemme see what you are trying to do?"

With an air so matter of fact that Mrs. Pell could offer no objection, the big fellow strode into the kitchen, looked at the preparations and burst into a catching laugh.

"Now you jes' set down there an' tell me where the things are," he ordered.

The gentle-hearted little woman instinctively obeyed. And while Benny and the two boys peeped through the door Braxton Beaureguard Pell, talking all the while, began the process of making hoecakes as they are made in South Carolina. In a half hour the real thing was served on the table. Throughout the meal the Pell family sat with mouths agape as Pokey related his boyhood experiences. The family laughed more that night than it had in several years.

"Why, Honey," Mrs. Pell said to Benny when Pokey had gone, "that man's visit has done me more good than any doctor we ever had. Won't you bring him again?"

Bascombe, Jr., and Jimmy Pell, the kids, talked of nothing but Mr. Pokey Pell the next two days and became heroes among their playmates with the homemade, German-destroying slingshots.

ON his next day off Pokey asked the Pell boys to take him to a moving picture and through them he gradually learned much of the city and its ways.

But as life grew brighter for the Pells things were not moving so nicely for Manager Jimmy Meloney. Two more of his players were caught in the dragnet of the army. But for the drawing powers of Pokey Pell the club would be in a bad way to make ends meet. The Reds were well up in the race by this time, it is true, but the War apparently was taking a lot of interest out of the game.

A drab week followed, but Pokey went to sleep on the bench again and the next city had a good laugh. The ball park also had a good crowd.

"Don't it get your goat, these fellows always kidding you about this sleepy-head business?" Benny indignantly inquired of his friend Pokey.

A peculiar, crafty smile that Benny had never seen before crept over the face of the ignorant southerner.

"They ain't kiddin' me, Benny," he remarked. "Them birds is kiddin' themselves and don't know it. Strikes me that you fellers in the city don't keep your eyes open like us slow-pokes down home."

"I don't get you," stammered Benny, dumfounded by this surprising shot. "In what way?"

"Well, as soon as I landed here I begin to notice that every time a feller does somethin' different they write about it in the papers. Now jes' as shore as the Lord made little green apples, ef a feller gits in them papers enough he'll git more money, 'cause it draws more crowds. Ain't that right?"

Benny's jaw fell. He actually felt ashamed. Even he at one time had thought this fellow a boob. He looked at Pokey inquiringly, indicating a desire for him to continue.

"An', you see," went on Pokey, "I ain't overlookin' nuthin' like that, even ef the gang does think I'm a mossback. Ole Jimmy Meloney pans we every once in a while, but I take it 'cause I know he ain't so smart, neither. I kin go to sleep on that bench any time them fellers want what they call a story. No, Benny, they ain't kiddin' me."

"I'll say they ain't!" exclaimed the veteran.

And then came the shock.

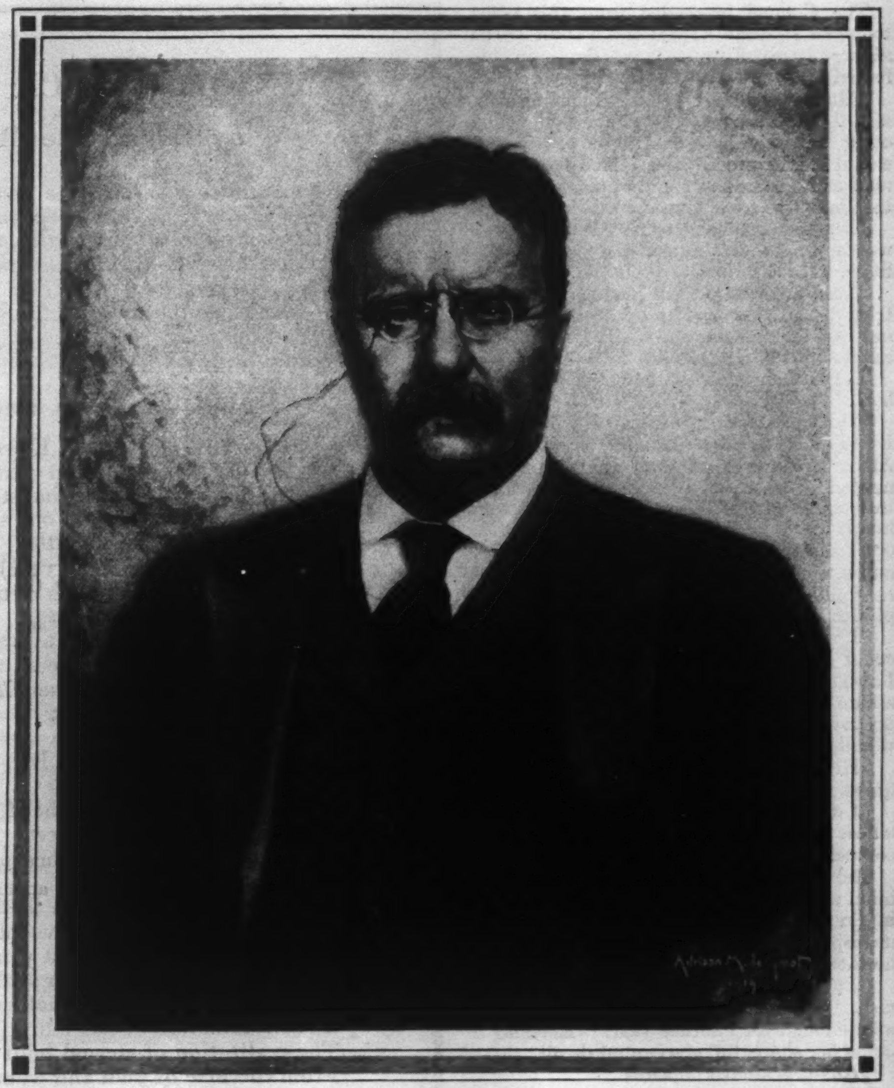
A week later Pokey Pell had disappeared.

Benny's confidence was shaken, but, secretly, he refused to accept the verdict of his teammates. To him the distressing affair was still a profound mystery.

The Reds did win the pennant that year, despite the loss of the star. It was not due to any especial effort on their part, but to the weakening of all the clubs by youngsters being drawn into the army.

This championship was an empty one, though. The War had taken all interest [*Continued on page 60*

THE use of this picture of Colonel Roosevelt brings to light an interesting story in connection with it. The artist, Mr. Adriaan de Groot, now making his home permanently in America, is a Hollander who became a great admirer of the Colonel when the late Ex-President visited his country several years ago. Whenever Colonel Roosevelt spoke in public, or appeared in a public place, Mr. de Groot was always enthusiastically present. He made many sketches on these occasions of the man he so much admired, and partly from these, partly from affectionate memory, the artist has painted several portraits in oil, of which this is one.



Historic Talks with Roosevelt

His One Visit with Mr. Wilson

What Would Lincoln Do?

Roosevelt on College Life

by John J. Leary, Jr.

His One Visit with Mr. Wilson

COLONEL ROOSEVELT summarized his visit to the White House, April 7, 1917, to plead for permission to go abroad at the head of fighting troops, with this sentence:

"If any other man in the world had talked to me as Mr. Wilson did, I would say I was sure to go. But it was Mr. Wilson who was talking and I am not at all confident."

It was the Colonel's first and only interview with Mr. Wilson and followed an unsuccessful effort to find Mr. Wilson in. The first call was made as the Colonel was en route for home from a devil-fishing trip in Florida waters, and the President was absent from the White House.

Like the first call, the second was unannounced. It was decided upon April 5th, when the Colonel told a few intimates, including the members of the "newspaper cabinet," of his intention to leave for Washington the next day.

"I am," he said, "making no headway, and I won't so long as I try to do business with Mr. Wilson by letter. It's too easy to shunt me one side. He won't find it so easy talking to me face to face. I am not at all sure he'll give in to me then, but I'll give him an argument anyway."

"Have you," I asked, "arranged for an appointment?"

"I have not and I won't," he replied. "One of my friends has advised that I do so, as otherwise I invite a snub. What do you think of that?"

"Foolishness," I answered. "I do not believe Mr. Wilson, however he may feel, can afford to refuse to see a former President of the United States calling to offer his aid in time of war. I do not think there's a chance for a snub."

"Exactly. I'll take my chances on his trying to snub me. He can't do it!"

By arrangement, the newspaper cabinet made no mention of the Colonel's intentions or of his departure for Washington. On his arrival in the capital the fact that he was there was wired the outer world, but nothing definite was said of his intentions.

"If possible," he said, "I want to avoid any appearance of storming the White House."

Whatever the Colonel's intentions were as to "storming the White House" he did succeed in making the home of his daughter, Mrs. Longworth, the real center of life while he remained in the city. From early morning until late at night, there was a constant stream of visitors, not all of whom succeeded in getting an audience.

Among those who did were the Ambassadors of the great powers, led by Jusserand of the famous tennis cabinet; Spring Rice, the Englishman, and little Sato from Japan; army officers of high rank, chancing the ill-will of the administration; naval officers, and men of both parties in House and Senate — including, of course, Lodge of Massachusetts.

Secretary of War Baker also came — of his own instance, or, as the Colonel put it, "under his own steam."

Some of the earlier callers had a considerable wait while the Colonel was at the White House, whither he repaired alone, promptly after breakfast. Mr. Wilson, who had been advised of his presence in Washington, was waiting for him when he called and, as the Colonel told me later, the interview was pleasant but inconclusive.

"He received me very pleasantly," said the Colonel, "and we had an hour's talk. I congratulated him upon his war message and told him it would rank with the world's great state papers if it were made good.

"And I told him I wanted a chance to help him make it good.

"I found that though I had written plainly enough, there was confusion in his mind as to what I wanted to do, so I explained everything to him. He seemed to take it well, but — remember, I was talking to Mr. Wilson.

"I gave out a statement to the newspaper boys at the White House. I told Mr. Wilson as I was about to leave that I knew I would be bombarded with questions, and asked if he cared to allow me to say anything. He outlined what he was willing to have told of our conversation, and I asked that Tumulty, who was called in at this time, come along with me while I was telling it so that there could be no mistake or dispute as to what I might say.

"Tumulty, by way of a half joke, said he might go to France with me. I said, 'By Jove, you come right along. I'll have a place for you.' I would, too — but it wouldn't be the place he thinks."

"Did you see Baker?" some one asked.

"No, I did not. I did send word to him that I would be glad to see him if he called. He is coming here later."

The Colonel proceeded from this point to make it clear he did not expect to be allowed to go to France unless developments forced Mr. Wilson into letting him go.

"He has promised me nothing definitely," said the Colonel, "but as I have said, if any other man than he talked to me as he did I would feel assured. If I talked to another man as he talked to me it would mean that that man was going to get permission to fight.

"But I was talking to Mr. Wilson. His words may mean much, they may mean little. He has, however, left the door open.

"The talk was pleasant enough. What I tried to do was to impress upon him the need of making our full weight felt at the earliest possible moment.

"I told him we should hit at once and hit hard.

"He raised the question of equipment. I told him what he already knew — that the Allies would give me all the equipment needed from their ample stores. They have the equipment. They need men. I told him it would be preferable to use the English or French rifle, first, because they are ready, and again because to use a different type of rifle and ammunition would mean to complicate transport problems.

"I explained that all necessary expense could be provided for out of private funds. I also explained to him that I would not take a man the draft might get. The fact that I proposed to use material that otherwise would be unavailable seemed new to him.

"He seemed interested and he asked many questions. But I am not over-confident.

"I do not believe he'll let me go to France unless circumstances that may develop later compel him to let me go."

The circumstances the Colonel had in mind were the serious shortage of man-power in France and the collapse of Russia, then unsuspected by the world at large, but which he then predicted.

"The imperative call," said he, "is for men. France is bled white. She has not men enough for another year. England is doing her share, but she cannot do all.

"Russia is almost hopeless.

"There is more than a fair chance that Russia will go to pieces completely. There is a chance she will make a separate peace. This of course relieves Germany of pressure from Russia. It means that the War will be prolonged — perhaps for five years.

"Any early peace must be a German peace — a German victory.

"If the people at large would only realize this, we would be all right. As it is we are blundering along apparently hoping for a bloodless war. If we do not wake up, Germany will have won this war, and then *we will* be up against it.

"I do not think that will be the result — it does not seem we are capable of allowing that contingency to become a fact.

"I told the President that with his permission I would submit my plans to Senator Chamberlain and Representative Dent and I am going right home to do that now. I am also going to send Baker a copy.

"I had a good talk with Baker — I'd have him around my finger if I could have him about for a while. He does not realize what he is trying to do.

"He is exactly the type of man Mr. Wilson wants about him. He will do exactly what Mr. Wilson tells him to do, he will think exactly as Mr. Wilson wants him to think, and when Mr. Wilson changes his mind, he will change with him. If Mr. Wilson should agree with me to-morrow, Mr. Baker would be perfectly sure he always agreed with me.

"He has the blindest faith in the general staff and the graduates of West Point. He does not realize that a mutton-head after an education at West Point or Harvard is a mutton-head still."

What Would Lincoln Do?

"LINCOLN to me has always been a living person, an inspiration and a help. I have always felt that if I could do as he would have done, I would not be far from right. And at times when I have been troubled by some public question, I have tried to visualize Lincoln in my position and to do as he would have done."

Spoon River Annex

by Edgar Lee Masters

LAST month we published the first three poems of this Annex to the famous "Spoon River Anthology." Here are some more of those marvelous portraits. Seldom does poetry reach down into human emotions with such unerring skill and understanding. More of this Spoon River Annex will appear in McClure's from time to time.

I

Isabel, William and Albert

SOUL of the Universe! Eternal Love!
Making for change and death — but for life!
Multiform, mysterious, exhaustless,
Is it not through you that our spirits became one —
A bond in the flesh on earth,
And mingled flames in this realm?
We three, lovers, husbands of the same woman!
First I, this woman that was,
Who loved William and was his wife,
And loved him none the less in death,
Nor less when I became the wife
Of you, my adored Albert;
Next I, this man William,
Who loved you, Albert, in life,
And next in death,
Because you loved the Isabel I loved.
And lastly, I who was Albert,
Who loved you, William, because you loved her,
Because she loved you,
I, who was her husband to the last,
Treasuring your memory with her —
Being, O blissful fate, what you were to her,
With something else which spoke for progress in love.
This is the mystery, the final consummation,
The illumination of passion,
The realization of eternal light
From the love of man and woman on earth!

II

Lusk Illington

ONE life at a time, one world at a time,
One dream for working out in life —
But oh, the price we pay, my friends,
For the coveted achievement!
For as to the mating of bodies and souls,
The planting of your garden,
For food and delight in life,
It comes to an idiosyncrasy
If you stop to think it over:
It's eyes of gray, or eyes of blue,
It's a certain mouth, or color of hair,
It's a nose that calls to something in you;
That is the woman for me.
And then you get the eyes, or nose,
And that is all you get.
And I who wanted a woman for wife —
Star-like, clear and pure,
Followed the instinct till I got her.
And what was she? She was pure, no doubt —
But so is filtered water!

III

Robert Chapin

HAVE you stood in front of the iron bars,
And watched the lion look over your head?
He sees the palm-tree and the mate,
And the waste of the tawny desert!
Are you moved by music, or the concourse
Of melodious words?
But how are you moved except for life
That made a self of you, responding
To sounds or scenes of remembered places,
Or other spheres, perhaps?
Life is a cage! Beauty a vision
Of a freedom once enjoyed.

Colonel Roosevelt had in his hand an account of the controversy over George Gray Barnard's *Lincoln*, and had voiced his annoyance that any one could think of portraying the great emancipator as a clod.

"I do not understand," said he, "why some folk like to portray Lincoln as rude and uncouth — to suggest that he was a lineal descendant of the Pithecanthropus, always telling funny stories. It is as bad as the refining process Washington has gone through. Washington was a very human sort of person with a fair share of the weaknesses of man. He is presented to us as possessing all the virtues and lacking all suggestion of sin, original and acquired. As a matter of fact, he was a strong man, with all of a strong man's virtues and many of a strong man's faults.

"Lincoln was not a handsome man — he did not have very much on me in that respect — but he was by no means first cousin to the cave-man in appearance any more than he was always slapping strangers on the back and telling them funny stories. He did have the saving grace of humor, but he was no clown.

"In my office in the White House there was a splendid portrait of Lincoln. Ofttimes, when I had some matter to decide, something involved and difficult to dispose of, where there were conflicting rights and all that sort of thing, I would look up at that splendid face and try to visualize him in my place and try to figure out what he would do in similar circumstances.

"It may sound odd to you, but, frankly, it seemed to make my troubles easier of solution. Yes, to me, Lincoln has ever been a living person, an inspiration and a help. If I ever envied any man, it was John Hay, who had the wonderful privilege of knowing Lincoln so intimately.

"Lincoln must be, will be always, a living thing to our people, an inspiration and a landmark to the living and to those yet to live. Our danger lies in the fact that at times our public men are inclined to stray from the path he blazed, if, indeed, some of them ever trod it."

Roosevelt on College Life

COLONEL ROOSEVELT had asked my plans for my boy, and I had told him I meant to send him to Harvard "if I had the necessary funds."

"It does not," said he, "require very much money to send a boy through Harvard, or for that matter, Yale, or any of the big schools. The fact is that the boy who has too much money in college is just as badly off as the poor fellow who has none. I have every sympathy with the boy who works his way through college, but I realize that the poor fellow who has to divide his time between work, class room and study does not begin to get all a man should get out of college. He does not get the real spirit of the university, and he's apt to come out with a mass of undigested knowledge, worn physically and mentally.

"On the other hand, the boy who has unlimited money has unlimited opportunities to spend it, to get into trouble and acquire habits that will be a handicap in later life. With the aid of tutors he gets his degree, and leaves college just as does the extremely poor boy without having gotten the real benefit of the college.

"On the other hand, the boy of moderate means, enough to permit him to take a real part in all college activities, but not enough to permit or induce extravagance, gets about everything there is to be had. They are the men who really benefit by college.

"It does not hurt a boy to have to do some work — some of the best men I have known have had to do some work while in college — but the fellow who has all work, who goes to his studies tired, whose interest is divided, and who has no time for the lighter activities, is unfortunate. He would do better to delay his entrance until he could accumulate enough funds to make his stay in the university less of a constant drill.

"That, I know, is not quite so romantic, but it is eminently more practical."

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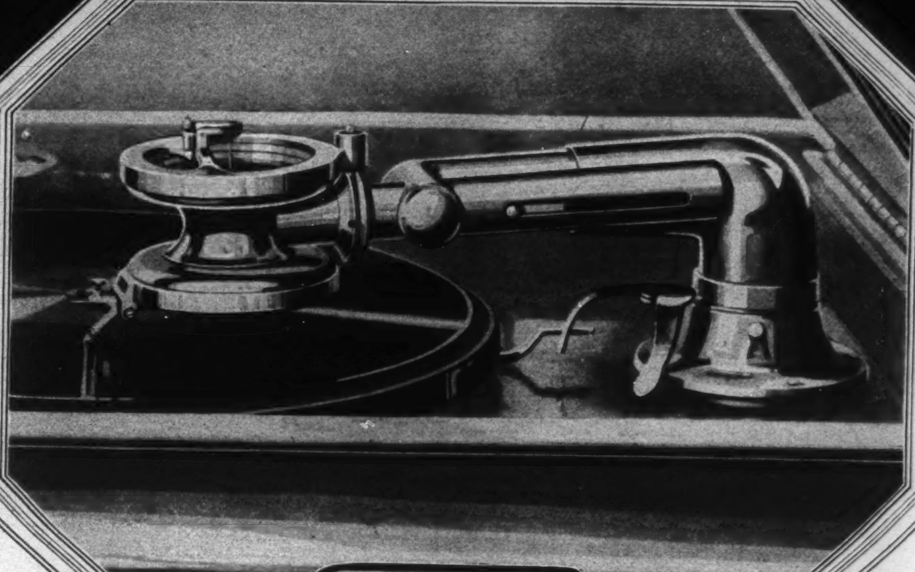

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The Business of Good Cooking

For the Modern American Home

by Mabel Dulon Purdy

THE business of home cooking is up against a snag. The old-fashioned cook has left us, and there is apparently little or no time for the stranded housekeeper to do the cooking herself, and the results are far from happy — or satisfying! If better eating is to play its part in the making of a better America, it is time that the homes of America took up their cooking difficulties in a definitely serious way.

In the great process of healing, the world stands sorely in need of some of the soothing, tempering kitchen whiffs and warming thrills of our much-reputed great-grandmother's day. The world at the same time, however, needs the women of this generation for other work than cooking. How are we to reconcile the one demand with the other? How meet both demands? Or, to put the question in another way, what is good cooking, as now required and understood, and how are we to secure it for the home, consistently—every day and three times every day? That is one of our biggest immediate problems, and the work of finding an answer is no mean or foolish task.

Good cooking, as an essential factor of good eating, means far more to-day than merely the producing of results that will tickle the palate and please the eye — important as these phases of it may be. It carries with it, at this time, a larger responsibility than ever before for the physical stamina of our people; it means, in addition, food thrift carefully considered, with a well-balanced sense of relative values in the expenditure of time, labor, money, including the cost of fuel; it means, further — and most emphatically — a certain sanity in means and method that will bring about the relief of many over-worked, tied-to-the-kitchen women, with opportunities for all as a class to serve in other fields than housekeeping, and yet insure for the home good meals with the necessary relish, zest, harmony, and peace, meals that smack of earlier days, if you will.

> *THE new community spirit, the perfectly equipped home kitchen, the better and greater food factory these closely united, and combined with saner standards of living, with more and truer beauty in our everyday surroundings, should solve our home feeding troubles, and give to the American people the best and simplest eating they have ever known.*

COOKING is one of the most important industries in the life of the world. To make food more wholesome and more acceptable is the principle underlying all good cooking. Any method that will accomplish this end without food waste, or undesirable extravagance, retaining as far as possible all original nutrients of the food, is a good method. As far as the housekeeper of today is concerned, it is a profitable and ennobling occupation up to the point of making food more wholesome and more attractive via the simplest and most economical methods. Beyond this, when it reaches the point of spending the better part of her time converting food into complicated, elaborate, or any way troublesome dishes — no matter how desirable or irresistible the end may be — which are carelessly eaten by an indulged family in a few minutes, it is poor business. When practised to the exclusion or neglect of other necessary thought and work, it is enslaving, and very rapidly deteriorates into that drudgery which too many believe is its true and only rôle.

In our present efforts at simplification, however, in our efforts toward economy of time and labor, the home table is losing much of its former interest. It is inclined to be cold. We are missing, and *need* the relish and flavor that always mingled with the products of the old-time kitchen, but we can hardly revert to its slavery. That is where the difficulty lies. What then? There is only one answer. The one-hundred per cent. plus housekeeper of to-day must be one who spends very little time in the kitchen, yet through some magic management produces very perfect meals. When such a happy dream as this comes true, for all homes, our cooking troubles will be over.

The solution lies, no doubt, not only in the creation of an entirely new home kitchen — built up on science and system and art, the twentieth century model, as it might be called — but in intelligently and consistently supplementing, according to need or convenience, the scientifically prepared products of this new home kitchen with those which can be equally or more successfully prepared outside the home. In other words, compromise and win! Decrease the heavier industries of the home kitchen, but let the lighter cooking, the individual touch, the special service, the cheering, enriching influence of its spirit, its breath of hospitality remain. Briefly, dispense with the drudgery, but leave the fun! The combination, intelligently worked, should restore to the table of to-day all the glories of the past, and give to the modern housekeeper her freedom, and all the time that she may need for other equally urgent duties.

While we have been doing this to an extent in the past, are doing it better and to a greater extent now, still more complete and more perfect cooking help for the home from outside sources is required, with greater discrimination in the choice of prepared products, and better judgment, more subtle art in their use, on the part of the housekeeper, before the desired end is reached. There is no reason why the great food factory, the specialty shop, the community kitchen should not, at the insistence of the housekeeper, give to the home baked goods of every description, cooked meats, soups, vegetables, interesting combination dishes, and many good desserts that are equal or even better — in quality, flavor, texture, color, form, relish — than anything prepared in the home kitchen, and, through her encouragement, at prices the family food budget can easily meet. In the same way, there is no reason why the housekeeper should not avail herself more fully of the many excellent foods, even complete meals, prepared outside the home that are already available, and through wise use of these products encourage the further development, in her favor, of every phase of cooked food service. When these two forces meet on common ground, in common understanding, with one aim — *the perfection of the home table, both from the dietetic as well as the artistic standpoint* — kitchen peace will be in sight, with nothing lost for either side because of the altruism of this ideal.

Standing on the threshold of a new and better home-making, we are facing at the moment a period of great housekeeping reorganization. Now, as always, the family feeding problem is the pivot around which most of our other home problems and difficulties swing. All housekeeping roads lead, ultimately, to or from the kitchen. If we can once bring the home cooking problem under control, get it definitely simplified, and yet give to the American people from one end of the country to the other — on the coasts, inland, in the mountain regions — good food perfectly prepared and well served, a very long and important step will have been taken toward the securing of our better America. It is a big job to tackle, and one that requires the most intelligent kind of co-operation between the food producers, the home, the community, and the outside world, but it is a mighty worthwhile piece of work.

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Painted expressly for Djer-Kiss by Karl Anderson, A.N.A.

Au charme incomparable de la France

As a moonbeam sheens to silver the glorious fountains of Versailles, so my *poudre de riz* Djer-Kiss—my Djer-Kiss Face Powder—touches to perfection the daintiest *toilettes* of Madame. Blending softly, lasting long, it will charm, I do assure you, with its *air Parisien.* —*Kerkoff, Paris*

Master Parfumeur, Maker of Djer-Kiss

THERE is no face powder with quite the exquisiteness of a French face powder —there is no French face powder with quite the exquisiteness of Djer-Kiss.

ALFRED H. SMITH CO., *Sole Importers*
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Monsieur Kerkoff's importateurs in America, the Alfred H. Smith Co., 30 West 34th Street, New York, have ready attractive paquets de vanite, each containing little samples of Djer Kiss Face Powder, Extract and Sachet. In return for fifteen cents they will be very happy to send you one.

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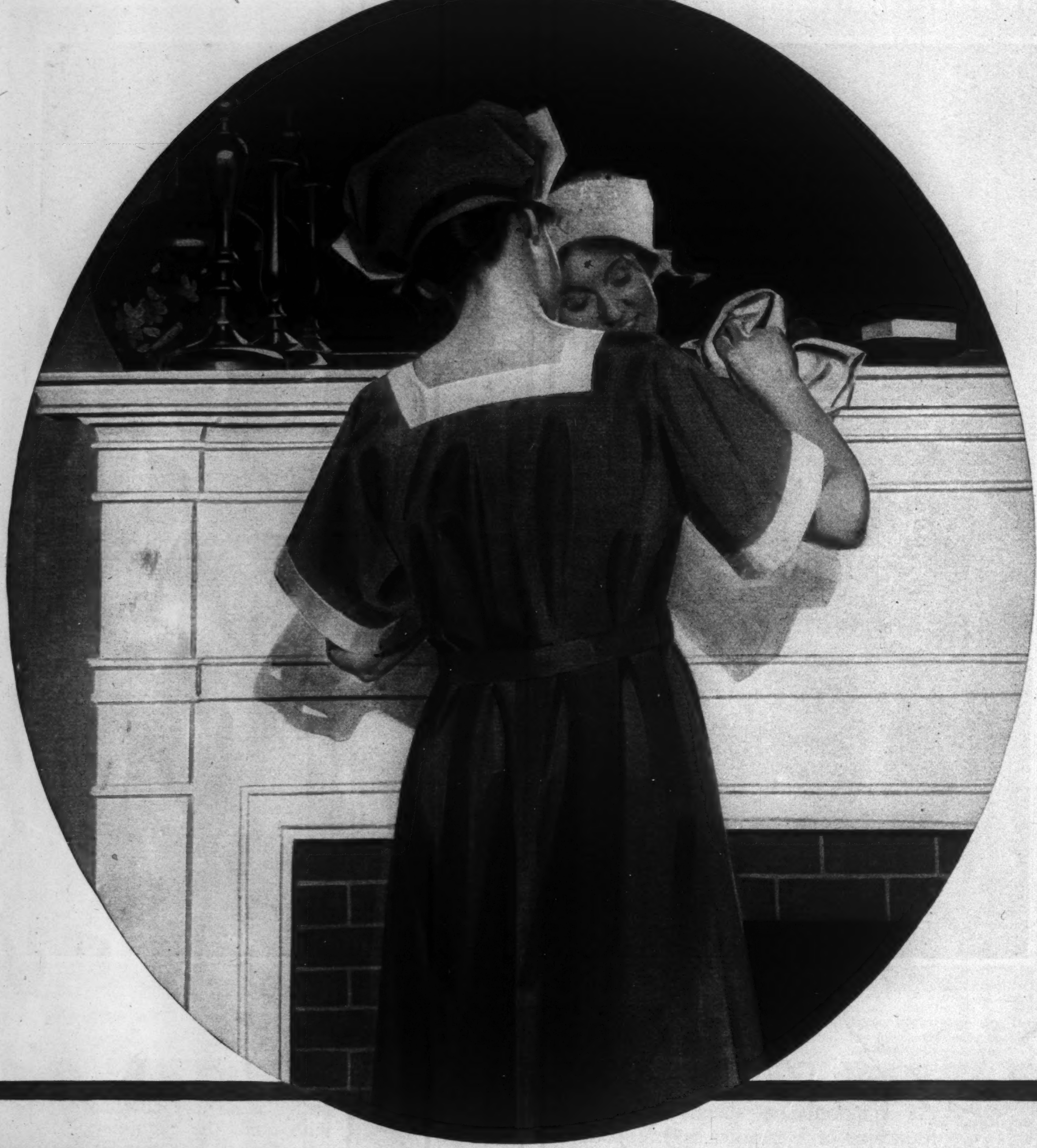


Bon Ami

—for white woodwork

I make my white woodwork fresh and new with Bon Ami.

Ordinary scouring powders, being coarse and gritty, are bound to grind away paint; while Bon Ami, soft and almost as fine as flour, never damages the surface.

Made in both Cake and Powder form.

"Hasn't Scratched Yet!"

Bon Ami
Bon Ami
Powder
Polishing and Cleaning

Five Hundred a Minute

[*Continued from page 18*]

it, although he knows in his heart that some day the beasts will get him. The fact is, machine gunners feel themselves a *corps d'élite* of the army.

Machine guns!

I heard them first at the Congress Heights Rifle Range, Washington, D. C. — a place worth visiting, by the way, that or any other rifle range.

Sharp reports smite your ears and resound among the hills. American high school boys are shooting at targets. American officers are practicing with pistols. Rifle experts, prone on their stomachs, are scoring distant bulls'-eyes. And here, squatting behind a noisy little death-spitter, is a business-like machine gunner, served by a soldier whose face is masked — poor lad, he was disfigured in France!

Pup-pup-pup-pup-pup!

A formidable sound never to be forgotten that rises shrill and unmistakable above all the noises of battle, bringing a message of hope or despair — the machine guns have opened up!

A machine gun is a trim little weapon on a stumpy tripod — it looks like a pistol shooting through a short length of stovepipe. Five hundred bullets or so a minute it fires, spurting out empty cartridges as the belts feed through automatically, and steaming like a teakettle, for water boils in the cooling jacket around a machine gun barrel. In fact, the barrel would get red hot, white hot, it would almost melt with the heat of these rapid explosions (3,000 degrees Fahrenheit) but for the water. In real battlefield conditions this steam from the guns would be let away through a rubber hose and condensed in a bucket lest the white puffs reveal our position to the enemy.

"Would you like to fire it?" asked an officer. "Or perhaps you'd rather start with a pistol?"

SO I shot a Colt .45 automatic, twenty or thirty times at a swinging man-size target, standing in a line of officers who fired at the word of command:

"Insert magazine!"

"Ready to fire!"

Then the whistle and — bang! bang! bang!

Again, stretched out flat, I fired our service rifle at a target 200 yards distant and hit an eight-inch bull's-eye — never mind how many times I hit it.

All of which is a great experience that should be familiar to every American who believes in preparedness; but the real thrill comes when you handle a machine gun.

"Careful not to burn your hands!" warned the officer. "That's right, squat down on the ground. Ready! Let her go!"

Then I fired 200 rounds from a Browning Machine Gun, the wonderful weapon that had so much to do with our conquering Germany.

Pup-pup-pup-pup! Pup-pup! Pup-pup-pup!

How the bullets stream out! Seven a second! Seventy in ten seconds! One hundred and forty in twenty seconds! And so easily — just a touch — and keep streaming out as long as you press the trigger. With what incredible swiftness they fly! You actually *see* them fly, that is, you see the frequent tracer bullets, white puffs of magnesium smoke, like supernaturally swift golf balls — you *think*, and lo! —they are already at the mark — five hundred yards away! *Pup-pup-pup!* Watch the dirt fly from yonder bare ridge! *Pup-pup-pup!* You lift the stream and cut through that distant foliage. See the leaves fall! *Pup-pup-pup!* There goes an incendiary bullet (made of phosphorous) that burns red and flames up angrily as it ricochets from a gray rock and vanishes among the trees!

Think of charging a machine gun nest! Of rushing forward under a cross-fire of these murderous engines, placed so advantageously that their cross-fire rakes an entire area, sweeps it with continuous bullets! The thing is impossible, yet that is what our boys did in those terrible Argonne battles.

The strategy of the retreating Germans made this a campaign of massed machine gun defense, their advantage being that they could withdraw from one set of prepared machine gun positions to another, leaving behind picked men to hold these positions at any cost. Their orders were to stay there and die, if necessary, and these orders were obeyed.

Day after day the American army advanced against machine gun positions. From every vantage point of forest and hill; in strongly intrenched "pill-boxes," and "wells," some of them twenty feet deep with concrete walls and elevators; in ruined houses cunningly camouflaged; behind rocks, trees, mounds of earth; through slits of concrete and steel, German gunners manned their machine guns to the last. And still our boys came on!

As showing what horrible machine gun slaughter was wrought by the Germans in their great retreat, an officer described an engagement in the Second Battle of the Marne where a body of French infantry, three or four hundred strong, made a bayonet charge across an open field against German skirmishers. The Germans waited until the attacking force was half way across, then they opened up with two concealed machine guns, while their rifles fired a scattering volley. "Attacked in front and on the flank every Frenchman but one was hit, and sixty dead lay still in a row across the field as if cut down by a mowing machine."

I sprayed a deadly rain of steel against a distant sand bank and thought of that American lieutenant whose bravery in the fighting around Peronne is described in soul-stirring words by Corporal Ben Franklin, Company A, 107th U. S. Infantry: "Our lieutenant, who had been standing up directing our fire in that hail of bullets suddenly fell, hit through the mouth, and as he died he choked through the red blood that was strangling him ——

" 'Forward, men! Forward!' "

I thought of another case (one among hundreds) of those two American lads, Corporal George W. Spears and Private Thomas G. Cagle, Company L, 117th Infantry, who, armed only with rifles and bayonets, rushed a nest of German machine guns in the battle near Ponchaux, France, October 7, 1918, killing six of the crew and putting the rest to flight.

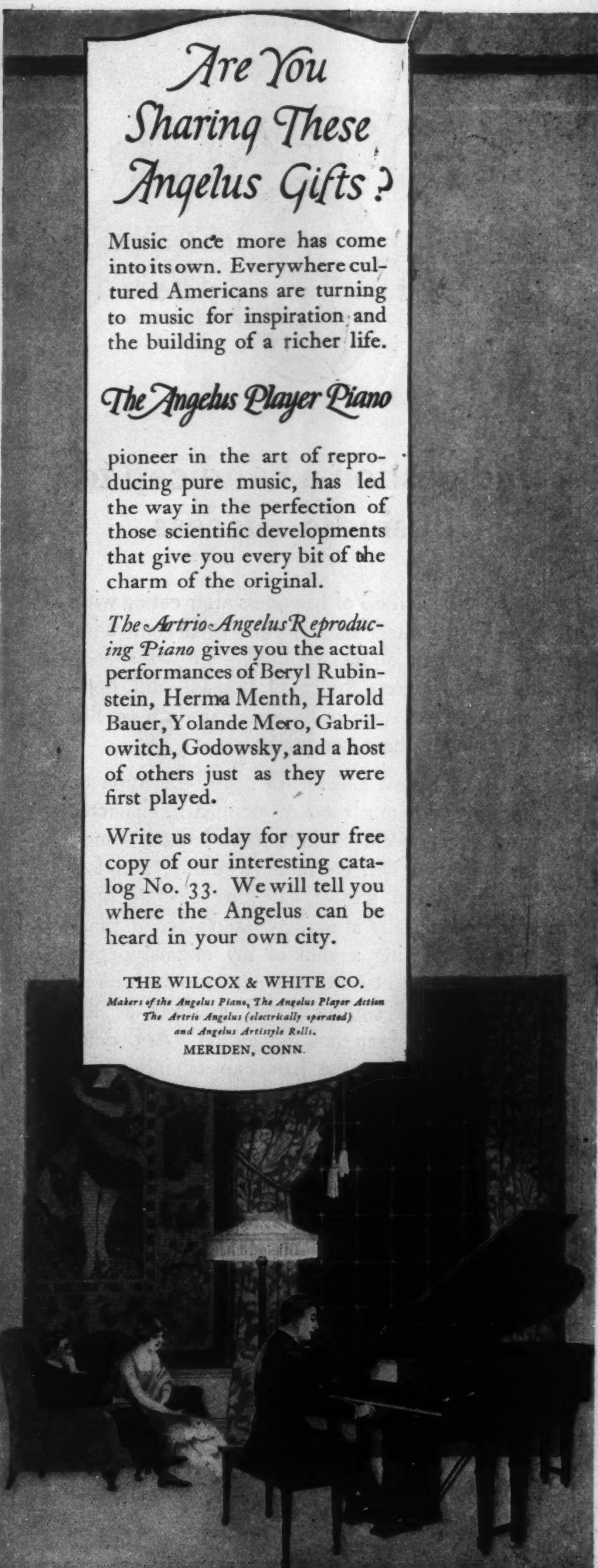
But how did they do this? How could they do it?

Alas! Part of the answer lies in the graves in France of our beloved dead. On the other hand, it should be realized that these almost impregnable German machine gun positions were not taken by foolhardy recklessness in the face of death, but by a peculiar mixture of courage and strategy that is part of the American character. German machine gun nests were built to shoot toward Paris, not toward Berlin; therefore, these guns, each sweeping only a limited sector, were vulnerable from the flank or the rear, and American soldiers, excellent in scouting enterprises, often captured them in that way, creeping up stealthily after long detours under cover of a forest, finding shelter behind rocks and streams, using their rifles cautiously to pick off a gunner now and then in sharp-shooter fashion, and finally rushing the outwitted Heinies with pistols and hand grenades.

That is how Gaffney (using an automatic rifle) captured his eighty Germans.

I may say here that one of our machine gun experts just back from France assures me that thorough investigation has disproved the charge that German machine gunners were chained to their guns. Not one authentic case of this sort has come to light. What may have given rise to this story is the fact that German machine gunners often rested their backs against the ropes, straps or chains secured to the gun handle and passed around their waist, but this was a voluntary arrangement from which the gunner could free himself at any moment.

Americans as well as Germans took skilful advantage of the formidableness of machine guns in defensive operations; we realize this in considering that epic engagement at Château-Thierry, one of the bloodiest in the War, when two American companies of machine guns held back a German host. This engagement taken by itself was of minor importance, the forces engaged being only pawns in the vast game, but taken in connection with the main plan of battle of the Prussian High Command, its consequences were far reaching, since it forced a change in that plan and denied to the enemy his choice of ground for the Second Battle of the Marne. This happened toward the end of June, 1918, and marked the turning point of German fortunes, the first check to



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pioneer in the art of reproducing pure music, has led the way in the perfection of those scientific developments that give you every bit of the charm of the original.

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BEEMAN'S
ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

Indigestion a handicap to business success

A FEELING of heaviness after eating with the attendant annoyances that come with slight attacks of indigestion will sooner or later depress the most hopeful and optimistic. No person in business can do his or her best under these conditions.

In the great majority of cases, this type of indigestion is much less severe than its character and effects seem to indicate. Indeed, if men and women will eat more regularly, and less hurriedly, use greater care in selecting their food—especially at midday—and make a practice of chewing a stick of my original pepsin gum for ten to twenty minutes after each meal, they will be surprised and gratified at the prompt relief from their indigestion. And don't forget, removing the handicap of indigestion means a substantial gain in mental and business efficiency.

Dr. E. E. Beeman

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN
CHEWING
GUM
GOOD FOR DIGESTION

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY
New York, Cleveland, Chicago, Kansas City, San Francisco

the invaders in their sweeping advance against Paris.

What were the details of this engagement that will be celebrated for generations in song and story like the achievement of Horatius at the bridge?

Here, too, there was a bridge — across the Marne — with a few hundred Americans on the southern bank and thousands of Germans on the northern bank trying to cross over. It was necessary for their purposes that they cross over.

But the concerted command of Allies and Americans under Marshal Foch had decided that they should *not* cross over. A stand was to be made at the Marne, and General Pershing had rushed forward the Third Division to reinforce the Second Division (28,000 men in a division) along the threatened line.

Attached to the Third Division was the Seventh Battalion of motorized machine guns (our Ordnance Department provided each division with such a battalion) consisting of two companies with a total of twenty-four machine guns. As these guns had automobile transportation — little Ford trucks — they outdistanced the main force and reached Château-Thierry just as the enemy was preparing to cross the river.

Twenty-four American machine guns against a dozen German regiments! And a bridge between!

This bridge was about eighty yards long and fifty feet wide, and our boys, working at top speed, set up their guns at vantage points along the high ground from which they could pour a concentrated fire upon the opposite bridge-head as the enemy debouched upon it. It must have been evident to the Hun commanders that their forces could only cross this bridge by paying a terrific toll in killed and wounded. Still an army is an army, and two companies of American soldiers, scarcely three hundred in all, including gunners, loaders, drivers, ammunition men — what were they in opposition? The Germans proposed to cross that bridge!

As a matter of fact, that was their plain duty; they were the advance guard of an invading army and they *must* smash ahead at any cost until it was absolutely impossible for them to advance further. If they failed, the whole German effort failed. In the same position, Pershing would have ordered his soldiers to cross that bridge; Foch would have ordered his soldiers to cross that bridge; but they would have prayed not to be placed in that position.

The Germans began to cross in dense formation, a solid gray mass, struggling forward like men in a football rush, like crowds bursting out of a theatre. They began to cross, then ——

Then the sharp clamor of the machine guns broke and grew!

Brup-pup-pup-pup-pup-pup-pup-pup-pup-pup-pup-pup!

With grim faces our boys opened up, squad by squad, from their advantageous positions on the hills. Here was one of those extraordinary opportunities that a machine gunner dreams of all his life and never realizes, like getting on the flank of an artillery battery at 400 yards. They were almost too near, every gun concentrated on that swarming bridge-entrance.

Our gunners fired in bursts of thirty or forty shots, pausing a second or two to tap the barrel this way or that for better killing. It was a dreadful sight. The Germans came on ceaselessly, hurling themselves forward by sheer force of numbers and gained a few yards on the bridge; but they never got half way across. Hundreds fell within a few feet and their bodies piled up higher and higher until they tottered off that ghastly mound and slid over the sides of the bridge into the reddened river. In vain the enemy tried to dislodge our machine gun battalion by artillery effort; the Americans held the bridge in spite of casualties and continued to pour an iron hail into the dense gray masses that pressed on by thousands from behind. The Germans were unable to cross the Marne. The Americans had gained a definite fire supremacy at the start and they never lost it until the enemy withdrew discomfited.

"What would have happened," I asked an American officer well versed in military strategy, "if our boys had not held the Germans back at Château-Thierry? How much difference would it have made in the final result?"

"It might have made an enormous difference," he replied. "If the Germans had been able to establish themselves on the high ground south of the river they would have had a good chance to win the Second Battle of the Marne, and with that the whole campaign of 1918. They might even have taken Paris."

A horrible story is told by officers who were at the front of another engagement during this Second Battle of the Marne when American machine gunners again piled up German bodies. This happened in a railway cut through which the invaders were advancing and upon which our men had concentrated a murderous fire. According to this story the enemy dead finally grew into so huge a barrier that it choked up the narrow gap, thus preventing other Germans from coming on and also preventing American gunners from seeing what they were shooting at behind it. Whereupon word was sent back to our artillery to turn their fire against this obstruction; after which, the way being clear, our machine guns mowed down fresh waves of advancing Germans until a second wall of bodies was formed. Then the enemy withdrew.

There may be exaggeration in this last report, but there is no doubt about one thing, that American machine gunners in the Second Battle of the Marne, these lads in tin hats and khaki who had never been in battle before (this was their first sight of the Germans) did their job with a businesslike thoroughness that astonished Europe. They fought coolly, almost as if they were at drill, following text book instructions given them at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and elsewhere, and applying that fundamental principle of military defense—*hit first and hit hard;* in short, they played their creditable part in settling the fate of Prussian autocracy.

Speaking of schools for the instruction of American machine gunners, there are some who will recall a demonstration of machine gun efficiency that was given at Camp Meade, Maryland, toward the end of May, 1918, by machine gun units of the 79th Division. This was a trial of new tactics developed in this war, in accordance with which machine guns are used for indirect fire, that is, to lay down a barrage on distant and unseen targets after the manner of artillery, these targets being located by means of maps and mathematical calculations. At that time distinguished guests marveled greatly when a battalion of machine guns scored on hidden targets a mile and a quarter away, shooting over fields and a rise of wooded ground. Four months later one of these same units employed the same manœuver against German artillery.

IT was during the advance of the 79th Division in the Argonne-Meuse offensive. On the morning of September 25, 1918, the 312th Machine Gun Battalion, attached to this Division, and composed of drafted men from the District of Columbia, was ordered to advance on the strongly defended ground of Montfaucon. The only house left standing here, by the way, was one that concealed a concrete observation tower from which the German Crown Prince had watched the siege of Verdun, sometimes using a long periscopic contrivance that gave him safe vision even from the cellar.

Presently it was reported that two enemy cannon, German 77's, had been discovered in an orchard to the south of Montfaucon and directly in the line of the march. It was suggested that the battalion wait for the arrival of artillery which could take these big fellows in hand; but the commanding officer, being possessed of the impetuous American spirit, is said to have snapped out: "To hell with the artillery! We can do this job ourselves;" and after careful observation, he ordered the machine guns (a batch of Brownings) to open up indirect fire upon the nest of cannon. It was like a swarm of hornets attacking a pair of tigers. The machine guns were safely camouflaged a mile away, but the tigers' lair had been discovered.

With admirable precision our machine gunners showered down their barrage upon the German crew, who were themselves firing at our advancing regiments, and within five minutes the 77's were out of action, several of their gunners being killed, including one officer.

I may add that in this first phase of the Argonne-Meuse campaign the machine gun units of a single division (the 79th) fired 117,000 rounds in indirect fire; while in the second phase, on the east of the Meuse, they fired 1,700,000 rounds in indirect fire, which shows how machine gunnery is encroaching upon the domain of artillery.

As illustrating how a soldier may miraculously escape death, even under concentrated machine gun fire, I will mention an incident related to me by the commanding officer of one of our machine gun training schools. He said that one day

[*Continued on page 35*]

A Message From Barney Oldfield

When, more than four years ago, I set the present world's non-stop road record—304 miles at 86½ miles an hour—motordom marveled at the endurance of my tires.

Yet those tires didn't surprise me.

Through a good many years I had made tires my hobby. I'd studied, I'd experimented, I'd had the best advice of chemists and engineers. The tires I rode that day were built to my own specifications. I knew what to expect from them.

That race merely proved that my hobby had gone far beyond its original purpose.

Tires that could safely stand 300 miles at such terrific speed without a change would, I saw plainly, carry you on many a longer non-stop run.

So I formed my company and made these specially designed Oldfield Tires a commercial product. And today thousands of motorists are getting mileage plus from them.

Equip your car with Oldfields and join this great, growing non-stop host.

Remember that, back of every Oldfield Tire—plain or anti-skid, cord or fabric—is the personal recommendation of

You know me,

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"The Most Trustworthy Tires Built"

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"Still a Dollar— and Still the Best!"

"LITTLE Pal, you've served me long and faithfully! The dollar that I spent for you has saved me many a hundred in barber shaves I didn't get—in barber tips I didn't give.

Every day for years, you've shaved me quick, clean and smooth—shaves that couldn't be bettered. I didn't think the ten-year Ever-Ready guarantee meant much, when I bought you—but you've given a *service* that beats any guarantee I ever heard of."

'Ever-Ready' 'Radio' Blades

You'll get a new conception of shaving joy with the Ever-Ready Razor and its keen, clean-shaving Radio Blade.

The outfit comes complete for $1.00 Extra Radio Blades sold everywhere—6 for 40c

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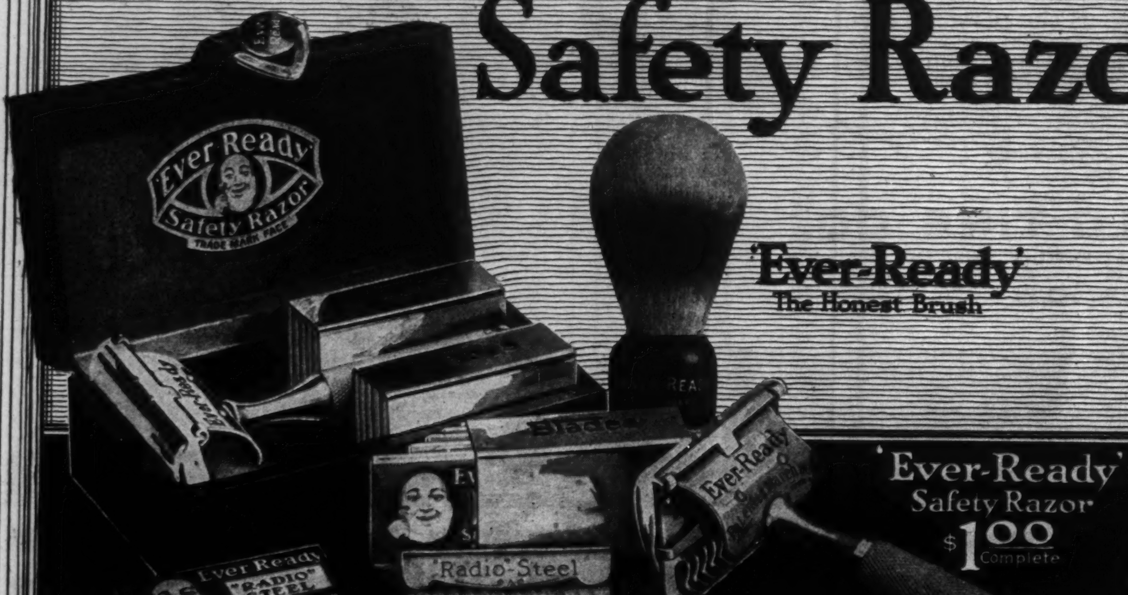
Ever Ready Safety Razor
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Complete

TRADE MARK FACE

he concealed two pasteboard life-size figures of Germans in a mesquite tree and had a squad of soldiers fire at this tree with machine guns from 400 yards. The tree was riddled with bullets. Its leaves fell like rain. Its branches were cut, its trunk carved and gashed and a rattlesnake at the foot of the tree was killed; *but the pasteboard Germans were untouched!*

Coming now to the story of our industrial effort, it should be known that when America came into the War in the spring of 1917 we had only about 1300 machine guns of all kinds, many of them unserviceable, whereas Germany is thought to have had well over 50,000 Maxims. And at this time there were only two factories in the United States that were actually producing machine guns; one was making the Lewis gun, chambered for British ammunition, and another was making the old style Colt gun, chambered for Russian ammunition.

To add to our difficulties, the machine gun is a difficult thing to manufacture, far more difficult than an automobile. It is really a powerful and complicated gas engine developing about 80 horse-power (a Ford engine develops only 22 horse-power), self-starting and non-stopping, whose business is to fire cartridges as fast as possible. Not only does the mechanism call for adjustments of microscopic accuracy, but this mechanism must operate with terrific speed and at an enormous temperature. Furthermore, the margin of safety in a machine gun is far smaller than in any form of gas engine. An airplane engine, for example, that delivers one horse-power for every 2½ pounds of metal is considered to have accomplished a fine engineering feat; but the Browning Machine Gun delivers *five* horse-power for every pound of metal or 12½ times as much energy as the best airplane engine.

We must have machine guns immediately, thousands of them to conquer Germany!

Not only was America in sore need of machine guns, but the Allies needed them also, as was revealed at their anxious conference at Abbeville in the spring of 1918, when they cabled that famous message to Washington: "Send us infantrymen and machine gunners."

The story of how this gigantic need was supplied by American manufacturers is a chapter in our industrial history of which we may well feel proud. This stands as one of our great industrial achievements in the War, one that had much to do with breaking the Hun morale and heartening our Allies, for everyone knows that at the time of the Armistice we were ready to send machine guns abroad and would have continued to send them abroad in overwhelming numbers. It may be said to-day that the American army probably has better machine guns than any army in the world.

This splendid result was due to the patriotism and efficiency of six or seven manufacturing concerns which not only provided the Browning Machine Gun in great numbers, but the Browning Automatic Rifle, an extremely light weapon (15½ pounds), more like a shoulder rifle than a machine gun, capable of automatic firing at the rate of 500 shots a minute. This latter weapon was destined to work a revolution in battlefield tactics.

The burden of quantity production of these weapons was divided as follows: the New England Westinghouse Company, the Colt Patent Fire Arms Company and the Remington Fire Arms Company were ordered to go ahead at full speed on the Browning Machine Guns, while the Winchester Arms Company, the Hopkins and Allen plant of the Marlin-Rockwell Company and the Meriden plant of the Colt Patent Fire Arms Company were ordered to concentrate on the Browning Automatic Rifle.

Then note what happened!

Twenty-nine days after the order was given to one of these companies, a sample machine gun had been completed. In sixty-three days two guns had been produced under regular manufacture. Four months after the order was given 100 machine guns were shipped overseas by special messenger. At the time of the Armistice this concern was producing 500 machine guns a day!

Watch our national output of machine guns as the vast industrial machine gets under way: — January 1918, 5,000 machine guns; February, 6,000; March, 7,000; April, 9,000; May, 13,000; June, 13,000; July, 25,000; August, 35,000. And so on!

Starting with nothing, our Ordnance Department, after an effort of eighteen months, had accumulated on November 11, 1918, a total of 233,000 machine guns, of which 185,000 were manufactured in our own factories in the United States.

Even Prussia paid tribute to our industrial and battlefield achievements. I have seen the summary of a dispatch captured from the Germans in the fall of 1918 which reads:

"The Americans are supplied with great quantities of machine guns which they use with resource and daring. They make most excellent machine gunners and have inflicted heavy losses on our troops."

Owing to our immense aircraft program America also needed a large number of aircraft guns, and it was decided that the Lewis would be ideal for this purpose,—a flexible machine gun, that is, mounted on a pivot so that the gunner can swing it in any desired direction. Accordingly, the Savage Arms Corporation was kept busy making an aircraft type of Lewis Machine Gun, and this company, working energetically, produced during the War 25,000 aircraft machine guns; also 6,000 ground type machine guns that were furnished to the Marine Corps.

The Marlin-Rockwell Corporation also submitted an airplane gun, a modification of the old Colt, intended as a fixed gun for airplanes. A fixed machine gun is one that is mounted on the plane in a fixed position, either on or near the engine, and is aimed by the pilot pointing his plane at the enemy and firing his gun (by a synchronizing arrangement) between the propeller blades. The Marlin gun was found to be suitable for this purpose, and the Marlin Company was put on the job of making these guns, of which 38,000 were produced during the War. It should be explained that the offensive power of an airplane depends upon its machine gun efficiency, and the problem here is complicated by the fact that two fliers in the sky have only a few seconds for an exchange of shots as they dart or dive past each other, say at a speed of 150 miles an hour or more. It is of vital consequence, therefore, that airplane machine guns be able to fire the greatest possible number of shots in the briefest period of time. This led to the development by the Army Ordnance Department of an aircraft machine gun (a modification of the Browning) that shoots almost three times as fast — 1400 shots a minute — as the ordinary machine gun. This development, largely due to the work of the lamented Lieutenant E. W. Wheeler, was one of our preciously guarded military secrets that would have had much to do with establishing our air supremacy had the War continued.

Something for Nothing

[*Continued from page 17*]

found nothing missing. All his private papers were in the little safe over at the store, so, if any pryer had entered the room, they must have had small satisfaction for their pains, Jurian concluded. It didn't seem important, anyway. There was the possibility that the key had been that way before, and that he hadn't noticed it; also that the housekeeper had let herself into his room for a proper reason.

Dorothy Blair was behind the dress-goods counter when Jurian entered the store. The pretty brown head was busily bent over, as she sheared off some yards of cloth, so that Jurian came close to her without being observed. Then, as he said in a low tone, "I'm back, Dorothy," the eyes of welcome which looked up at him made life seem good to him again.

"Everything all right? And you?" he asked.

The girl nodded. She gazed at him with the privileged seeing-eyes of one who feels closely bound, by the past, to another. A little smile hovered on her mouth. "There's no use," the girl said, "we can't make you look like a Foxlaker at all. You've brought the big city back with you."

"I'm sorry, then, Dorothy," was the rather dull answer. "That's the last thing I wanted to do. I'll tell you why as soon as we can be alone. Is Joe here? Who's that girl over there? That isn't Grace, is it?" Jurian referred to a figure behind the counter on the other side, whose face was hidden behind the coffee-mill.

"Yes, we had to have her come in to help us out. Business has been very good, somehow."

"I've been away. That's probably the reason," laughed Jurian.

"No, I think the visit of your city friends

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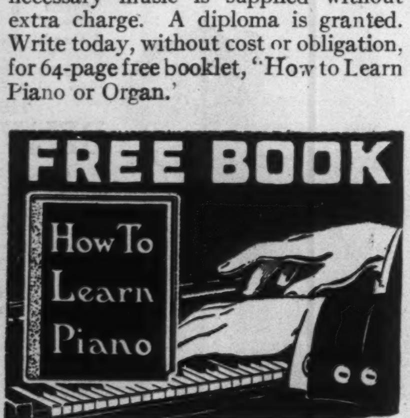

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advertised the store. I'm not joking. You know those little things count, in a small place."

"We'll leave Grace in charge a few minutes. I must have a little talk with you now," said Jurian. "In the office."

They went in and closed the door. Jurian began abruptly, after pressing the girl's hand fervently for a moment.

"My uncle left nothing," he said. "I had every reason to suppose that I should be very rich. It was an illusion. He gambled it away. So I have less than three thousand dollars in the world, and two thousand of that belongs to the store — or rather to the Marion Bank. I wanted to tell you at once, Dorothy."

She did not reply. She looked at him curiously at first, searching for a possible jest concealed in the news.

"It's true," added Jurian. "It was a facer for me at first. Now, here with you, Dorothy, I feel more foolish than anything else. Just as I had told you that I was very rich, I have to turn around and tell you that I am a pauper. It's ridiculous. I wouldn't blame you for thinking that I told a whopping lie about my millions in the first place."

FOR reply to that the girl reached over and placed a hand on one of his. "Oh, I'm so ashamed of myself, Frederick," she exclaimed with a delicious embarrassment, like a little girl caught in mischief.

"You ashamed?" Jurian was amazed. "Why you, Dorothy?"

"I — I'm ashamed. I don't dare tell you — yes, I dare. Oh, Fred, dear, I — I wished you might not get all that money! I — I wanted you to be poor, like me. Please don't hate me for wishing that. I am sorry — if you really wanted all that money — but — I couldn't help thinking that if you were poor, like me, we could — do those things you spoke of — and I would have a chance of making you happy ——"

The tears flowed. They were tears that sprang from a queer mixture of affection and gladness, however.

Instantly Jurian had his arms about her and drew her to her feet. "You darling!" he murmured, with his face close to hers. "You wanted me to be poor, did you? Oh, you dear rascal! Well, I *am* poor, Dorothy. I have nothing. All those yarns about a house full of servants, that worried you so much in prospect — all gossamer, cobwebs, moonbeams, they were. Gad, I can hardly realize it, myself. You are being — er — kissed by a very poor young man with the world before him. And — the young man can't marry you as soon as he thought he would. He's got to earn his daily bread first, before he can earn yours. That's what hurts, dearest. If P. C, had only dropped just a few thousand dollars on me — something to give me a chance to go into business, or a chance to tide me over while I'm struggling ——"

"But you have the store, dear," said the girl. "I know you can make a living from that. I'll be so glad to work here with you ——"

"Why, Dorothy, you're forgetting I gave the store to Joe."

Dorothy dropped her hands and drew back. A dazed look came into her eyes. "Why — I — I somehow — hadn't ever thought — of the store being any one's but yours, Frederick. Even while you've been away, it hasn't seemed that I was working for Joe. You — you did give it to Joe. That is, you said you would when you came back. But — you thought you had lots of money when you — I mean — oh, Fred, don't make me say it — haven't you thought about it? Are you going to carry out a promise which was made under conditions —" She was struggling hard with the idea, her eyes shining brightly, her cheeks crimson, reaching out for help toward him.

Jurian smiled wanly. "Sweetheart," he said, in a low tone, "I know what you're thinking of. I went through it all, back in my room in New York. It was the first straw I clutched at. I argued the moral right, and all that. Dear, I can't do it. I gave the store to Joe — I knew what I was doing — and it made Joe and Grace happy. It gave them their chance to be happy — and I can't — I have no right to take it away from them. Don't you see? Oh, it's a terrible mess, isn't it? I want you, Dorothy; I need you now, if I ever did — but to send all the hopes of those other two into ruins — I can't do it. I'd rather — go without — happiness ——"

An instant's disappointment in the girl's expression gave way slowly to an unworded, caressing exclamation of admiration and love.

"What a man!" cried Dorothy, half laughing and crying. "You make me feel guilty, dearest. But I might have known you would do that. Fred, you asked me once, not long ago, if I thought I could trust myself to you. I said, yes, and I tried to think yes, but there was a little reservation, perhaps, in my mind all the while. Forgive me, dear, but there was. You seemed so distant — so unlike the people I had known — and I wondered in spite of myself. . . .

"I don't wonder any more, now, dear. That is the kind of man I want to love. It makes me feel gloriously unworthy of you, the way a woman loves to feel, and yet to cling tightly, too. My big man, I love you, and I can wait ages for you."

Afterward, when they were sitting gaily side by side on a long box, at the back of the office, Dorothy turned to Jurian swiftly, with some forgotten news.

"There's something very queer happened since you went away, Fred," she said, looking puzzled and distressed. "I can't think what it means. I'll tell you. . . .

"You don't know, Fred, do you, that when Lucy Hesketh picked you up by the roadside, that day when you were hurt, that she brought home with you a heavy, worn, black bag which was lying beside you at the foot of the embankment?"

"A black bag? No, I never heard of it."

"No, you couldn't have heard that Miss Lucy had it. It was yours, though. Now, Fred, I never knew what was in the bag. I never saw the inside of it. And I don't know why Miss Hesketh did what she did. The day after you came, she sent for my father, and had him put a big steel ring right through the leather, beneath the part where the bag clasped, and she had him weld the ring together. It seemed very curious to me that she should do that, but you know I never asked her any questions.

"Well, Fred, not long before Miss Lucy died, she brought the bag up-stairs into our house one day, and gave it to me, 'If anything should happen to me, Dorothy,' she said, 'I want you to keep this bag until' — she hesitated a minute, Fred, and then she went on, '*until Mr. Jurian is the sort of man who can laugh at his past.*' Now what do you suppose she meant by that, Fred? It didn't mean anything to me. But I kept the bag in our big closet, and I was going to give it to you when you came home from New York this time. And now the bag is gone! I've looked for it everywhere, and I can't find it. Father hasn't taken it from the house. Fred, was there anything valuable in it?"

JURIAN was only mildly interested. He mused a few moments and then replied, nonchalantly, "It couldn't have been mine. I don't remember having a black bag. Let me see: I had a tan suitcase, almost new, when I left New York on that trip. Yes, a suitcase; I remember I bought it at the tailoring house that made my clothes. A black bag! No, I can't recall it. Of course I won't take oath that I might not have had a black bag somehow — but it couldn't have been mine. Anyway, it couldn't have been important."

"But why should Miss Lucy have done what she did and said what she did?" persisted the girl. "And why should it be missing from our place up-stairs? It worries me."

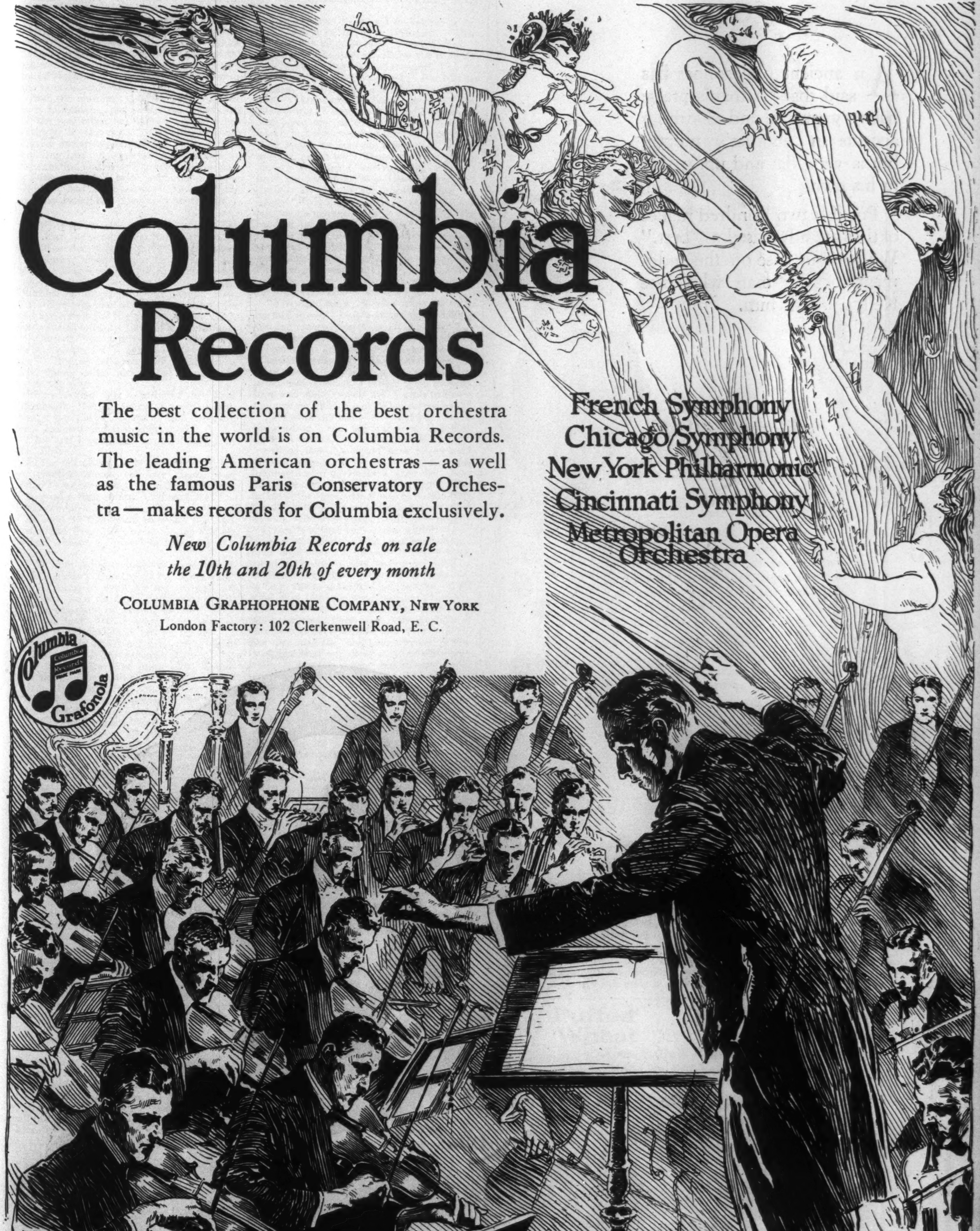
"Oh, let's not worry about such trivial things, dear," was Jurian's response. "We've got a heap of important things to worry about. I've got to find a job. And there's where you can help me, Dorothy. I want you to get Joe in a corner and tell him about — my changed circumstances. Tell him that it makes no difference; the store is his, but if he thinks I could be of any use to him, I want to clerk for him. I want you to see him, little girl. I can't tell you how I feel about it — about breaking the news to him. I want you to do it for me."

"You really mean it? You want to go to work for Joe, as a clerk?" Her eyes were big with wonder. "It seems — so queer, Fred. You were his boss, and now ——"

"I know. It does seem queer. But I've got to start somewhere. I feel something stirring inside of me, Dorothy; I know I am going to make good. I don't want to go back to New York; I've learned to love the country along with loving you, and I feel that there's something for me, if not in Foxlake, at least out in God's country."

She clapped her hands like a child. Then she drew his arm under hers and cuddled tight. "You couldn't have said anything that would have made me happier," was her reply. "I'll see Joe — and you and I, dear, will work side by side in Miss Lucy's dear old store."

[*Continued on page 39*]



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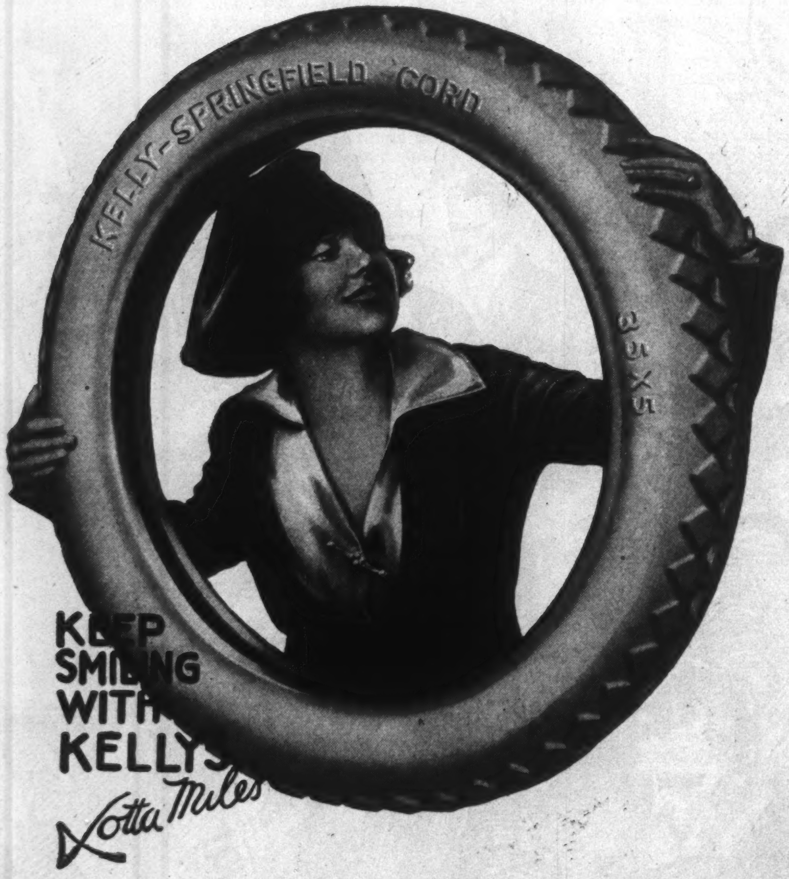
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Since the day when Jurian mopped up young Christopher Oldridge under the molasses spigot, in the rear of the Hesketh Store, he had met the spoiled child of the opposition storekeeper and financier seldom. Whenever they had chanced to pass on the main street, young Oldridge had always found something to engage his attention on the opposite sidewalk.

But the morning after Jurian's latest return to Foxlake, just as he was coming out of the post-office, he bumped against Chris Oldridge at the door. For once, Oldridge looked Jurian square in the face, with a knowing leer. A superior smile grinned on the thin lips, and then Oldridge passed within.

Jurian couldn't help wondering if young Oldridge had learned something about the millions Jurian had failed to connect with.

A FEW hours later, when Jurian came out upon the porch of the Hesketh Store, he looked across at the Oldridge Store just at the moment when young Oldridge came out with a young woman. The distance was too great to distinguish faces; he knew young Oldridge by his clothes and mincing step. But there was something about the figure and appearance of the young woman which made Jurian instantly think of Hazel Kernon.

"Curious," he muttered. "If this were Fifth Avenue, I'd be sure enough to follow her." But he reflected that Hazel was a good many miles away, and went back inside the store.

There Jurian was confronted by Joe's sweetheart. Jurian greeted her rather diffidently; but the girl looked at him earnestly for a moment and then said, slowly:

"Joe and I would like to speak with you, Mr. Jurian."

Jurian felt uneasy. He was afraid of this conversation which he had known was bound to come. But he replied, "Well, now is as good a time as any. Where's Joe?"

"Down back," said the girl.

As soon as they were together, Joe and Jurian and Grace, Joe burst out, as though he had learned a "piece" to speak for the occasion:

"We ain't going to take the store, that's all, Mr. Jurian! Dorothy told all about your idea of going to work for me. Gosh! do you think we'd do anything like that? It didn't seem right to take it, anyway, even when you had all that money; but now — well, we're not that kind, are we, Grace?"

The pale girl shook her head. She went on, taking up Joe's oratorical burden, "I never knew there were people who would do a thing like you want to do for us, Mr. Jurian. It's wonderful."

"Joe, I said you should have the store, and I meant it. It was a promise and I mean to keep my promises," returned Jurian, almost belligerently. "I won't talk about it. But I'd like to have a job with you, at the salary you were getting when I came. Oh, I know well enough what the store will stand, in salaries, now. I've had my awakening, Joe. I threw money around because I thought I had a bottomless stocking. But I've got a little sense since then."

Joe shook his head solemnly. "I sha'n't do it! I won't touch it! I'll quit the store and quit the town," was Joe's downright answer. "Why, I'd never have a night's sleep, and neither would Grace, thinking about the way we'd taken advantage of your offer, when you made it thinking you were well-fixed. No, sirree."

"But I want you to be able to — to carry out your plans," persisted Jurian.

Joe burst into a sudden gleeful laugh. "Don't you worry about that, Mr. Jurian. Tell him, Grace."

"We're already married," said Grace, blushing, and holding out a finger for inspection. "We — we did it — while you were away — and only a few people knew. We'd already made up our minds not to take your store, anyway. Joe didn't feel equal to it, and I think he's right. We can get along, and — we're happy, aren't we, Joe?"

Jurian couldn't look at the couple for a few minutes. In the presence of so much decency and kindness and loyalty, a lump came into his throat, and he felt uncertain of being able to utter a whole sentence. But finally he murmured: "Call Dorothy, Joe."

Dorothy came, radiant. "You know about this, Dorothy?" asked Jurian.

"Yes."

"I — wait — let me pull myself together. I've been getting a new idea, while I've been standing here; and this one *is* an idea. I've touched firm bottom at last. Do you believe in this store, Joe? Do you *believe* in it, heart and soul?"

"You bet I do."

"And you, Dorothy? I don't need to ask that, do I?"

"Indeed you do not. I do believe in it."

"I believe in it," went on Jurian. "I believe we can all make it go. I've waked up. I can work. I know that. We've got to study, and work, and pinch, and scheme. I'm not the Jurian you knew last week. I've had my bumps. I know now what to do with pennies. I know where dollars come from. And here is what I want to do. We four, standing here, are natural partners. We four make just the crew that can run this store. And really, we four are represented by Joe and me, aren't we? Then here's my proposition: Joe and I will run this store. I have an idea that Miss Hesketh wouldn't dislike the idea, if she knew all that we know. We'll keep on going just as we are, but we are partners. You can call me the head of the store, if you like. But I need all your heads to put with mine, in making our plans. And I think we can show them something new. You wait just a minute. I'll show *you* something."

Jurian dashed into the office and brought out a dozen books, of various sizes.

"You can laugh, if you want to," exclaimed Jurian. "I know as well as you do that you can't learn everything out of books. But we can learn something. I bought these books in New York. They deal with modern methods of business, especially with regard to the small retail store. They're by men who know the game inside and out. I bought them to study from and make myself worth while to Joe — but now we'll all pitch in. What do you say?"

"I'll work my head off — and you can do the reading," was Joe's answer; and they all burst out into merry laughter at that.

Samuel Oldridge would have jeered with raucous laughter if he could have seen the four partners of the Hesketh Store that night sitting in earnest deliberation regarding the future of the store. He would have said that the Hesketh Store was doomed from that minute, when four young heads got together.

It was true that Jurian, Joe, Dorothy and Grace were taking a long, doubtful plunge. Four heads are not necessarily better than one; they lacked capital; they were going to make mistakes; the best they could hope for, at first, was to make no fatal mistake. But, what Sam Oldridge would not have thought of, as an asset, was this; they were young, they were vigorous, they were unsophisticated enough to depart from the rut. Two of them, Dorothy and Joe, had been schooled in the hard, practical way of country storekeeping; while Jurian, at least, saw things from a modern, citified, outside point of view.

"Well, here we are!" said Jurian, cheerily, when they sat down in the little office. "First thing, I want to ask some questions. Joe, what's the main trouble with this store. I don't mean right now, but when Miss Hesketh ran it?"

"Bad bills and slow pay," was the prompt reply.

"That — and also that a country store has to buy in small quantities and pay the high dollar, and the stock works off so slowly that the money isn't turned over often enough," commented Dorothy.

"I SEE that," said Jurian. "But would you say, Joe, and Dorothy, that there's enough business in this end of the county to support two stores in Foxlake? I mean by that, is the buying power of the people really big enough?"

"Huh!" snorted Joe, "if the two stores here got half the money that goes to Chicago and New York, to the mail-order catalogue houses, we'd be rolling in money, I tell you. Isn't that so, Dorothy?"

"Yes, that's our big trouble," assented the girl. "That's the hopeless part of it. People do like to send off for their things. They like the fun of looking over a catalogue, and writing an order, and having groceries and hardware and dress goods come by freight in boxes, and all standing around while papa unpacks them — all that sort of thing. They're willing to pay cash in advance to the big houses. They want credit from us. And then, there's no use denying it — they undersell us. Sam Oldridge advertises once in a while that the catalogue houses palm off inferior goods; but that isn't so. We may as well be honest about it: the reliable mail-order people don't cheat. They do just as they say they will — and, of course, they make money. They've just got to. The cash is flowing in to them all the time."

"They're robbers!" cried Joe McKenzie, bitterly.

Dorothy laughed. "Joe hates them," she explained. "But I think he'll acknowledge that what I said is true, won't you, Joe?"

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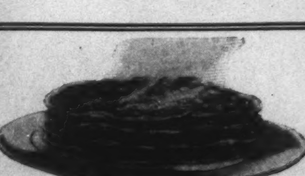

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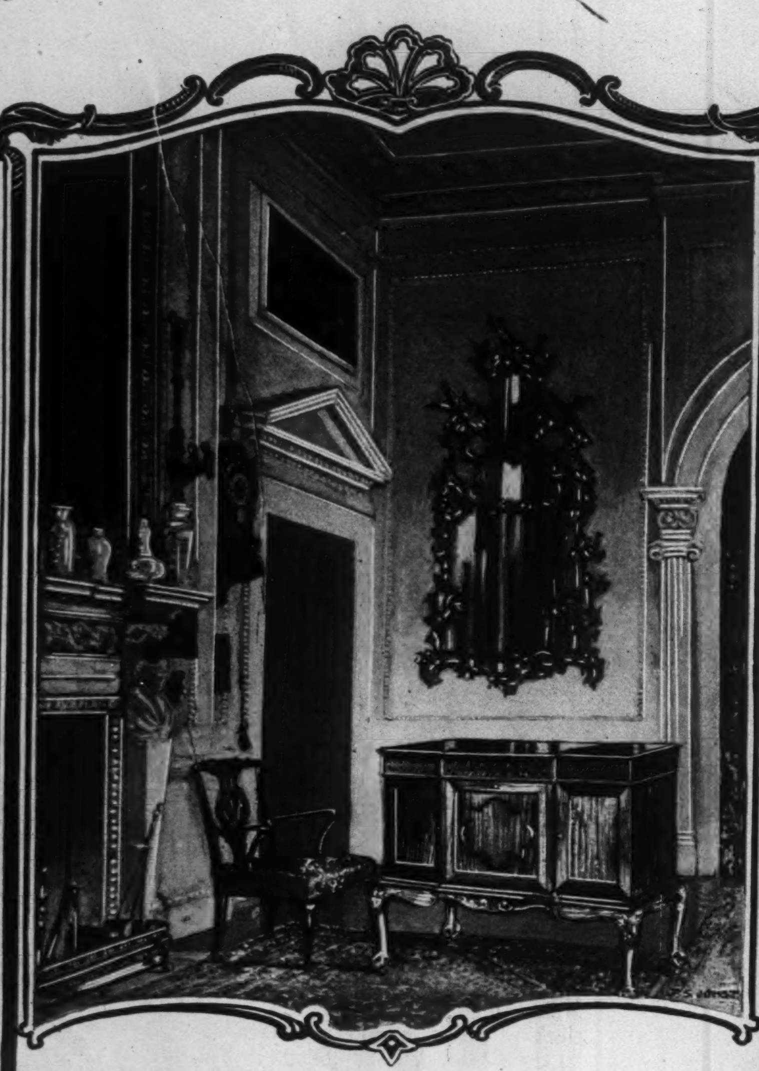

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"I s'pose it is," grudgingly replied the red-haired youth. "But they're squeezing the country store to death. They take the cream and we get the skim-milk. They get the cash, and we get the dead-beats."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked Jurian. "What's the remedy?"

"That's it — what is it?" answered Joe. "Nobody's found it yet."

Dorothy shook her head "I've sometimes thought that even if it cut the trade down, a cash business would pay better," she said.

"Oh, you can't do it. It sounds good, but it can't be done," objected Joe McKenzie. "A lot of them have tried it — but you make one exception, and then another, and pretty soon you're back giving out credit-slips. You know that's so, Dorothy."

"I know that nobody ever had the nerve to stick to the cash system long enough. They got scared off, Joe. Miss Hesketh, even, got scared too quickly when she tried it."

"And look at this here catalogue," cried Joe, indignantly, waving a mail-order grocery catalogue before their eyes. "They sell sugar at eight cents a pound, with orders over five dollars. We have to pay more, wholesale, than that."

"We could give away sugar on that basis, Joe," said Dorothy. "We'd make it up on the first order."

They threshed the matter over and over, and finally adjourned till the following night. Next night they went into the trade troubles in more detail, with the help of Dorothy's books. Then, the following night, when they were together once more, Jurian said:

"You can discount anything I say. And I want you to. But it looks to me as though we'd got to do something outrageous, something no country store ever dared to do. Something that will make Sam Oldridge say we're crazy. We've got to beat the catalogue houses at their own game. We've got to fling down our challenge."

"What do you mean by that?" exclaimed all voices at once.

"First, we've got to turn over all the beats and slow ones to Oldridge. I can't see that he'll get much except a crowd of lemons. In other words, we go on a cash-and-carry basis. We'll deliver, though, on orders over five dollars; and sell sugar a cent lower than the mail-order houses. We've got to paint up the store, lay it out more attractively, let more light in. We've got to stock up-to-date farm machinery, and junk some of that old has-been stuff in the back shed. And we've got to sell in boxes, all over the country."

"And we've got to have a million dollars capital," growled Joe.

Jurian laughed gaily. "Good old Joe. You're the necessary brake on the wheel," he said. "But, we've got to gamble. We *do* need more capital. It's my job to go out and get it. There's no living here for us unless we spread the business. We ought to have three stores, one in each corner of this triangular county. There's a good town in each corner, and we can work into the outlying country, and lay down boxes of goods for cash, at the same price as the outside houses. Dorothy says we can, and she's been figuring on it for two days. And we need a *catalogue*. Of course it can't be such a big one, but it can have color and pictures."

"Ooooh!" gasped Joe. "We'll go broke in a hurry."

"Maybe. In that case, we'll save our carfare out of the wreck, and all go West, young people, go West," cried Jurian. "The question is, are you willing to go broke with Dorothy and me?" concluded Jurian, looking sharply at Joe and Grace.

"You bet we are," they both exclaimed, when the case was stated that way.

"You'll have a chance pretty soon," said Jurian, drily. "First thing is to find capital. That's my job. I've got to take up that note with the Oldridge concern, and thank the Lord, I've got the money. Then we've got to find a friendly bank, with courage and faith in youth."

Samuel Oldridge, piggish and perspiry, was in Forsyth's office in the East Marion Bank when Jurian entered. The Foxlake storekeeper gave Jurian such a look of excessive ferocity that the young fellow couldn't refrain from laughing. "I rather expected to find you here, one time or another," was Jurian's only comment to Oldridge.

The shaft went home. Forsyth knew that Jurian had been informed of Oldridge's silent ownership of the bank.

Oldridge sat and glared, making no move to absent himself while Jurian talked business.

Jurian was rather glad Oldridge planned to stay. He took a check-book from his pocket and sat down in front of the writing materials at one end of the big desk. "I'll take up that note, now," he said, shortly.

There was a quick, surprised interchange of glances between Forsyth and Oldridge. Forsyth resumed his businesslike attitude quickly and replied:

"It has some time to run yet, Mr. Jurian."

"I know. But I prefer to wipe the slate."

"You'll be paying interest for nothing."

"I'm prepared to. Just figure the interest, will you? I'm rather in a hurry."

Forsyth figured the interest and gave Jurian the whole amount. After the young fellow had drawn a check in full, he rose and concluded, "You can send me the note as soon as you put the check through."

"I declare, Mr. Jurian," said Forsyth, blandly, in that semi-humorous way in which a man asks a question he would like very much to have answered, "You must be very prosperous. Few of our customers ever take up a note in advance of payment-time. The rule is the other way. Business pretty good?"

Frederick refrained from reaching over and slapping the banker's face for his transparent presumption. Instead, he replied sharply, "No, not especially that. I simply wish to do business with a friendly bank. I take it that's the first rule of business."

"What do you mean?" gasped Forsyth.

"If you two gentlemen talk it over a while, probably you can arrive at my meaning," was the reply, and Jurian left them abruptly.

He left Sam Oldridge nearly apoplectic. The Foxlake man pounded his big fist on the desk and roared to Forsyth, "That cub is going somewhere else to borrow. He's got nothing, I tell you. He's down to his last socks. You send somebody to keep an eye on him, Forsyth. Mark my word, he's going to some other bank; see if he doesn't."

THAT was precisely what Jurian did. Altogether unaware that a slim runner from the East Marion Bank bought a ticket right behind him at the railroad station, Jurian went to Weston on the next train. Weston was the largest place in the county. More remote from Foxlake than East Marion, the banks there did little business with Oldridge's town, but Jurian had decided to go there on a hazard and put his case before Henry Whitehead, President of the Weston National. From all he had been able to find out of Whitehead, he was a sagacious, honorable, kindly man, one who had the reputation, too, of looking out on a wider horizon than the other bankers of the county.

His reception by Henry Whitehead heartened Jurian. Whitehead was middle-aged, clean-cut, and seemed like a city man transplanted to the country. "Oh, yes, I've heard of you, Mr. Jurian," he greeted, shaking hands with Jurian. "I knew Miss Hesketh a little. Rather romantic, the way you came into the store, wasn't it? Sit down and take off your coat."

First, Jurian felt in duty bound to explain that he had just come from the East Marion Bank, and to tell why he had so quickly taken up his note there. The Weston banker listened attentively, with a semblance of a smile. Then he replied, cautiously, "Of course, Mr. Jurian, my professional position prevents me from going into that matter. All I can say is, that you were well within your right, thinking as you did, to break relations with the East Marion Bank. I see no reason why we shouldn't do business with you, so far as is proper. What do you want us to do?"

"I want to borrow ten thousand dollars," was the prompt answer.

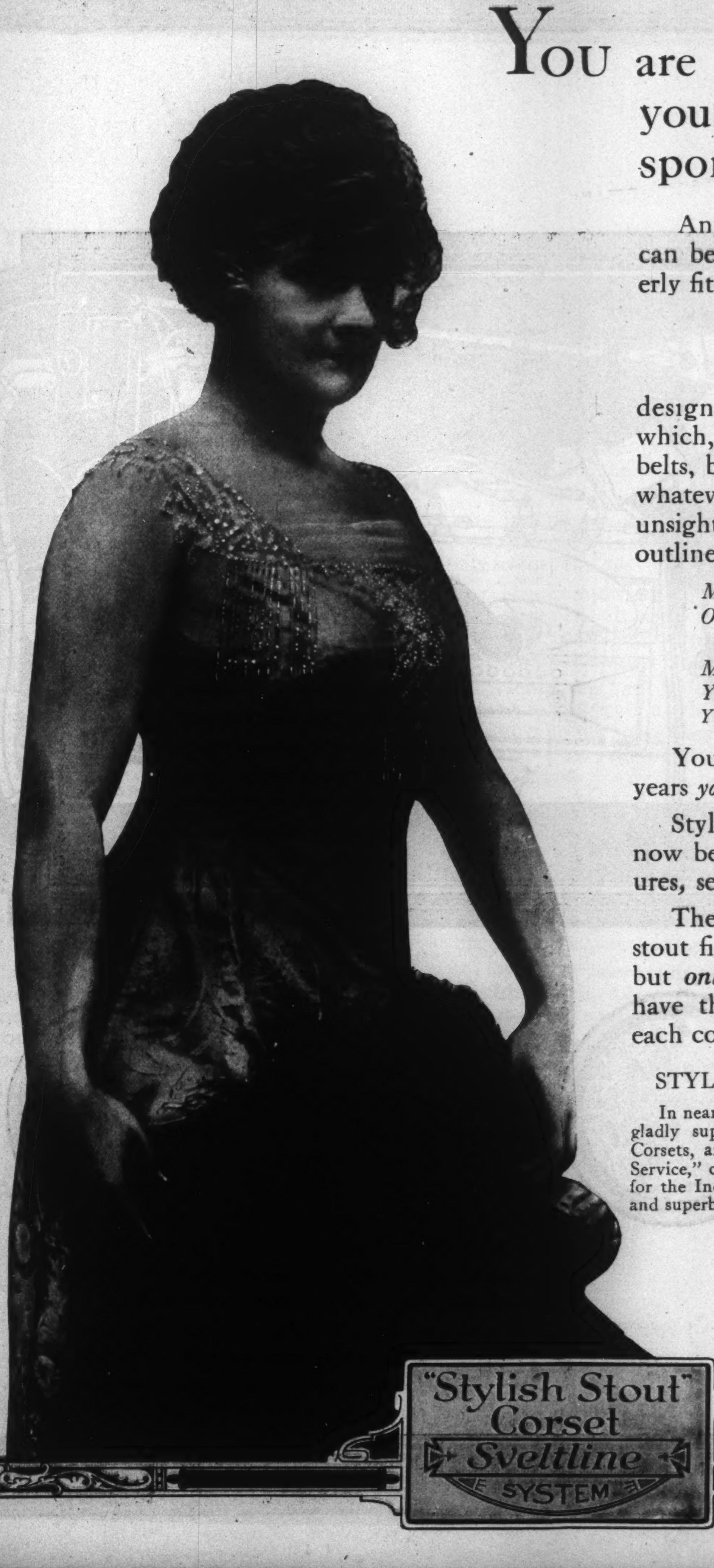
The Weston banker looked incredulous. "Not on your store," he said. "You wouldn't expect that, you know. We couldn't lend anywhere near that much. Have you other collateral?"

"No. But you lend on character sometimes, don't you? And on good business chances? I want to tell you what we propose to do."

Straight to the point, but fully, Jurian outlined his plans. He was full of enthusiasm now, and he talked, without knowing it, like a salesman who has a fine line and the ability to make others believe in him. Whitehead listened to the end, with growing interest. When Jurian had concluded, and was mopping his forehead after his effort, the banker said:

"You may be crazy, Mr. Jurian. This scheme may be flubdub. But if it is, the heat has affected me, too; because you've got me going on it. I see a chance for you, with endless work and the ability to stand early disappointments, and — well, you'll either bust royally, or you'll put the scheme over big.

"I can't do anything without talking with my directors. I can't offer much hope. They're conservative men, [*Continued on page 45*]



YOU are not responsible for your *weight*—you *are* responsible for your *figure.*

Any stout figure, regardless of weight, can be made stylishly-slender, with properly fitted

"Stylish Stout"
Sveltline System
Corsets

designed thru the "*Sveltline*" system, which, from their construction, without belts, buckles, or any clumsy contrivances whatever, replace awkward curves and unsightly flesh-bulges with long, slender outlines.

Madam is no longer "stout"—
Over-development becomes delightfully plump—
Matron-lines assume Maiden-lines—
You look slighter than ever before—
YOUR FIGURE IS TRANSFORMED.

You not only look more *slender*, but years *younger*, and distinctly alert.

Styles you have hesitated to wear are now becoming; gowns you thought failures, seem fashionably *Svelte.*

There are models for every type of stout figure in both back and front lace, but ***only the genuine "Sveltline"*** corsets have the label (shown below) sewed in each corset.

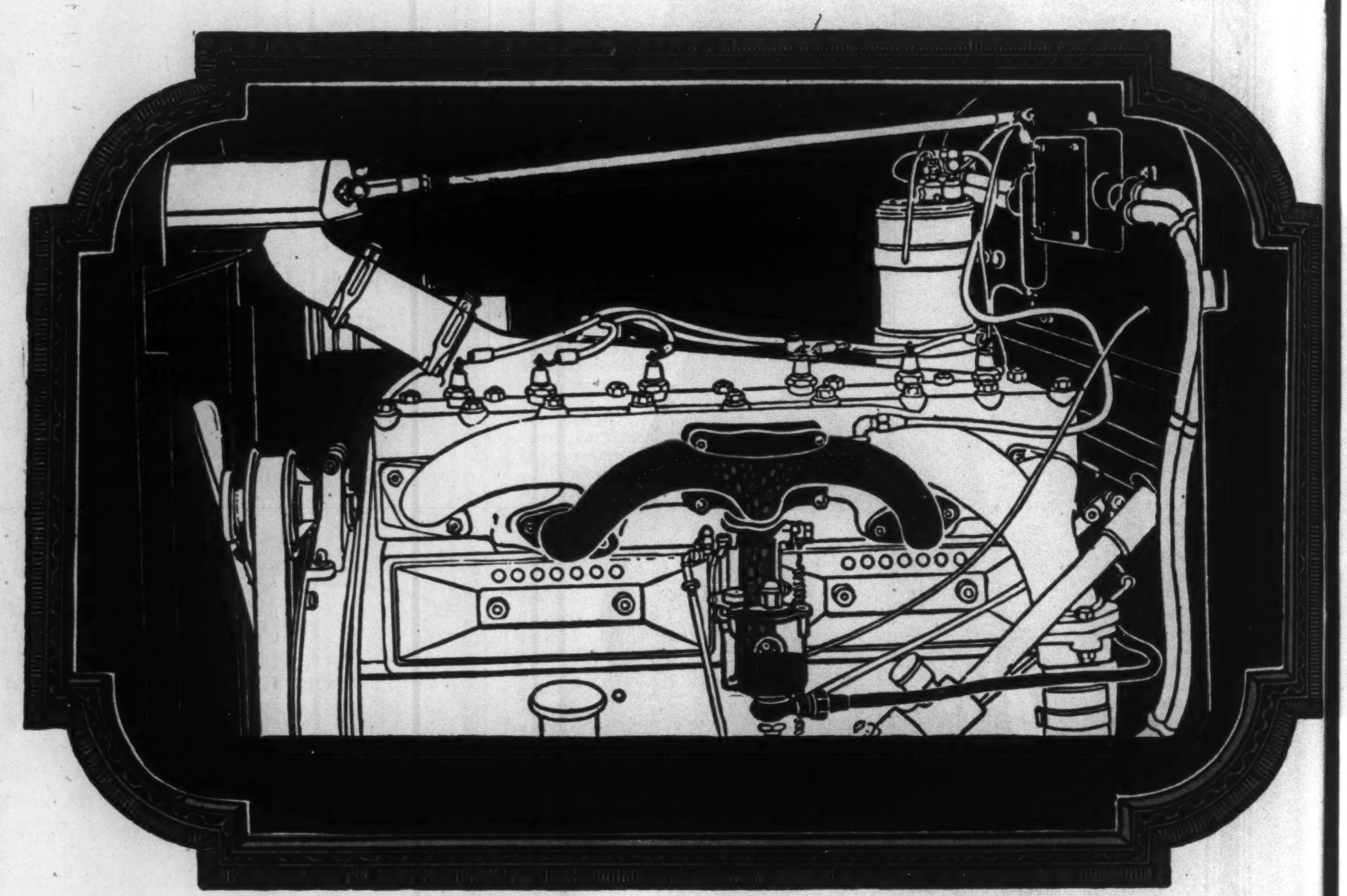
STYLISH STOUT "Sveltline" SERVICE

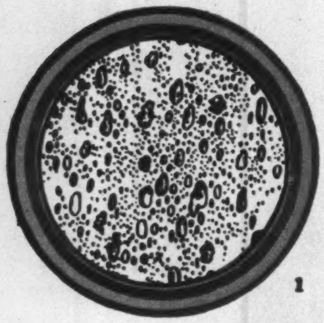
In nearly every large city and town is a dealer who will gladly supply the GENUINE "Sveltline" Stylish Stout Corsets, and in addition provide the "Exclusive Sveltline Service," comprising the selection of the Individual corset for the Individual figure, assuring perfect fit, with comfort and superb gown-set.

If you have corset troubles, write to "Madame Sveltline" and address her care of

WEINGARTEN BROS., Inc.
47 WEST 34th ST., NEW YORK CITY

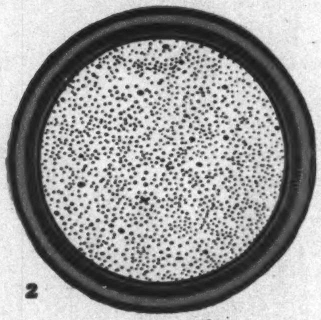
Originators and Sole *Manufacturers*
"Stylish-Stout" Sveltline Corsets





1

ILLUSTRATIONS No. 1 and No. 2 show in an enlarged way the difference in globules before (1) and after (2) being "cracked up" by the Chalmers Hot Spot.



2

Why All the Great Engines Must Pattern After the Hot Spot Chalmers

THOSE of you who would like, every now and then, to break into a dozen pieces the engine of your car with a sledge-hammer—

Or give your car away—

Or those of you who send it too often to the repair shop—stop a moment and ponder over this:

Maybe it isn't the engine's fault, nor yours for that matter.

Nine chances in ten it's the kind of gas you're using.

Your engine probably was designed for the kind of gas that could be had anywhere three or four years ago.

Today you can still, in certain places, buy that kind of gas, but only at drug store prices.

For gas has gone down and down in grade.

If your engine doesn't start easily, if it carbonizes quickly, develops knocks or doesn't deliver all the power you expect of it, it's largely the fault of the gas you feed it.

Chalmers engineers were quick to note the change coming, and while long reports and explanations were being made in engineers' gatherings they worked night and day and were first to furnish the remedy—a redesigned engine.

The inferior gas of the day is heavy.

It's so heavy that even after leaving the carburetor it still is in more or less a raw condition.

So the Chalmers engineers figured they must "crack up" the gas finer, which they have accomplished by that wonderful device known as Hot Spot.

This process done, the task then was to pass the gas into the cylinders with lightning-like rapidity so that the gas couldn't condense on the way.

To accomplish this the Ram's-horn Manifold was designed. It takes its name from its shape. It has no sharp corners to block the rush of gas, but instead "easy air bends."

Hence no "pools" collect and the gas is passed to each cylinder in the same quantity of mixture at the same time. Each cylinder—as a result of the Ram's-horn design—is equidistant to Hot Spot.

The result is a wonderful freedom from vibration, less trouble with carbon deposits, less knocks, less scored cylinders and cut bearings.

In no other engine will you find this rare combination of Hot Spot and Ram's-horn. That is why the Chalmers is the most wonderful engine in the world today.

Sooner or later other cars will come to these Chalmers principles. It is as certain as the sun will rise tomorrow.

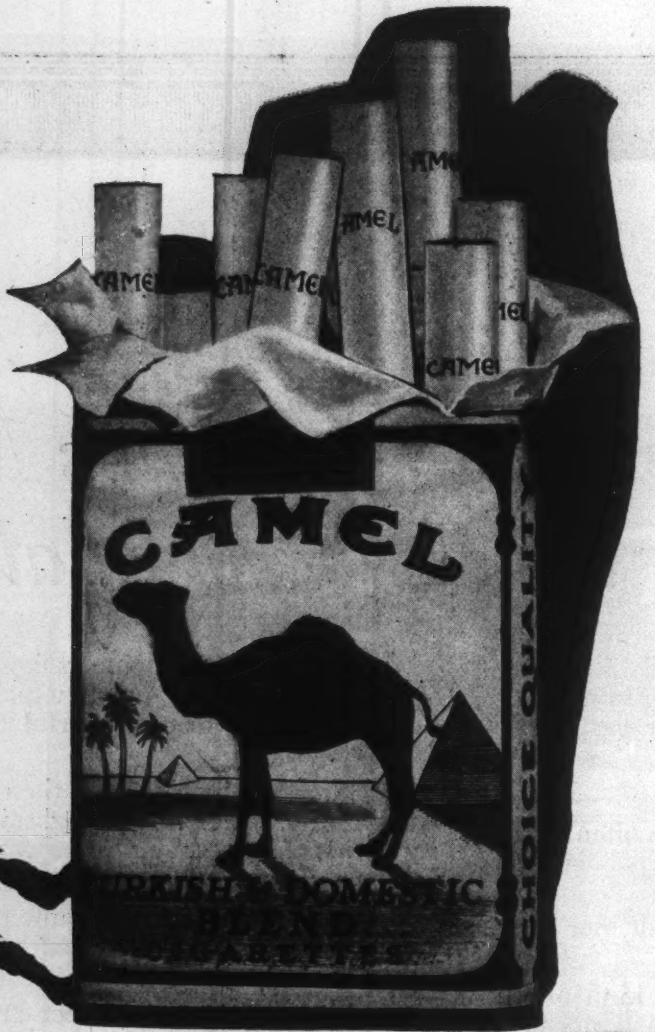
In the meantime Chalmers sales are climbing to rare new heights.

Five-passenger, $1685 f. o. b. Detroit.

CHALMERS · MOTOR · CAR · CO
MC
Detroit, Mich. U.S.A.

CHALMERS MOTOR CAR CO. DETROIT, MICH. ***Quality First***

CHALMERS MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONTARIO



18 cents a package

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

Camel

CIGARETTES

YOU'LL prefer Camel Cigarettes expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos to either kind smoked straight. *Your taste will prove that!*

Camels are so exceptional in flavor, in fragrance and in mellowness that you quickly realize their remarkable quality. It will be your constant delight to find Camels so *full bodied* though so mild and smooth. You may gratify your keenest desires to smoke liberally. Camels *will not* tire your taste!

Your enjoyment increases as you get to know Camels better. They return such generous cigarette satisfaction. Camels *certainly fit your taste* exactly as if they had *been made for it.*

Camels are unlike any cigarette you ever smoked. For instance, they leave no unpleasant cigaretty aftertaste or cigaretty odor. In fact Camels are in a class by themselves! That's why we ask you to *compare Camels with any cigarette in the world at any price!* You will not look for or expect premiums, coupons or gifts. *You'll prefer Camel quality!*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

and your scheme is radical — revolutionary, if you'll pardon me. This conversation will remain a confidential one. I'd like to see you try the plan out. It would mean a huge lot to us country bankers if you could solve the country-store problem. I don't think you can solve it for anybody but yourself, because your scheme is to cinch the whole territory for yourself. That would gradually kill the rest of them. That's business; no objection to that, if you can do it. You simply take the place of the city store in this territory. Is that it?"

"Exactly, Mr. Whitehead. Cash-and-carry locally, and box-sales of up-to-date goods shipped free in the county, for cash."

"Hum! I don't think this bank can help you ——"

Jurian's face clouded.

But the banker went on—"I believe I'm insane enough to take a flyer at this, very privately, on my own, if you can show me detailed plans and figures. Mind, I don't say I will; but you've made me feel enthusiastic. Suppose I should come over to Foxlake, say, next Monday?"

Jurian left the bank with a heart full of hope, and a head full of more practical dreams than he had carried there for many a year. He went back to Foxlake. The partners gathered and held a ten-minute session after the store closed that night. Then, as nothing further could be done until Jurian had drafted the whole plan, cogently, in black and white for Whitehead's perusal, the meeting adjourned in high spirits.

That night Jurian heard the clock bell strike one before he took off the green shade he wore over his eyes, and sat back in his chair wearily.

"Well, I guess I'm all in for this night," said Jurian, aloud, luxuriously giving himself up to an unstifled yawn. "I think Mr. Whitehead ought to ——"

There was a knock on the door. It was a faint tap at first, and then, as though the caller were afraid of not being heard, there were several loud raps.

"Who is it?" cried Jurian, getting up from his chair stiffly, and going to the door. He unlocked it, drew it open, and then started back in amazement. "Hazel!" he gasped. "What — what are you doing — here — in Foxlake? And *here* at this hour?"

"Shhh! Not so loud, Fred, please," was the answer. Hazel Kernon put a finger at her mouth, warningly. "You won't mind if I come in — just for a moment — I'm going back in the morning, and I couldn't bear the thought that I might miss seeing you ——"

Jurian stared, trying to realize her actual presence. She was in a gorgeous hand-embroidered Chinese dressing-gown, held together at the bosom with a jeweled bar. Her arms, bare to the elbow, gleamed white in the dimness. She trembled a little, from nervousness, and her breath came gustily, but none of the splendid poise was missing. She stood straight, almost defiant, with head thrown back.

"Come in," said Jurian, weakly. "I — I'm glad to see you, Hazel."

Then, as the banality of the words struck them both, they laughed softly. She closed the door behind her and turned the key.

[*To be continued*]

A Flash-back of the Story

Frederick Jurian, young, idle, the prospective heir of a rich uncle, meets with a bad automobile accident in the country and is rescued by an odd old country woman who nurses him back to health, and not knowing his circumstances finally leaves him her country store in Foxlake. Jurian bored to death, determines to run the store himself. He falls in love with Dorothy Blair, a Foxlake girl. Finally, about to uncover his masquerade as a country storekeeper, Jurian gives the property away to his clerk, Joe McKenzie. Almost at this moment his city friends discover his hiding place and project themselves once more into his life. Hazel Kernon, a New York beauty who loves Jurian, tries to influence Dorothy against marrying him — with some success. Jurian, however, pleads with his sweetheart. A telegram arrives announcing the death of the rich uncle, and it develops that the old gentleman died without a cent, having speculated unwisely.

Why We Must Reform Our Diplomatic Service — *Continued from page 9*

wires at home; his Senator or Congressman has done quite enough for his family, who must have had some political importance in their district, by naming him for the diplomatic examination; and then, again, the moment he becomes a Secretary of Legation his "influence" — delightful phrase, well understood in Washington, but not yet approved of by the Academy of Arts and Letters — begins to despise him. He has been provided for; his name is wiped off the slate of home politics; he has none of the rugged virtues that belong to that class of rural democracy that follows the experienced old bell-wethers; he is a creature apart; he is done for politically, and consequently, diplomatically.

There are Senators and Congressmen who take a different view, who consider very carefully the qualities of the candidates for secretaryships whom they propose, and who follow their careers with careful eyes, anxious to have merit adequately regarded and promotions made for efficiency. These are ably seconded by the State Department, which, in my experience, although somewhat disorganized by the benevolent activities of the Honorable William Jennings Bryan, has never desired anything so much as the good of the service; and this is the more remarkable when we consider how impermanent the State Department itself is.

All Secretaries of State, and nearly all the important men on their staffs, are creatures of politics and time. The same evil system that governs the diplomatic service governs them. An old proverb tells us that Providence takes a special care of members of our race who are deprived of the faculty of taking care of themselves. The truth of this is exemplified in the attitude of our people toward the State Department. That we have, and have had, admirable men in that Department is not due to the wisdom or common sense of the American people; it can only be attributed to the workings of a kind and hitherto unrecognized Providence. It is a political tradition that the man who helps to make the nomination of a new President of the United States possible is the man who must be, if he wants to be, the Secretary of State, and he may make the State Department, if he takes narrow and partisan views, most inefficient and even dangerous. His power is only measured by the vast indifference of the voters as to whom he appoints.

We are not, it is true, surrounded by jealous nations who desire to pluck the fruitful harbor of San Francisco from our hands, or to annex the coal mines of Pennsylvania, or the oil wells of Texas and their adjacent territory. Consequently, this patent fact has hitherto helped to keep us in ignorance of the conditions of foreign nations who have, since the beginning of their existence, been surrounded by avaricious foes.

Our apparent safety left us, at the beginning of the War against the Central Powers, mentally unprepared for what was to come. Most of our citizens concluded that any war involving our interests, or working injury to us, was impossible. If a European war occurred — a great war — it would only tend to make our tremendous products more valuable. If any danger should threaten, it was the business of the President to keep us out of it; and an intelligent interest in foreign affairs would have implied an active interest in the condition of our foreign service. So little did some of our eminent men know of what was going on in Europe that they were not quite sure whether Prussia was

Smooth as her hands!

Do you enjoy every day the pride of a Smoother Face; —the comfort of a refreshed and silken skin;—the satisfaction of time saved;—the absolute content of a perfect shave?

You should; — you can; — with a Gem.

Gem Damaskeene Blades—keen as Damascus steel—are extraordinarily keen, tough, durable. They *do* give a silken skin, a happy shave, — the shave you have always wanted.

Why the Gem Gives Smoother Faces

Patented processes developed during 39 years study of the shaving problem have greatly improved the hardening, tempering and grinding processes of manufacture. These blades, — keen as Damascus steel — are keen-*plus*, tough-*plus*, vitality-*plus*.

And the Gem frame, which holds the blade against your face at the Universal Angle, that too is a vital factor in your shaving satisfaction. No adjustment is necessary to get a perfect shave.

Fit a Gem blade in a Gem frame and learn — to-day — the shaving content that millions of Gem users know. You will get the full service you can ask from *any* razor. You will get a Smoother Face.

GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR

The plain facts about shaving and the recipe for the perfect shave are told in "Smoother Faces and How to Get One." Shall we send you a copy?

$1.00 The Standard Gem Set includes frame and handle, stropping device and seven Damaskeene Blades in compact, velvet-lined case. Other Gem Sets up to $10.

GEM SAFETY RAZOR CORP., New York
Canadian Branch: 591 St. Catherine Street, W., Montreal

How a Little Waste Space Pays Store Rent

And Increases Theatre Attendance 20%

C. W. Wynne, a partner in a store in a small town in Alabama, had his doubts that the Butter-Kist Pop Corn and Peanut Machine would pay in his location, but he had the courage to give it a trial. He put the machine in 26x32 inches of floor space, a little more room than an ordinary chair takes up. Now read what Mr. Wynne has written us:

"The Butter-Kist machine pays the rent and all other store expenses. We are making more net profit from it than from the rest of our store."

Profits in 12 Months Bought Me a Motor Car And Paid for Machine

From Augusta, Ga., A Picture Theatre Manager writes us: "The Butter-Kist machine has increased our attendance 20 per cent. Receipts from machine $240 first 28 days."

These records are not at all amazing to us who have received hundreds of such letters from men in all lines of business and towns of all sizes from 300 population to the largest. The thing that we can't understand is how any man who runs a store, theatre, restaurant or amusement place—no matter where—can put off asking us to estimate the amount of money he can make with this machine in his location. Many a man has a gold mine at his feet and doesn't know it. Are you willing to be shown? We furnish estimate, table of profits, signed sales records, photos and proofs without a nickel's worth of expense.

Out of 128 Articles I Do 17% of My Business on Butter-Kist

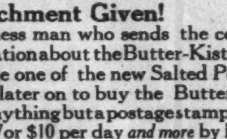
Pays for Itself in Advance

Our self-supporting purchase plan brings the machine for a small payment down. You can have it set up and taking in money the same day it arrives. Hundreds of men have paid the balance right out of Butter-Kist sales.

"Our machine paid for itself in 6 months," writes R. & C., Waverly, Ia. E. M. Crawford, a successful Indiana druggist, says it has increased business in every department in his store. Another druggist at Derby, Conn., writes: "There isn't a day goes by that there isn't an increasing demand for Butter-Kist."

"It's a fine thing for our soda fountain," writes another in Lenox, Ia., "because in summer it brings in a lot of people, and in cold weather the Butter-Kist machine goes right on selling pop corn and peanuts."

$5,000 Clear per Year From 2 Machines in One Large Store



Pays Four Ways—Look!

1—Motion makes people stop in their tracks.
2—Coaxing fragrance makes them buy.
3—Toasty flavor brings trade for blocks.
4—Stimulates all store sales or theatre attendance.

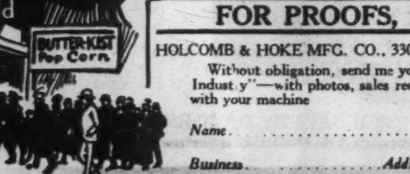
The Butter-Kist Peanut Toaster gives you two chances to make a profit. Runs itself, requires no extra help.

Peanut Attachment Given!

To every established business man who sends the coupon or writes at once for full information about the Butter-Kist proposition we will agree to include one of the new Salted Peanut Vendors FREE, if he decides later on to buy the Butter-Kist machine; it doesn't cost you anything but a postage stamp to get the facts, so don't lose $2, $5, $7 or $10 per day *and more* by longer delay. Send coupon now—be in line for the Peanut Vendor *free!*

HOLCOMB & HOKE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
330 Van Buren Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

People Walk Past Other Stores to Go Where Butter-Kist Is Sold



FOR PROOFS, PHOTOS, PRICES

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO., 330 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind:

Without obligation, send me your free Butter-Kist book—"America's New Industry"—with photos, sales records and estimate of how much I can make with your machine

Name. . . . .

Business. . . . . *Address* . . . .

in Germany, or Germany in Prussia, or whether the Danish West India Islands belonged to Sweden or to Holland. As to the Monroe Doctrine, that was a medicine to be poured down the throats of stupid and humble foreigners whenever they showed a tendency to be less stupid and more foreign.

What I mean to say is, that the lack of interest of our people in the diplomatic and consular services has been due, not only to provincial political partisanship — the bane of all countries, and especially of England during the War — but to the ignorance of foreign ideas and conditions which even those centers of universal knowledge, the Chautauquas, could not enlighten, it seems. The events of the last four years have somewhat shocked us out of our complacency, and the obstacles the President has been obliged to face at Versailles, owing to the astounding determination of the various interested countries to take their own wherever they could find it, have helped to open our eyes; and, it is hoped, have helped to convince the intelligent voters of the necessity of having a properly equipped diplomatic service, permanent and dignified, directed by a permanent Department of State, no matter who its head may be. A merely political Secretary of State should have his powers limited by the experience and talent of men who are, through reasons of technical courtesy, called his subordinates.

The Secretary of the Navy may stick fast to his desk and never go to sea; but he has the advantage of having about him, or within easy reach, a body of experienced naval men whose opinion he is expected at least to consider.

A political Secretary of State has no such body. If the opposite party has been in power a long time and has been forced by circumstances and the trend of foreign events to learn things of value, he is debarred from openly consulting them because it is presumed in the popular eye that a Democrat or a Republican, once "out," must remain "out," as he is, through tradition, a bitter enemy of the party that is "in." Men who have been in diplomatic service are very rarely called on to give their experience in moments of crisis, if they are of the opposite party; and, as to holding office under an administration they did not help to elect, that is looked on as most unusual, and even rather criminal.

A NEW broom sweeps clean; and the broom of the incoming party in our country generally sweeps too clean. Political debts must be paid at all expense. The demands of Senators and Congressmen for what patronage the Civil Service has left them must be met. They are not always acutely sensitive to the needs of the Foreign Service. The loyalty of their constituents must be rewarded; the son of the man who has helped them to build their fences during that period of doubt which is the nightmare of our legislators, is always fit for the Foreign Service. The business of the examiners of the State Department is to corroborate this opinion, if they honestly can. I remember hearing with horror of a nomination which a very witty and very political friend of mine, who is a Senator, proposed to have made. "But, Senator," I said in amazement, "has the President seen the man?" "Good heavens! No! If he sees him, I'm lost!" he answered.

The point of view of this amiable Senator, anxious only to pay his political debts, is not looked on by the public at large as at all reprehensible. Among the majority of voters in this country there is a rooted belief that to the victors belong the spoils, and that any man is capable of filling any office into which his party puts him — a charge of inefficiency against him, merited or unmerited, touches the sensitive heart of his party to the core. It must be admitted that even his party will turn against him if the question of charges touch his moral character! But the fact that the party in power has put him in office implies his entire fitness for that office.

It would be most unjust for me not to admit the great abilities of many of the men who, under this system, quite irreconcilable with common sense, have done great things in the Foreign Service. The conduct of our representatives abroad during this war shows how fortunate our Nation was in choosing men of great courage and fine character; but it must be remembered that our Foreign Service is not intended entirely for moments of crisis, when the great manly qualities, so admirably American, are drawn upon, but mainly for other moments when technically trained minds, carefully acquired knowledge, a power of penetration into alien minds, and a scientific imagination, are very necessary.

The element of time enters very much, as it ought in all processes of education, into the Diplomatic Service. To be an expert business man, a distinguished lawyer, a literary or scientific man of reputation, is not enough, although it may make a very good beginning. Your amateur diplomatist, flung abroad without much preparation, determined to learn what is necessary as the necessity arrives, with no belief in the permanency of his service, with a desire above all to meet the demands of his party, with a fear before him of prematurely losing his job, finds great scope for the virtues of prudence and fortitude and of exact obedience. The exercise of these qualities soon palls upon him, unless he acquires that finesse, that exact knowledge and plasticity of mind which a desire to do good work and intelligent observation during the first four years of his service may give him. The profession of diplomacy — it is a profession — demands, even in these *soi-disant* democratic times, when the men in the street are being deceived into the belief that the science of government comes by nature, very special qualities and experience. If the greater number of the American people on whose rectitude and keenness of perception we can always depend, when they are thoroughly awakened, have pondered on the present proceedings at Versailles and Paris, it needs no spirit from the other world to convince them of this; but, on second thought the bad, hard old prejudices of political partisanship are so ingrained into the flesh and bone of my compatriots that it will require more than that surgical operation which it was necessary to perform in order to force a Scot to see a joke, to show them that they are risking the best interests of their country in not insisting on a reasonable reform. A reform, it will be answered, means a diplomatic bureaucracy. Are our people, who pride themselves on their superior efficiency, unable to make a reform scientifically planned to avoid the defects of its qualities? Great Britain, it is answered, has, since Lord Bryce's time, picked several of her Ambassadors, not from its corps of professional diplomatists, but from a body of men outside it. This is true, but these men were not torn from business, or from law, without preparation for the special duties they were expected to perform. And no matter how great in mind the accidental diplomatist may be, his colleagues are likely to find flaws in his equipment, unless he has a first-hand knowledge of the intricacies of foreign affairs and the ability to treat them technically.

Shirt-sleeve diplomacy may have appealed to the unthinking before the War; but, when the intricate causes of this horrible Crime, for which all the nations of the world and every man in the world are more or less responsible, are made bare, it will be seen that the dealings of nation with nation, not excepting the dealing of our nation with nations, require something more than a good character, shrewdness in domestic affairs and the best reputation for loyalty to one's party.

At present the American diplomatic service offers no career to young men, and nothing to older men except a certain intangible prestige and the opportunity of learning, if they apply themselves, valuable lessons which they will probably never have the chance of turning to account. Before the War there were opulent gentlemen, some of them distinguished for more than opulence, who desired to be Ambassadors because the posts were supposed to give their wives and daughters unusual social "advantages"; because it was convenient for them to rest in Europe and meditate silently on those political advancements to which an Ambassadorship might be a stepping-stone; or to be rewarded for their cessation of their dangerous competition with other politicians at home. It was understood that an Ambassador or, in a lesser degree, a Minister, must be prepared to spend at least double his salary in representing his government abroad. Only the rich or the near-rich were eligible. The feelings of the American Colony abroad would have been seriously injured if any but a rich man, who could entertain according to their ideas of propriety, occupied a foreign post. In Rome, however, the natives may accept a return for their own simple entertainments, in an equally simple way, with respect. They are not ostentatious themselves for several reasons, and they do not expect even the American Ambassador to be ostentatious. There is, of course, always a class of young men who consider themselves "smart" and probably are "smart," who expect cotillions with gold umbrella handles and platinum watches as favors; but these are negligible quantities whose opinions can

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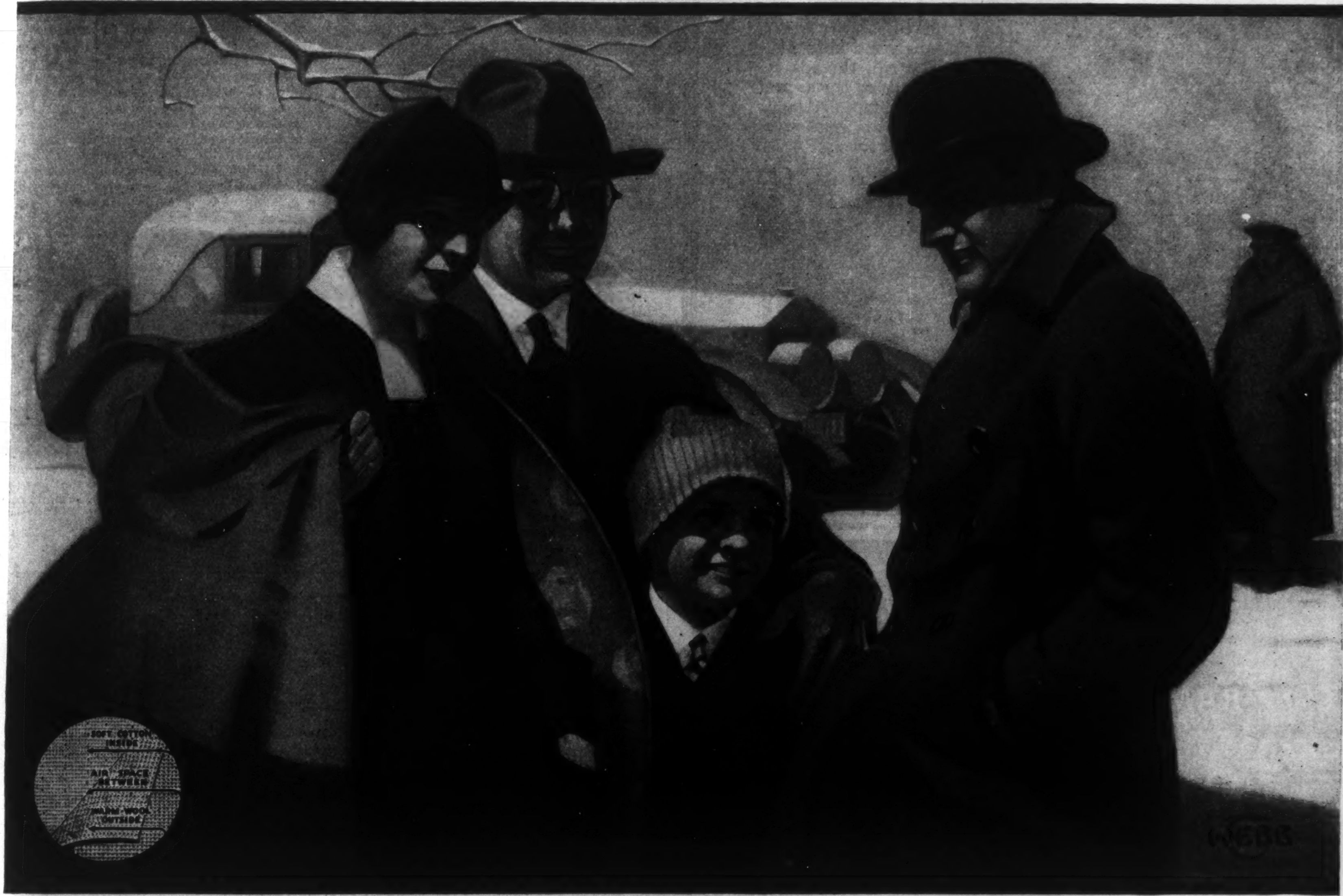

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A Two-Fold Fabric: **A thin layer of fine Wool Outside**
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Duofold is also made with both layers of Cotton, providing greater protection against frost and cold than ordinary cotton underwear. The two-layer principle is the same as that of the storm window and two walls of a house. Two *thin* walls with air space between provide better protection than *one* wall many times thicker.

For Health, for Warmth, for COMFORT, wear Duofold. Sold at most good stores, or write us.

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YEAR 'ROUND COMFORT: DUOFOLD HEALTH UNDERWEAR IN WINTER
ROCKINCHAIR UNDERWEAR IN SUMMER

be safely disregarded. In Vienna, the principal objection that the Foreign Office had to our representatives was that the moment they became useful they were called away. Twice, when it was rumored that I had been named for Vienna, the "powers that be" announced to me at Copenhagen that I would be personally acceptable to the Emperor — which in this case meant the Foreign Office — because, for one reason, I had shown a singular power in staying in one place for a long time. There is no doubt that every Ambassador and Minister of any value in our service has never been able to give the full value of his talents to that service because of these unreasonably frequent changes.

Having lived in Washington off and on since my youth, I have not had at any time doubts as to the good intentions of Congress; but I have often had grave doubts as to the collective wisdom of that body. You may meet an individual Senator or Congressman who is well-informed, experienced, educated in domestic and foreign affairs, who agrees with you perfectly as to the defects of the Foreign Service, but, when he becomes part of the mass of voting legislators, all his admirable qualities seem lost. M. Le Bon, who has written a shrewd book on the psychology of the crowd, ought to be entrusted with the task of analyzing the psychology of Congress. This would be a scientific task worthy of what the erudite call "*haute vulgarisation.*" It would enlighten the intelligent voter, and perhaps make us all feel more tolerant of mistakes which are probably the result of the working of scientific laws which can somehow or other in the future be amended by scientific processes.

It is true, as I have suggested before in this article, that an American diplomatist can never have a position of proper dignity abroad while he lives in a house rented by himself. Congress had begun to realize this dimly at the beginning of the War; but there was no time when Ambassadors and Ministers needed adequate establishments, owned by the Government, more than during the War. Every diplomatic representative who rents a house is at the mercy of his landlord. In many European cities he can obtain proper apartments only in a palace, or residential house, in which he is one of several tenants. During the War, I knew of a Legation in a neutral country, in which the most drastic and careful measures had to be taken day and night because there was a German citizen of importance, who had German servants, in one of the upper apartments. Again, an American representative objects to having the flag of any nation unfurled over his flag on national feasts and holidays. In my own case, I insisted that the Stars and Stripes should be the only flag flying from the window of the old palace on all holidays, including even those Danish galas to which, out of courtesy, we always showed practical respect. But this would not have been possible in all cases unless our Government made the residences of its representatives really extraterritorial by owning them. The house in which an Ambassador or Minister lives can never be his own, no matter how much rent he pays for it. He must use it for constant representation. His drawing-rooms must be furnished, in a measure, as show places. It is difficult for him to regard any of his personal belongings as his own while he is an Ambassador or Minister; and, therefore, why should he be compelled to live in a house which would not at all suit him as a private gentleman? And, in addition to this inconvenience, pay out of his own pocket for the pleasure of existing in it — often a very dubious pleasure? Besides, although there is no reason why rich men of undeniable talent for diplomacy should not fill the diplomatic corps of the United States, our Congress is responsible for a very undemocratic kind of class legislation — in a world which we thought was safe for democracy — by making our diplomatic service impossible for anybody who has a private income of less than twenty thousand a year.

Now, we need the men of the best training, the fullest experience, and the highest character to represent us in Europe. It is a question of policies, not of Parties. Our Foreign Service ought to be drawn from the most experienced and capable men of any Party. Campaign contributions, which amiable foreigners declare are the prices of American diplomatic places, ought to be raised in some other way. To use the word of a President who made a brave attempt to put all our services on a reasonable and patriotic basis, — "It is a condition, not a theory, that confronts us." And the evil old tradition that made one of the most important — today the most important — of the servants of the nation dependent on political caprice, or mercenary contributions, must go; or we, as a Nation, shall deserve the consequences.

"Yo — Ho — Ho, And a Bottle of — Sarsaparilla!"

[*Continued from page 21*]

liquor profits are in the dim past they don't talk much of these things, for example ——

In the nation's capital there is the New Washington Hotel. It has been opened since the city has gone dry. It has never known an ounce of liquor. The proprietor says he wouldn't run a hotel under the old arrangement. He is making money. Out in Portland on the Pacific Coast is the Oregon Hotel. I am told by one connected with its management that the bar used to provide $145. a day profit. The State went dry. The owners put in soda fountains and ice cream where the highball used to foam, and now the profits are said to run close to $400. a day.

The Statler Hotel in Detroit has a soda fountain where the bar used to be, and while the profits are less than the bar once turned in, the proprietor feels he is as well off, for there are fewer problems and less expense now that intoxicated patrons are absent. Besides, the restaurants show a greater profit, for the man who doesn't drink eats more, and where he used to telephone home that business detained him, he now invites his family to dine down-town with him.

The principal hotel in Richmond, Murphy's, will furnish figures to any inquirer, showing that greater profits accrue under dry laws than formerly. The Brown Palace in Denver is better satisfied under prohibition than under license. Go to Seattle, to Tacoma, to Atlanta, to Des Moines, and after a year or so you will find hotel men admitting that they are still in business and that they are making money under conditions they insisted would ruin them.

Just now the statement was made that cities where prohibition has been in effect for over a year wouldn't go back. Denver will do for an example. No one in the past ever accused Denver of being prudish about rum. In 1914 Denver voted wet by nearly 10,000. Then came the dry spell; then a scheme which turned the town wet again, and finally another vote on the subject in 1917. This time the town went dry by 6,800. Why? They found it paid.

Then the question of how it affects business. New Orleans recently estimated that when prohibition goes into effect she will have $12,000,000. released to spend on legitimate merchandise. Observe the use of the word, legitimate. Seattle reports that at the end of the first dry year business was largely increased, and that the greatest increase — mark the pathos here, please — occurred in the sales of shoes and clothing for women and children.

The prohibitionists have contended all along that civic administration would cost less under prohibition than under liquor, and that this saving would more than offset the loss of liquor revenue. In no single instance that I can find is this true. In most cases where figures are available there is a saving in police and court work, but it is but a fraction of the tax loss. Denver met this by imposing taxes in other directions; so has Detroit, Atlanta, and so on down the list. They find the gain an indirect one that cannot be figured in dollars and cents, and as illustration of what this means all cities under prohibition now report:

Great diminution in crimes against women, of burglary, of assault, disorderly conduct, cruelty to children and animals, arson, petty thieving, and accidents of all kinds.

No one but a hyper-enthusiast would expect to leap from saturation to aridity, and yet we hear from newspapers of the impossibility of enforcing [*Continued on page 51*]

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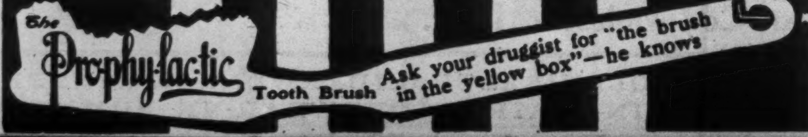
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Ask your druggist for "the brush in the yellow box"—he knows

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of Sugar, Honey,
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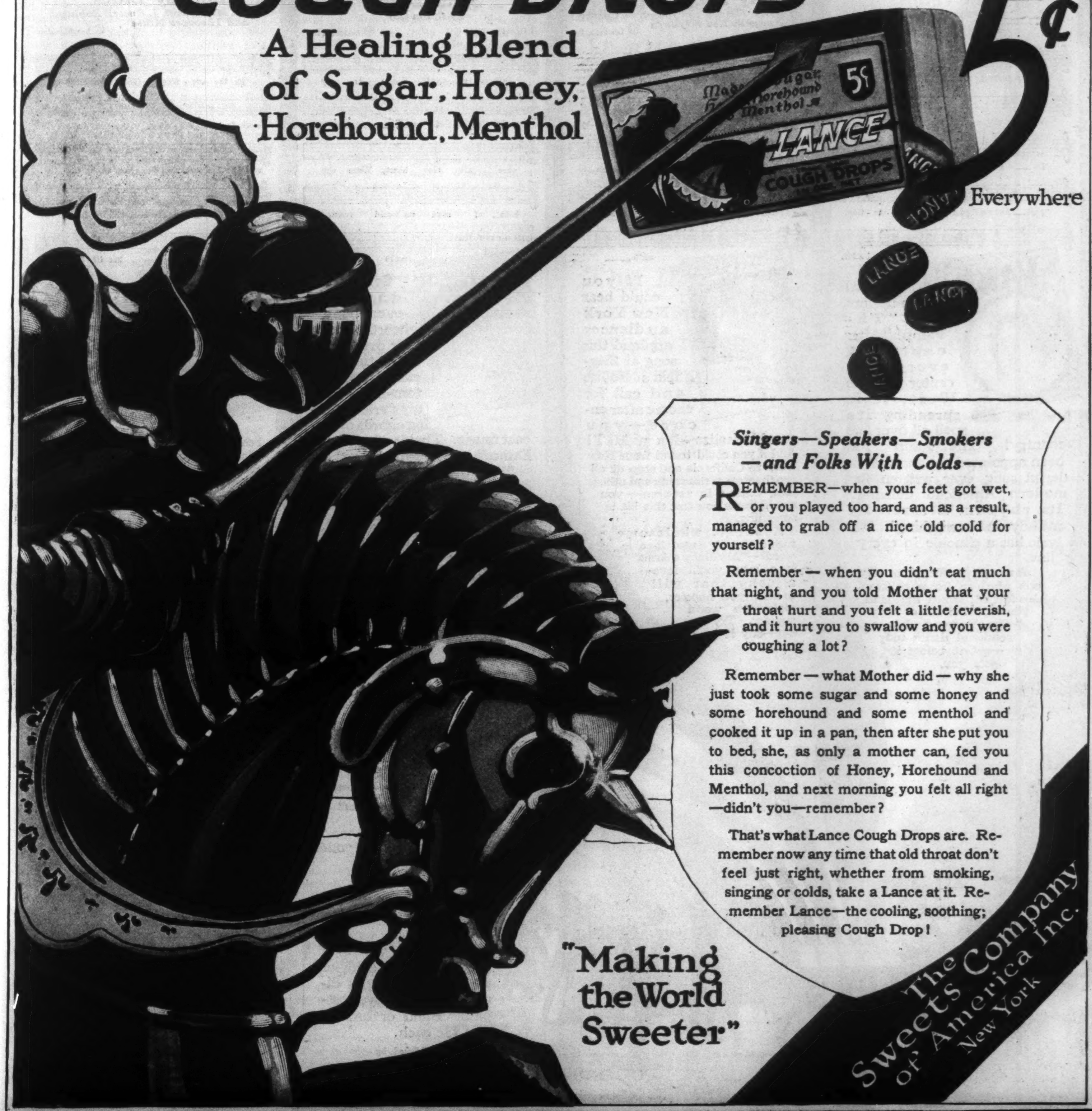

Singers—Speakers—Smokers
—and Folks With Colds—

REMEMBER—when your feet got wet, or you played too hard, and as a result, managed to grab off a nice old cold for yourself?

Remember — when you didn't eat much that night, and you told Mother that your throat hurt and you felt a little feverish, and it hurt you to swallow and you were coughing a lot?

Remember — what Mother did — why she just took some sugar and some honey and some horehound and some menthol and cooked it up in a pan, then after she put you to bed, she, as only a mother can, fed you this concoction of Honey, Horehound and Menthol, and next morning you felt all right —didn't you—remember?

That's what Lance Cough Drops are. Remember now any time that old throat don't feel just right, whether from smoking, singing or colds, take a Lance at it. Remember Lance—the cooling, soothing; pleasing Cough Drop!

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the World
Sweeter"

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Song Lovers! Four New Song Hits

Accepted by Everybody Everywhere!

You'll Sing, You'll Dance, You'll Love these Hits from "Song Headquarters"

THEY have thrilled audiences. They have enthused dancers. They have won singers, orchestras and jazz bands—record makers and player-roll producers. They are the new song-hits of the day—the songs that folks will sing, whistle, dance and hum through Fall twilights and Winter nights. You'll love them—their beautiful melodies—their wonderful lyrics.

"The Vamp"

By Byron Gay

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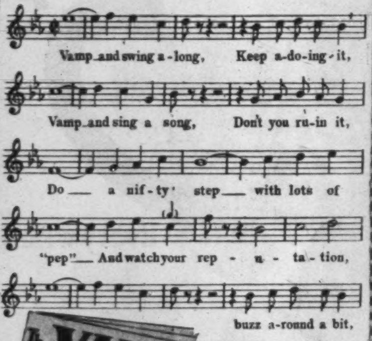
Vamp and swing a-long, Keep a-do-ing it,
Vamp and sing a song, Don't you ru-in it,
Do — a nif-ty step — with lots of
"pep" — And watch your rep - u - ta-tion,
buzz a-round a bit,

Sh-h-h! B-b-beware of "The Vamp!" After capturing every song center in the West, it is spreading its spell all over the country! "The Vamp" has been appointed the most wonderful song ever written for modern American dancing. Its rhythm is alive! Its melody is bewitching! Its lyric has a chuckle in every line.

A reward is offered to any one who can frown or keep his feet still when the band plays or the singer sings "The Vamp." It's a wonderful dance song—get it before it gets you.

"My Baby's Arms"

By Harry Tierney and Joseph McCarthy
Staged by Ned Wayburn

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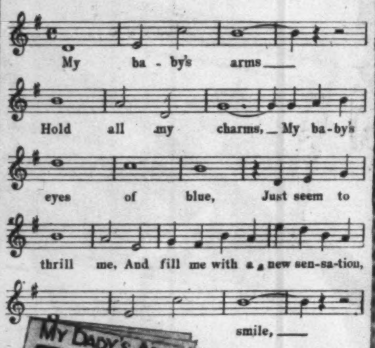
My ba-by's arms —
Hold all my charms, — My ba-by's
eyes of blue, Just seem to
thrill me, And fill me with a new sen-sa-tion,
smile, —

MY BABY'S ARMS

If you could hear New York audiences applaud this song at Ziegfeld's Follies and call for encore after encore—you would realize—it's a HIT! And if you could travel from New York to California and stop at all the theatres, restaurants and other song centers in between—you would know how fast this hit is spreading.

A sweet, wholesome melody, and cute lovable words—"My Baby's Arms" is a song you'll love—a song that will make you happier, make the world sunnier. Try it out—buy it today.

"Sand Dunes"

By Byron Gay

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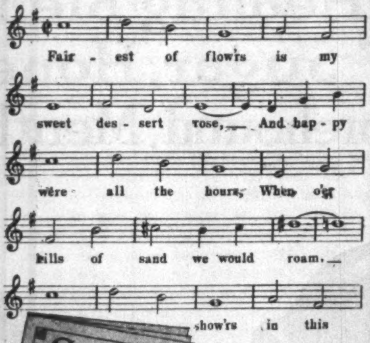
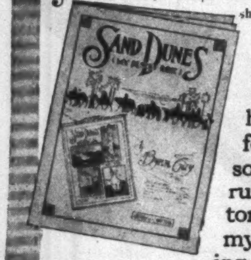

Fair-est of flow'rs is my
sweet des-sert rose, — And hap-py
were all the hours, When o'er
hills of sand we would roam, —
show'rs in this



Somewhere down in everybody's heart is a love for oriental song—the weird rum-tum of the tom-tom—the mysterious luring chords of far-east music. That is why "Sand Dunes" is a sensational hit.

With the lights turned low at the end of the day, "Sand Dunes" is soothing, comforting, fascinating, good. With the lights ablaze and jazz bands jazzing, "Sand Dunes" is a wonderful dance number, a fox-trot that makes feet step lightly, faces laugh brightly. "Sand Dunes" is a great song—get it.

"Lullaby Blues"

By Al. M. Kendall, J. Russell Robinson and Theodore Morse

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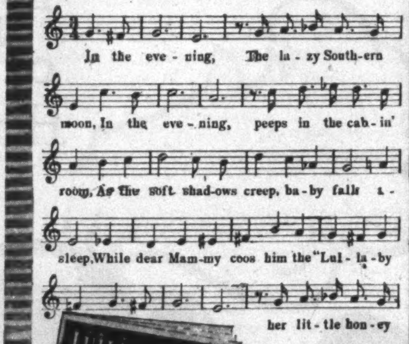
In the eve-ning, The la-zy South-ern
moon, In the eve-ning, peeps in the cab-in'
room, As the soft shad-ows creep, ba-by falls a-
sleep, While dear Mam-my coos him the "Lul-la-by
her lit-tle hon-ey

LULLABY BLUES

The only lullaby ever written to keep folks awake!—"Lullaby Blues." It's a dreamy, soothing tune that makes you feel good, smile and hum and sing and dance. It is a waltz melody truly beautiful that gets right on to your mind and into your heart and stays there.

And as to the words, just recall the songs with which your Mother rocked you to sleep—those are the words, the sentiment of "Lullaby Blues." Try it yourself—get the complete song wherever good music is sold.

You can't go wrong with any Feist Song

Other Beautiful Feist Songs:

"When You Look In the Heart of a Rose"
"By the Campfire"

"Thank God You're Here Mother Mine"
"A Girl in Chatêau Thierry"
"Dreaming of a Sweet Tomorrow"
"Sweet Love Dreams"
"Persian Moon"
"Bluin' the Blues"
"In the Land of Lullaby"
"Your Heart is Calling Mine"
"Keep All Your Love For Me"
"Sweetie Mine"—by Al Jolson
"Star of the East"
"Give Me All of You"
"Sing Me Love's Lullaby"
"Radiance in Your Eyes"

INSTRUMENTAL NUMBERS

"Aloma"
"Syria"
"Djer Kiss"
"Bells of Bagdad"
"Klondyke Blues"
"Laughing Blues"
"Orange Blossom Rag"

Take this page to your piano and try out these four songs.

Get them wherever good music is sold, or we will supply you direct at 40c a copy, postpaid. Band or orchestra, 25c each.

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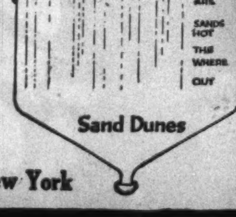
Get a Record for your Talking Machine


BLOWING AIRS
SANDS HOT
THE WHERE
OUT
Sand Dunes

Get a Roll for your Player Piano

the new amendment. Some rabid prohibitionists may insist that prohibition is a cure for drunkenness. I don't believe it, and I don't believe the bulk of our citizenry does either. Neither is the prohibition against carrying concealed weapons a cure for murder, but it tends to make that pastime a lot more difficult. Surely everyone must admit that man cannot be legislated into the kingdom of heaven, but as to enforcement, if we may admit my major premise that we are facing an economic situation, and not primarily a moral issue, there will be little more difficulty in enforcing prohibition than in collecting the income tax. Besides, men and women who have been in the habit of using alcohol will protest savagely, then, as they become mentally accustomed to the situation, they will accept it and discover what many others have learned before them about many an unpleasant potentiality, that the reality is much less annoying than the anticipation.

Former Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, now Senator, by the way, says that it is his conviction that no community, having had a dry experience, will willingly go back to liquor. I have heard him say recently:

"We like the results of prohibition. We believe we are a happier, healthier and wealthier people in Kansas than we would be if we were a wet State. It is possible to get a drink in Kansas, if you are willing to go to enough trouble, but it presents few attractions, I think. I am glad I live in dry Kansas."

H. G. McMahon, who runs the great consolidated mines out in Goldfield, Nevada, told me that his eyes had been opened quite recently.

"Everyone who knew Goldfield in the old boom days knows what sort of place it was. Quarrels, shootings, murders, drunkenness, general lawlessness. Recently I saw a new camp start. A big strike occurred last fall between Tonopah and Goldfield. They call the place Divide, now. It is rich territory and a camp sprang up there swiftly with all the attendant preliminaries but one. There was not a drop of liquor, for Nevada is happily dry. The result is, no quarrels, not a single shooting, and, naturally, no fatality. The place is decent, quiet, peaceful and thoroughly businesslike. My experiences as a miner makes me for prohibition one hundred per cent."

What do men do when they can't get a drink? They turn to tea, coffee, candy, soda and other soft drinks, if we may take the statements of those communities already dry. Most men drink for amusement. What will they do when they can't drink? Some other form of amusement largely — theatres, motion pictures, outdoor sports, and some indoor ones such as billiards, card playing and the like, say residents of dry States, and they add that the family life is closer, happier and more satisfactory.

And about personal liberty. A golden calf suddenly set up to worship, say the people in the dry territory. Of course the constitution guarantees liberty. It also guarantees the citizen the right to bear arms, and most municipalities say the said citizen sha'n't do anything of the kind. Of course it is an invasion of personal liberty, and some citizens refuse to obey the law, but that only means that there are some men who regard their personal inclinations as more important than the welfare of the community.

"I don't think any man or group of men has or have the right to tell me whether I can have a drink," says the objector.

"Quite true," reply some others, "and neither have they the right to tell you when and where you can commit suicide, or to do a thousand other things you might want to do. And after all it isn't a personal question, but one of community welfare, and there you are."

And then comes the question of the children, the hope of the country. Jefferson Davis remarked once: "You shall not bruise the seed corn of the nation." I asked a physician who is also a physiologist and an economist, and who has had much dealing with humanity in the mass, what proportion of defective children were due to alcoholism in one or both parents. He told me about 85 per cent. that he was sure of, and then I ceased to discuss the question of personal liberty.

Boiled down to its essentials the question that each individual will have to address to himself is about this:

"Would you be willing to forego your — let us call it your amusement — if you believed that the people who live on each side of you would be better off? You gave five dollars to buy milk for the Belgian babies. Would you give up five cocktails to buy a better chance for the babies in your own street? The men and women who live in the dry States say you would, if you are an ordinary human being."

"But," says the conscientious objector in the corner, "is there not going to be a terrible increase in the use of drugs?"

STATISTICS from the dry territory fail to show any such situation. The municipal health officer generally gets the effect of such things first. Diligent inquiry shows that many health officers in wet States and cities say they fear such increase, and equally diligent inquiry in communities where there is no rum reveals nothing of the kind.

Many persons are willing to see ardent spirits depart if they can be left beer and light wines. They assert this will eliminate drunkenness. Both Michigan and Colorado thought so, too. Colorado voted it down, and Michigan courts refused to so interpret the law. In New Jersey certain labor unions were accredited with the "no beer no work" plan, intended to force amendment to the law, but it has been abandoned.

When all has been said for and against prohibition the question seems to remain one in which the good and the evil must be balanced against each other. Will there be better physical and mental health, better business, more prosperity, fewer crimes and domestic difficulties as a result of prohibition, or will there be less of these desirable things? There are abundant statistics showing the extent to which almshouses and jails are depopulated in dry States, and a host of publications and individuals who hold that prohibition spells paternalism, and that the elimination of alcohol means exactly the opposite of what the drys say it does, and when we have ranged them all, one against the other, the net result is this:

Theory says it won't work and it should not work, and practise says it does.

And by the way, wasn't there quite some to-do about the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution, and didn't an indignant citizenry of certain States make an equally indignant outcry about the abridgment of personal liberties?

One, Two! The Goose-Step for You!

[*Continued from page 6*]

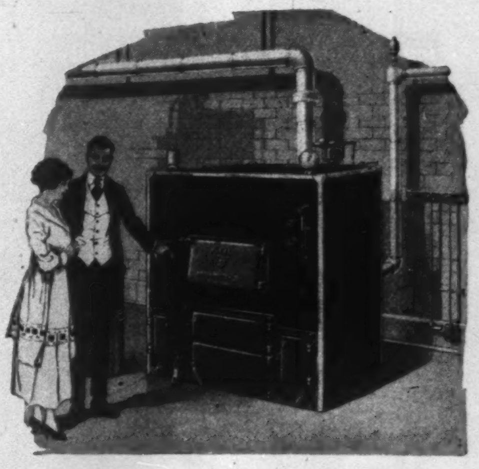
time in trying to make some kind of division of property. They had hurt the rich without helping the poor. Division of property won't help. If property had been equally divided from the time the first socialist ever opened his mouth, the less prosperous of mankind would have nothing noticeable more than they have to-day. Ask any good accountant to figure it out for you. In truth they might have less, because of the clumsiness and bad management, and leveling of abilities and lack of provision for the future which appear to its opponents to be the weaknesses of any socialist scheme.

That is why the contest between labor and capital is so funny; they are fighting over a bone that isn't there.

If all the spoils of the great brass gods, Industrial Efficiency and Production, were wholly in the hands of labor, there would not be anything gained. After Christabel Pankhurst had demonstrated this she went on to say that the solution was a friendly combination of capital and labor to *increase production.* It never came into her mind that increased production is only a way to use up the resources available to mankind — the forests, the mines, the riches of the soil — and to encourage mankind to consume everything faster and faster and consume it in the form of a lot of manufactured nicknacks that people are beginning to suspect they do not want. Just as fast as more is produced, more will be consumed. Whenever a new generation of devices is invented mankind has no more comfort, no more leisure, no more health, no more sweetness of life. The boon of invention is immediately swallowed up by an increased production of something else, by the drunken appetite to consume

The new heating machine!

A triumph of American engineering



The IDEAL Type "A" Boiler is an *innovation.* It guarantees a heat development and control hitherto thought unattainable in heating devices.

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You'll save 30% or more annually on coal-bills by use of this new *de-luxe* heating boiler

The IDEAL Type "A" Boiler has a marvelous Damper Regulator which never forgets for a minute to watch the fire—it's a 24-hour janitor. The revertible-flue construction does not permit the rich coal-gases to escape unconsumed—there is full utilization of the heat-energy of the coal! The integral asbestos-lined metallic jacket keeps the heat from being *cellar-wasted.*

Your most profitable heating-buy!

Stop blaming the janitor and the coal-dealer — replace your present heater with an IDEAL Type "A"—which brings you 30% yearly coal-saving and lasts a lifetime! Bungalows, residences, stores, theatres, churches, schools, clubs, hospitals, etc., whether OLD or new, are quickly outfitted. Act *now!*

Phone your dealer today for an estimate. Send for catalog, "IDEAL Type 'A' Boiler"—full of valuable hints, coal-test charts, and illustrations.

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more and more of unnecessary things. This means the same old exchange of the sunlight for chandeliers and the same old struggle of men to earn enough to buy more gimcracks and to consume them in their wallow of industrial civilization.

Did it ever come into your head that man could never find a way out to a normal life again, with health and freedom from industrial-center congestion and all that makes life ugly for those who toil, by the way of increased production? Did you ever think that the only way for man to avoid a mad wreck of the world is through decreased consumption?

DID you ever think that there may come a time when it will be a crime to create a demand in a fellow being for some material thing for which no normal demand had ever sprouted before?

Did you ever say to yourself, "Why, look here, I am a slave of things. I can spend my life in this industrial madness. If I am a capitalist I wear my head out thinking of how I can make more things. If I am a laborer I am not a laborer of the old school with pride in my work, but only a goop standing in front of some metallic geers, making three specialized motions thirty thousand times a day My son will probably be taught to reduce the motion to two, which will make the great god Efficiency roar with joy. And we will wear out our lives turning out a cheaply-made unessential to get the money for— — what? For a lot of unessentials.

Flatly, isn't this capital and labor row over no prize at all? Isn't the real fight between capital and labor on one side and a hideous, vicious circle of silly production and silly consumption on the other? Isn't the real fight between a civilization of health and of normal appetites for life and love and the development of the human mind and its individual expression and of decent freedom and service, and on the other hand a civilization of factories consuming all human hope and happiness in order to turn out unessentials in the form of things which mankind makes and consumes without the imagination to see how silly it all is? Aren't we goose-stepping like slaves after the greatest delusion that mankind ever wished on itself?

Unfortunately the gods of Efficiency and Production not only enslave us but they betray us with loud derisive laughter. The Germans were betrayed. Increased production furnished all of Germany's own needs. Then it galloped faster and sought foreign markets. Then it galloped still faster and produced cheaper goods. This appeared to all of us to be progress with a capital P.

The nigger in the woodpile of this kind of progress is that modern industrialism requires a tremendous overhead expense. Overhead does not increase to keep up with production; it is production which has to break into a run and sweat day and night to keep up with overhead and to bring enough profit stones to prop up the heavy overhead expense, the finances, the interest charges, the management expense. There is no breathing space for production. When the home market is filled production must go on for foreign markets. When honest useful goods cannot be sold then production must turn toward creating a demand for cheap unessentials, nicknacks and new devices out of which new artificial demands may be created. For the first half of the history of the world, supply could not keep up to the wholesome demand for improvements. Now we are over the crest of the hill, and supply, the output of a gigantic industrial Frankenstein, is busy inventing new ways to create artificial demand.

Then on top of all is added the expansion of credit; the man who can be taught to demand something he never had before and may not really want, has no money to pay, so he and his kind and his country are invited to take credit. Production goes right on trying to keep up with the devilish accumulation of overhead. And at last the whole industrial system faces a crash because production cannot keep up with the weight of overhead and the burden of credits. What then? As a last device the country goes to war; the only way to keep up pyramid overhead by means of pyramid production is by making the mountain of waste which is thrown into the mouth of War. The people of a country will stand for that and will advance their savings for it as long as they think a victory will bring spoils. When they believe it no longer, they quit, just as the German people quit.

That is the history of the German worship of the great gods of Efficiency and Maximum Production. It was the basic cause of the War; it is the story of German defeat and of the way in which German defeat finally came.

It appears to the innocent bystander, therefore, that this super-industrial trap into which the world has stuck its head, not only is fooling mankind into a soulless slavery without health or a chance for self-expression or for the richness and variety of life; not only is leading us to exchange everything worth living for to get a mad over-production of these unessentials to be consumed as "conveniences," but that in the end the Giant Trap of Industrialism is certain to destroy itself.

It was a part of German Kultur. We cursed it. It has been adopted more than ever by the British and by us since the War. We are turning from the horrors of conflict, with men and money fed into an insatiable mouth, to the horrors of a peace made hideous by industrialism, by these crazy gods of Production and Efficiency, these denaturizers of life, these gods who first give us useful gifts, then smother us in things and finally destroy us.

Are we going to do the super-industrial, super-production, super-efficiency German goose-step?

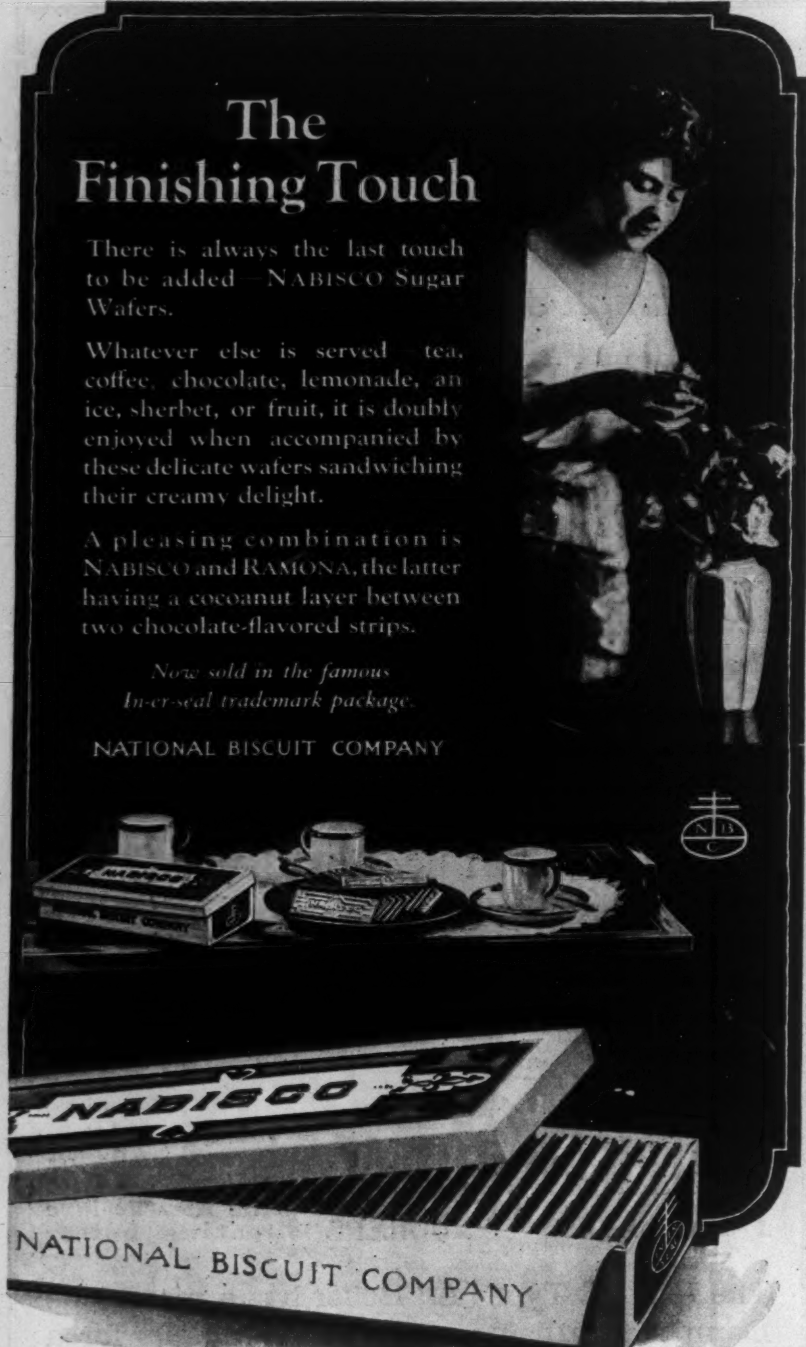
If we are there will be another goose-step to follow the moral goose-step. The moral goose-step is the efficiency goose-step's little boy. I fell for that once. I was in Russia, and when I found that industrial Russia was working nearly six instead of four and a half days a week because of prohibition of alcoholic beverages I thought I had come across the last word on prohibition. There is no use trying to argue that man is not safer in a world where he cannot get a drink. Don't say that he is not a better industrial machine if he doesn't drink. He is. I don't even want to say a man is better off for drinking in any case. You will never catch me saying alcohol causes no misery. Maybe I cannot find any virtues in drinking at all. The argument may all be on one side. But I wonder sometimes if we won't say to ourselves, "As between the old world of alcohol and the new world of moral goose-steppers, give us the booze!"

PROHIBITION is only one of the signboards which shows which way we are traveling in morals. I know a man already who is preaching the doctrine that physical culture *must* be taken. He wants a law passed making it compulsory. He says that it is unmoral for men to let themselves go without exercise. I won't say to him that it isn't, but just as in prohibition I want a moral victory over booze to be my own. One of the reasons America is not more popular in Europe is that in Europe, where I have been, there is a feeling that American ideals may be right enough, but other nations do not want them forced upon them. They want their own moral victories. If they attain any heights they want them to be attained by their own climbing and take the credit themselves. They resent this moral pulling and hauling. They say that we have developed a new class of human beings in America — the Papa Class.

I am against a world run by a Papa Class and moral goose-stepping. There is something loathsome about a world where men cannot deal straight with God and not through some self-selected man or group who are holier and preachier than you and I are. We like to deal straight with God and not through a lot of blue-nose legislation and personal rules and insulting prohibitions.

The *Verboten* of Germany! Remember how we cursed it! We do not care much whether it is a Kaiser's *Verboten* or the *Verboten* thrust upon us by the Ancient Society of Beam and Mote Casters. If it gets in where government has no business— between man and God — it will make cardboard pattern men and they will be goose-stepping like a lot of hoodwinked Huns. And I know men who are patriotic enough to say that if America gets like that they'll take what is left of America — her ideals, her personal freedom, her guarantee of a chance for every man to express himself and win his own moral victories,— and go to some other land. They will leave behind a great territory which was once America, but which has become the property of the pattern man, and the marching field of the political goose-step, the industrial efficiency goose-step, the moral goose-step — the damned old German goose-step!

If there is any chance of that, Germany has won the War.



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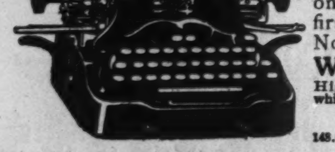
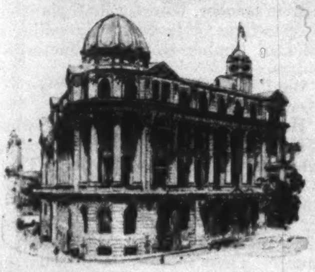
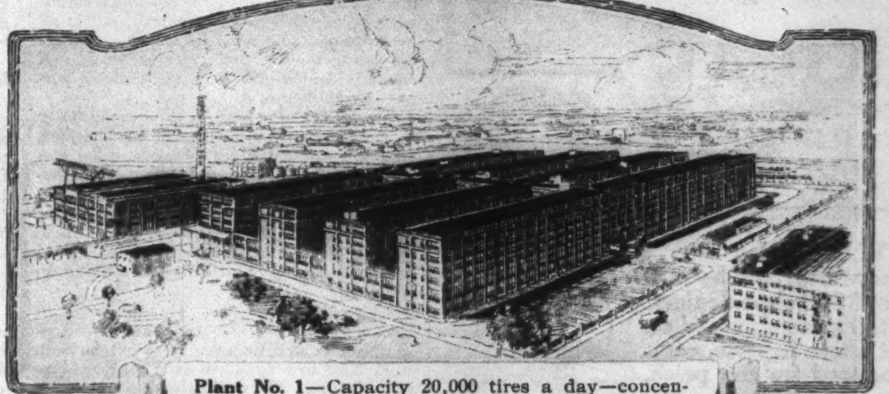


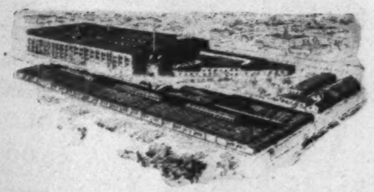
Why Firestone is Giving Extra Value in Tires



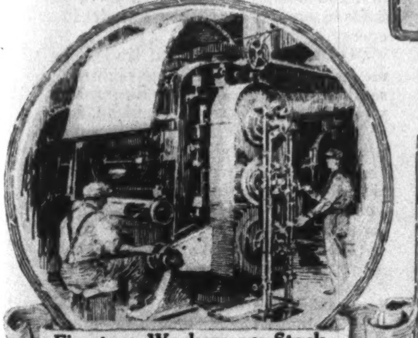
Firestone Singapore Headquarters saves car owners $1,000,000 a year getting first choice of rubber at low cost and shipping direct.



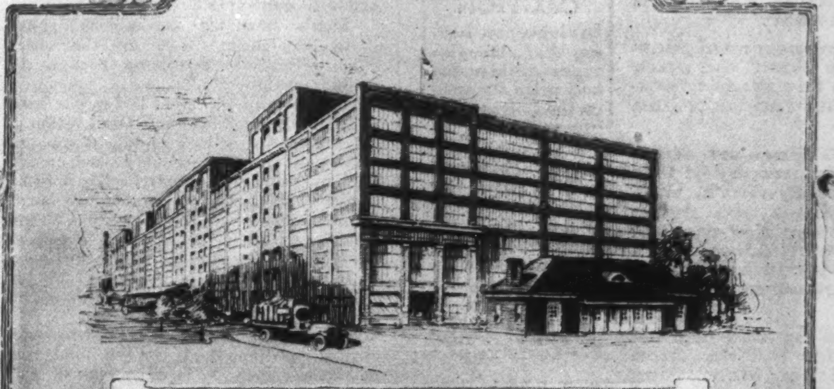
Plant No. 1—Capacity 20,000 tires a day—concentrated on large tires, cords and truck tires. Manufacturers study it, technical colleges use it, as an example of efficiency in manufacture and organization.



The Firestone Rim Plant—Devoted exclusively to Firestone Rims. Vast as is its present capacity it is inadequate to supply the demand for Firestone Rims.

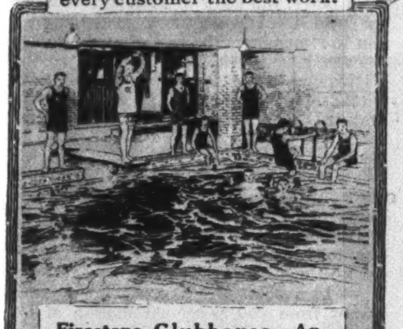


Firestone Workers are Stockholders—90% of them—with a financial interest in giving every customer the best work.

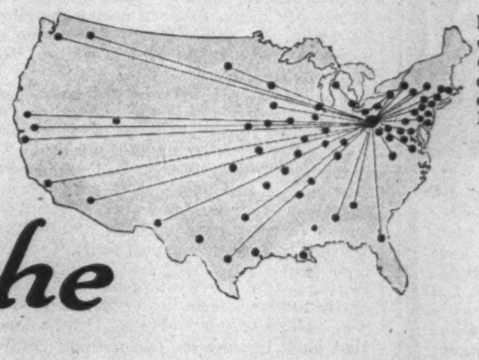


Plant No. 2—Devoted exclusively to 3½-inch tires—capacity 16,000 a day. This new plant with Plant No. 1 gives Firestone largest tire capacity in America. Builds the most nearly perfect 3½-inch tire constructed and saves from 10% to 30% on every factory operation.

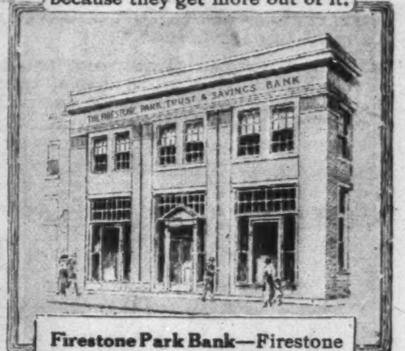
Firestone Park—A beautiful home community. Firestone men put more into their work because they get more out of it.



Firestone Clubhouse—Another step in the Firestone building of an organization that can do things better than others. Firestone advantages attract and hold best men.



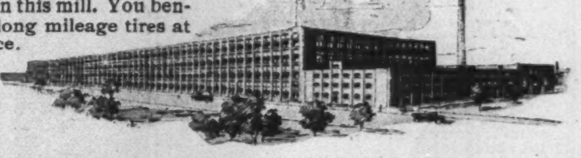
Branch Houses in 63 leading cities serving 42,000 Firestone dealers—wide distribution economically handled, is another reason for extra value in Firestone tires.



THE FIRESTONE PARK TRUST & SAVINGS BANK

Firestone Park Bank—Firestone makes saving easy and alluring. And Firestone has established a Free Insurance Fund. Men with assured futures work better. You benefit in extra mileage.

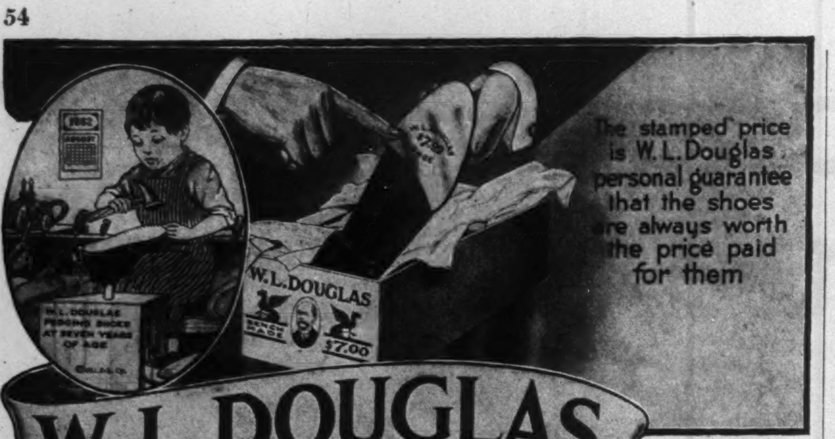
Fabric Mill—To insure the best without having to add a premium to price of tires and to get uniform quality and supply, Firestone invested in this mill. You benefit in long mileage tires at low price.



This is the

Firestone

year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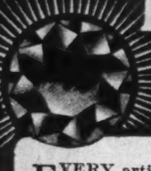

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Ruts — *Continued from page 14*

who has accomplished something pauses to look back at his career and, in doing that, to regard himself with admiring eyes. The tragedy comes when this self-admiration, being too prolonged, throws him into a rut.

"His self-admiration is so great that he sees no reason for much more mental labor. He doesn't admit it to himself consciously; but subconsciously he's wrought his ruin. It's easy to understand: he who is wasting much of his time thinking in glowing terms of what he *has* done will never again put in all his time planning what he *will* do. Hasn't his brain worked perfectly for years? Of course! And it will keep on working perfectly. He knows it!

"It doesn't take long for this complacency to change into expectancy, still subconscious, that the world will, so to speak, hand him success and money on a platter. It is characteristic of human beings that, when they proudly review their accomplishments, they underestimate the tremendous labor which was the price of those achievements. That is one of our clever little ways of puffing up our vanity.

"The end is obvious. Having forgotten that hard work was essential, your man skips nimbly one step further: he won't have to work hard to accomplish even bigger things in the future. The world's incessant changes, the challenge of competition, the accidents averted by a hair's-breath — didn't he 'beat' all that yesterday, a year ago, twenty years ago? Yes, he did; he did it easily! And he'll continue to do it — easily!

"That's how his unconscious mental mechanisms work; those are the wheels which, without his perceiving them clearly, put him into a rut."

Slouchiness of the mind becomes a habit with amazing suddenness. Observation of self will show you how rapidly the mental grooves are formed, particularly such grooves as "letting things slide" or refusal to hold one thread of thought for a considerable length of time. There are psychologists who contend that a man, having entertained the same thought for a few months, will be dominated by it unconsciously for the rest of his life. The suggestion is at least enough to emphasize the dangers of ruts.

A frequent complaint is that "old men work in ruts." If they do, it is a self-indulgence, not a necessity. No healthy man of sixty or seventy should stagnate. Old-age wonders outnumber "child-wonders" ten to one.

Here are several: John Burroughs, the naturalist, eighty-two, still roaming through virgin forests and writing books; Alexander Graham Bell, seventy-two and working every day; the Frenchman, de Saint Aulaire, who at seventy began to write poetry described by critics as "full of fire"; Cato, who at eighty learned Greek; Isaak Walton, "on his job" at eighty-six.

Fontenelle achieved a record guaranteed to rebuke the middle-aged slackers. At ninety-nine, he had lost much of his memory power, but his sparkling wit survived. "I am about to decamp," he said, "and have sent my heavy baggage on before!"

But there are occasions when climbing out shows higher courage than a lifetime untouched by acquaintance with ruts.

A North Carolinian had taught school eleven years. He went home one evening and found his wife and older daughter weeping. The daughter could not attend a dance that night because she had nothing suitable to wear.

Those tears illuminated his rut, made the hardships of his wife and three daughters stand out for the first time in sharp relief. Next morning he resigned his place as teacher and got a job inspecting lumber. He became a buyer for a lumber dealer. Two years later he joined a man who put up the capital; the former teacher did the inspecting, buying and selling.

When the first year of this partnership ended, each had a profit of $5,238. The one-time teacher, however, had planned bigger operations. He had been selling eight grades of lumber to nearby factories and builders.

"But," he told his partner, "we can do better, find bigger markets."

"How?" The partner was not optimistic.

"Hire an inspector, a buyer and a stenographer — and — bookkeeper. Then, let me develop the selling end. The western furniture factories send us lists of the stuff they want every month. I'll keep track of that — and say! What about Belgium and France? There's no limit to what they'll buy! Let's sell 'em all the stuff in this state — add red gum, birch and cherry to our list."

After long argument, the partner agreed — and the man who had taught school for five hundred dollars a year, working in harvest fields in summer for extra wages, let loose his energy.

"Our enlarged American trade," he told me recently, "will bring me eighteen thousand dollars this year. The European should yield half as much as the American."

Men know that the business rut invites disaster; but not all of them can detect the beginning of their own descent. Does the ringing of the cash register next-door spur you to new ideas to attract trade, or does it merely drive you to hatred of your competitor? Do you read, or impatiently throw away, advertisements offering to teach you "better selling talk"? If you are a professional man, are you losing your old clients? Are you invited as often as formerly to read a paper at the annual convention? Are your fees as large as they were?

These and similar queries, if you answer them fairly, will show in what direction you are headed. And here is a good thing for you to remember: the cost of avoiding ruts can never be too high, because the cost of getting into them is failure.

Life's business cannot be operated like Mr. Walker D. Hines' railroads. If you beat the game, your energy must keep away from all side-tracks and all terminal facilities. To win is to keep going. And to date, nobody has won a high-jump medal by standing flat-footed on the grass.

You know the great truth. Success comes only to them who rush out to meet it. The clock of achievement never runs down. It is set to a heart-breaking schedule: it demands from you perpetual motion of the brain — perpetual motion as long as you are on this terrestrial job!

Settling down in a rut in business, in the professions, in the shops, in the arts, is an inexcusable imitation of the cowardly invalid who, weary of fighting disease, draws the counterpane to his chin, turns his face to the wall — and passes out.

But to the man who has been overcome for a moment by the fierceness of the conflict, there comes this consoling knowledge: he who refuses to drink the poison of yesterday's defeats finds the everlasting fire in the crimson glory of to-day's rising sun. And with that fire he can put the torch to all the barricades of idleness, to all the bonds of sloth.

He can achieve!

The Stylish Life — *Continued from page 7*

young man taking leave of his daughter at the door. The young man had just begun to descend the steps and, at the sight of Radin, he blushed. Radin seized him by the arm and bestowed upon him what he thought was a bantering smile but which, to an impartial observer, appeared as nothing more than a broad grin.

"Now, you ain't going to run away like that," he said. "When I was young we didn't call on young ladies at this hour without staying for dinner. You just come into the house."

"But Leah said —" the young man began.

"Never mind what Leah said," persisted Radin. "I'm the boss here." He led the visitor past his astonished daughter into the hallway and closed the door. Then, after he had kissed his daughter,

"Leah," he said, "why don't you introduce me to Mr. Fishel regular?" His daughter stared at him in amazement.

"That isn't Mr. Fishel," she said. "That's David. David Epstein. Don't you remember him, papa?"

Radin's countenance underwent a change.

CONGOLEUM Gold Seal ART-RUGS

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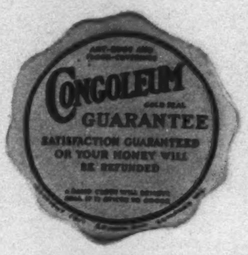

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED

Look for this Gold Seal

When you go to a store to buy a Congoleum Gold-Seal Art-Rug be sure you get *genuine* Congoleum bearing the Gold-Seal Guarantee reading:

"Satisfaction guaranteed or your money will be refunded."

"What a beautiful Rug!"

"YES, isn't it a beauty! It's a Congoleum Art-Rug. It's nine by twelve feet and I paid only nineteen dollars for it!"

"No! Only *nineteen dollars?*"

"Yes; and you have no idea how convenient it is and how much time and work it saves me. You see it doesn't gather grime or dirt at all. To keep it clean all I have to do is to go over it with a damp mop.

"And see how it stays down. It doesn't curl up at the edges, and the children don't kick it up as they did my old rugs. It always lies flat, just as you see it—no; it isn't fastened down."

"How do you suppose it will wear?"

"Oh, they wear *splendidly*. I've had one in my bedroom for over a year. Isn't this a beautiful pattern? Don't you love the soft colors?"

"Yes; and I like the way it fits into your room."

. . . .

That's the way women talk when they get acquainted with Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rugs. They come in various sizes and patterns, so that you can find a size and pattern for any room where a moderate-priced rug is required.

Popular Sizes: Popular Prices

Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rugs are a great "find" for women who wish to cover their floors attractively at small expense.

6 x 9 feet	$ 9.75	9 x 9 feet	$14.25
7½ x 9 feet	11.85	9 x 10½ feet	16.60
9 x 12 feet	$19.00		

The Gold-Seal (shown above) is pasted on the face of every genuine Congoleum Art-Rug and on every two yards of the roll floor-covering. It is your protection against inferior and unsatisfactory imitations of Congoleum. *We mean every word of this guarantee and will positively stand behind it.* Be sure to look for this Gold Seal, and if you do not find it, *insist* on seeing the name "Congoleum" which is stamped on the back.

Color Charts Free

Send your name and address to the nearest branch office for a copy of the latest Rug chart showing the full assortment of patterns in the actual colors. We also have color folders illustrating the other Congoleum Floor-Coverings. State which you want.

Prices in the Far West and South average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

Congoleum Company
INCORPORATED
PHILADELPHIA :: SAN FRANCISCO :: CHICAGO

The rug on the floor is Congoleum Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 361. The 6 x 9 foot size retails at $9.75.

Millions of Germs

Breed in Tooth Film —Keep It Off

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Film Wrecks the Teeth

THAT slimy film which you feel with your tongue causes most tooth troubles. The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. In crevices and elsewhere that film clings. That is why your brushing fails to keep teeth white, free from tartar, clean and safe.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So all these troubles have been increasing despite the wide use of the tooth brush.

Dental science, after years of search, has found a film combatant. Able authorities have amply proved this by careful clinical tests. Leading dentists everywhere now urge its daily use.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we offer a 10-Day Tube free now to everyone for home tests.

See the Results, Then Decide

The results of Pepsodent are quickly apparent. Some are instant. We ask you to see them—watch them ten days—then decide for yourself about them.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. The inventor has been granted patents by five governments already. It is that invention which makes possible this efficient film combatant.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product— Sold by Druggists Everywhere

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO., Dept. 682
1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name..

Address..

Send this Coupon for a 10-Day Tube

Use like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

This test is most important. Cut out the coupon now.

He surveyed the young man from head to foot with what he meant to be a haughty stare.

"Who are you?" he asked. "And what do you want?" The young man's embarrassment, strangely enough, seemed to have entirely vanished. He was actually smiling.

"I guess you don't remember me," he said. "I work for my uncle, Mr. Epstein, the butcher, on Rivington Street. I used to bring meat to your house. And —" he hesitated for a moment, "I guess you might as well know it. I'm a little bit crazy about Leah."

Radin promptly opened the door.

"We don't need any meat," he said. "When we do, I'll let you know."

"Good-bye, David!" cried Leah, after him.

"Look here," said Radin, when the door had closed upon the young man. "How long has this been going on?"

"Oh, about a month," said Leah, airily.

"You mean to say," asked her father, "you've been letting a cheap, East Side, low-life butcher come here without telling me about it?"

"There was nothing to tell," said Leah, calmly. "If he had asked me to marry him I would have told you. He isn't cheap. And he isn't low-life. And we came from the East Side ourselves — only a few weeks ago. And the butcher business is just as good as the clothing business. And you needn't stand there making faces at me, because I think I'm very lucky to have such a handsome and smart boy call on me."

"Well, it's all over now," said her father, determinedly. "That — what-d'ye-call-it — romance business ain't stylish any more. If he comes around again I'll tell the servants to kick him out."

Leah merely smiled. It would be a pleasing task to describe Leah if the beauty of a young girl budding into womanhood could possibly be described. She was of that oriental type so common among the women of her race, her features and her bearing of languorous grace, the heritage of forefathers who had lived amid Biblical scenes. To gaze upon her reminded one of the Canticle: "Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn. . . . Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet. . . . Thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks." Verily, she was fair. "Thy speech," adds the Canticle, "is comely." Here the description of Leah must end abruptly. Leah's speech had been formed by inheritance from and association with her father and was inclined to border on the peppery.

LEAH'S father obtained ample demonstration of this fact the very next day. Mr. Fishel's son called him on the telephone to thank him for his invitation to dinner.

"And if you have no objection," he said, "I'd like to come to-night."

The cordiality of Radin's assent probably surprised the young man. Fishel, junior, proved to be a rather ordinary-looking person, exquisitely dressed, somewhat pale and delicate, with eyeglasses and painfully correct manners.

"My! But he's stylish!" was Radin's first thought. When Leah came down to dinner her father was delighted with the graceful manner in which she greeted the guest. What delighted him even more was the unmistakable expression of Fishel's face as he followed every gesture of the girl. But Radin's delight was short-lived.

"Are you fond of boxing?" Leah suddenly asked the young man.

"Why-er-no, to tell the truth," he replied. "I don't care much for violent exercise." Leah turned to her father.

"David got into a fight the other day with a policeman and punched him in the eye," she said. "He was arrested and the judge let him go. He said it served the policeman right."

"Who is David?" asked Fishel.

"He's a low-life East Side butcher," cried Radin, red with mortification. "Leah, I'm surprised you should mention his name."

"He's a very dear friend of mine," said Leah, calmly. "His uncle has a big butcher shop on Rivington Street. People have to eat meat, you know."

Radin turned to Fishel with a smile.

"Don't mind what she says. She hasn't begun to forget the people she used to know when she was little. But it'll be all right. When a young lady grows up she gets stylish like a duck goes in the water."

Leah occupied herself with turning her fork over and over again.

"Mr. Fishel," she said, suddenly, "were you born in Russia, on the East Side, or stylish?"

Mr. Fishel turned very red.

"I was born on the East Side," he said. "But that was a long time ago. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing," she said. "Papa was born in Russia. I was born on the East Side. Papa used to peddle on Hester Street, you know. He had three push-carts. I used to ride on one when I was a little girl."

Radin felt himself choking.

"Don't bother about what she says. She gets these tantrums sometimes. You know how it is about girls."

"Oh, I don't know," said Fishel, soothingly. "I think the East Side is all right. I'm never ashamed that I used to live over there. But, of course, I don't go around bragging about it."

"Next week is the Passover," interrupted Radin. "We're going to have a party. Wouldn't you and your father like to come?"

"I'm sure father will be delighted," answered Fishel. "As far as I'm concerned," — he beamed upon Leah — "I'd love to come every night. We had a funny thing happen at our house last Passover. Father got mixed up in some trust scheme and they were trying to serve him with a subpœna. But he always managed to keep out of the way until Passover night when a stranger comes walking into the house and takes the Stranger's seat and sits there through the whole dinner. And just before he left he handed the old gentleman a subpœna."

Leah clapped her hands and her eyes sparkled.

"I think that's a wonderful idea!" she cried. After Fishel had taken his departure, her father turned to her with a malicious smile.

"The way you treated that young fellow," he said, "was rotten. And I know just what you got in your mind about the Passover business. If that low-life butcher comes to the door he's going to get kicked down the stairs."

He called upon Marks the next morning to invite him to the Passover feast. He even took him into his confidence to the extent of telling him what had happened the evening before. Marks shook his head.

"I wouldn't let it," he said. "That's all foolish business. When you get mixed up with them East Siders it always makes trouble. Stick to your own set. That's my motto."

"Maybe when you come on Passover you can say something to Leah about it," asked Radin.

"Sure!" said Marks. "Leave it to me. Girls, you know, is always girls. But when they get older, sometimes, they get some sense."

"And maybe," suggested Radin, meekly, "you could ask some of your friends from the club, too."

"I'll get four or five of the leading members with their wives," said Marks. "Leave it to me. I'll get stylish ones, too."

David Epstein was sitting with a friend in a coffee-house on the East Side pouring out the tale of his misfortunes. He had described Leah a dozen times and an elderly woman, sipping her tea alone at a table behind him, had heard and had smiled.

"And that slob of a father that she's got," he exclaimed, "won't let me go near her just because I'm from the East Side and he lives up-town."

"What's the old man's name?" asked his friend.

"Radin," replied David. "Morris Radin."

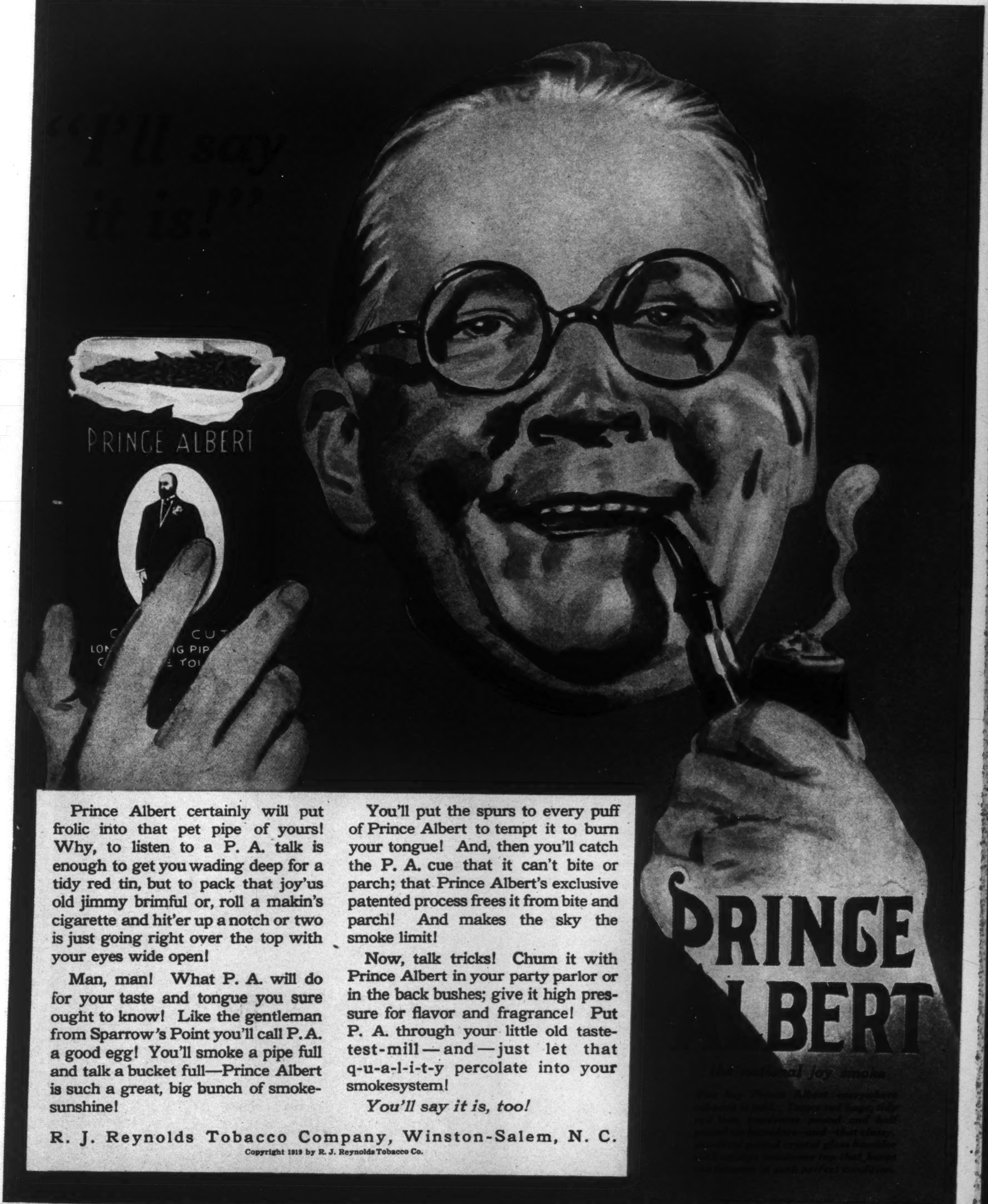
Neither of them noticed that the woman behind David gave a sudden start nor that she followed every word that she could hear of their conversation, after that, with the most intense eagerness. But, as they were leaving the coffee-house she beckoned David toward her.

"I couldn't help hearing everything you said," she began. "If the Mr. Radin you were talking about is the one I have in mind maybe I can help you. What does he look like?"

David stared in amazement. It would be useless to attempt to describe his emotions for the simple reason that he did not have any. He was completely dumfounded.

"He's short and thin and bald," he began to stammer, mechanically. The woman nodded.

"That's the one," she said, with a smile. "And the girl's name is Leah, isn't it? Yes; I thought so. Now I'll give you my address and if you will bring her to see me to-morrow I think I may be of some help to you. My name is Mrs. Markovitch. You'll bring the girl to-morrow, won't you?" [*Continued on page 59*]



Prince Albert certainly will put frolic into that pet pipe of yours! Why, to listen to a P. A. talk is enough to get you wading deep for a tidy red tin, but to pack that joy'us old jimmy brimful or, roll a makin's cigarette and hit'er up a notch or two is just going right over the top with your eyes wide open!

Man, man! What P. A. will do for your taste and tongue you sure ought to know! Like the gentleman from Sparrow's Point you'll call P. A. a good egg! You'll smoke a pipe full and talk a bucket full—Prince Albert is such a great, big bunch of smoke-sunshine!

You'll put the spurs to every puff of Prince Albert to tempt it to burn your tongue! And, then you'll catch the P. A. cue that it can't bite or parch; that Prince Albert's exclusive patented process frees it from bite and parch! And makes the sky the smoke limit!

Now, talk tricks! Chum it with Prince Albert in your party parlor or in the back bushes; give it high pressure for flavor and fragrance! Put P. A. through your little old taste-test-mill—and—just let that q-u-a-l-i-t-y percolate into your smokesystem!

You'll say it is, too!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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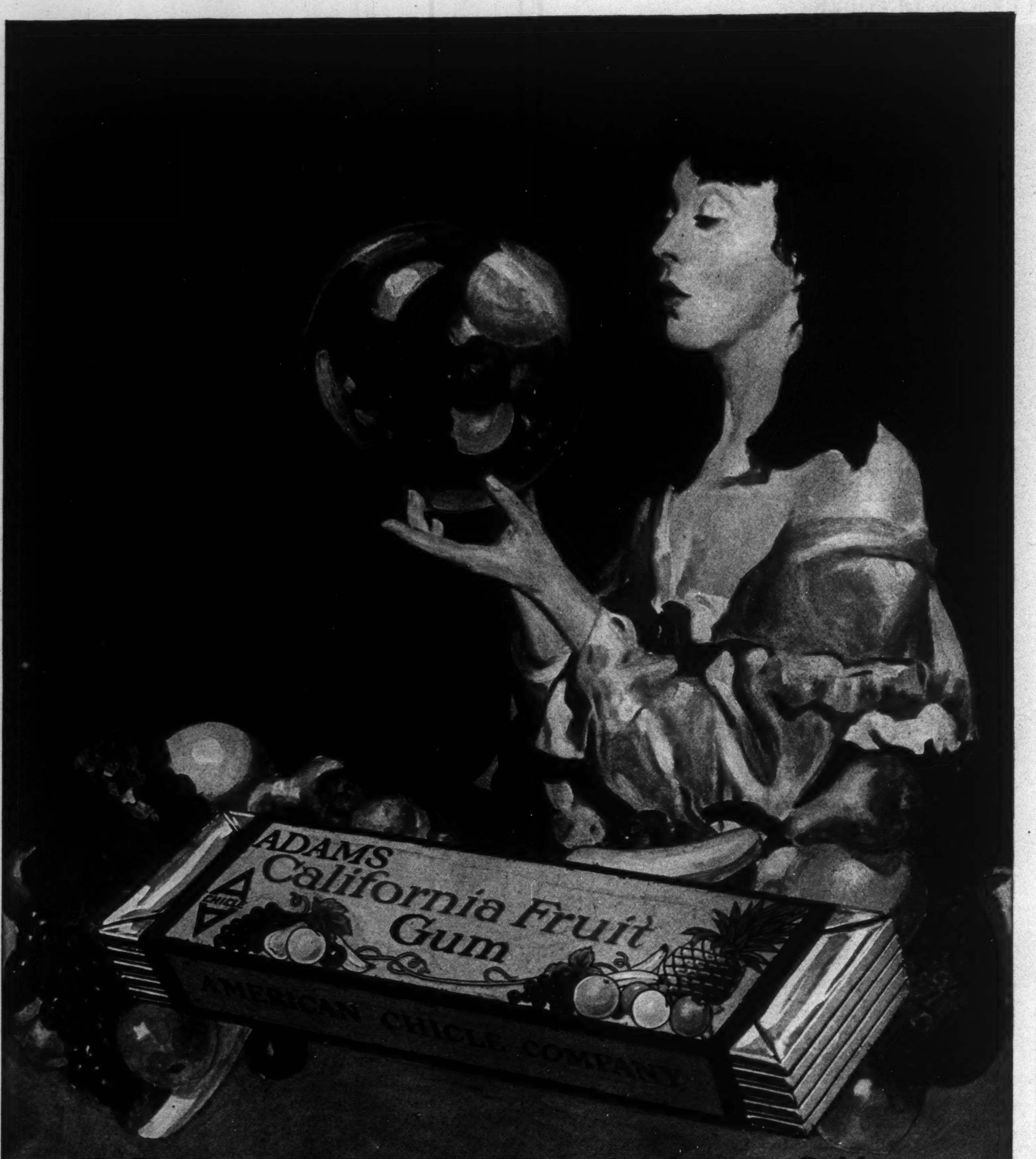
the national joy smoke

You buy Prince Albert everywhere tobacco is sold. Toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.


ADAMS
California Fruit Gum
CHICLE
AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

MISS MABEL NORMAND — the famous Goldwyn comedienne, says — *"I consider Adams California Fruit Chewing Gum the most delightful flavor and prefer it to all others."*

Mabel Normand

Miss Normand is only one of the many famous stars of the screen and the drama who find delight in the fine fruity flavor of Adams California Fruit Chewing Gum.

David stood staring at her and the woman began to laugh.

"Dear me! You make me nervous," she said. "What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing," said David, finding his tongue, "only you pop up like a fairy in a book and it sort of paralyzed me. What will you say to Leah if I ——"

"Now be a nice boy," said the woman, smiling, "and don't ask any questions. You and Leah come to see me to-morrow and you will understand everything."

And when David gazed into her eyes — eyes that must once have been beautiful but that now seemed merely a repository of life-long grief, even when she smiled — he knew that the woman was sincere.

"I'll telephone her right away," he said. "And I don't know how to thank you."

When, the next day, he brought Leah to call upon Mrs. Markovitch, he was somewhat nettled to see her lead the girl into another room.

"You just stay there a while," the elder woman said, with a smile. "The young lady can tell you all she likes afterward."

It was into her bedroom that Mrs, Markovitch led Leah. And, the moment they were alone, she laid her hands on the girl's shoulders and smiled into her eyes.

"It's a funny world," she said. "Just by accident I heard your father's name mentioned by that young man of yours yesterday and here I am," she hesitated a moment — "going to tell you all my secrets. I knew your father in Galicia. That was long before he married. And — I know it's hard to believe — but he used to think he was in love with me."

Leah's intuition leaped to an impending revelation of a tragedy and her thought shone so clearly in her eyes that the woman laughed.

"No, my dear," she said, "you're not going to hear anything that will ever worry you. You will laugh. He really didn't care for me, excepting in a boy's way and I — well, I hardly ever gave him a thought. But he wrote me so many silly letters that I always remembered him and I have kept every one of them. So I thought that if I let you see them, maybe you could tell your father that you can manage your own love affairs as well as he could."

And then they talked. After which they talked more. Following which, they continued to talk.

"Do you know," said David, when Leah appeared in the parlor, "that I've been waiting two hours?" Leah's eyes were shining.

"Really?" she said.

When a girl says "Really?" with the proper drawl, a man's mind usually ceases to work.

Radin's Passover party is still remembered up-town. Marks, true to his word, brought five of the leading members of the Parnassus Club with their wives. Several of Radin's friends were there — up-town friends, of course — and Leah looked radiant. The East Side never saw such a splendid table as was set that night, all a-glitter with silver and crystal and brilliant napery. And the vacant chair was there — the chair which must always be kept for Elijah, the prophet, at the Passover feast. It is called the chair for the Stranger because no one can be ablutely sure in what guise Elijah will come and, as no one wishes to take any chances, any stranger who drops in on that evening is held inviolate. Radin, however, had given orders to his servants that if a young man of medium height, with red cheeks and bright, brown eyes presented himself at the door, he was to be kicked down the steps.

Young Mr. Fishel, in spotless evening array, sat beside Leah and told her the whole story of how he had once been introduced to a genuine English nobleman. Radin was trying to impress Marks's friends with his desirability as a member of the Parnassus Club. And then David Epstein entered the room.

Leah sprang from her chair to greet him and, with his hand clasped in hers, presented him to the gathering.

"Father does not approve of Mr. Epstein," she said, "because he lives on the East Side. But to-night we all have to welcome any stranger who comes."

As she led him to the Stranger's chair the guests turned to look at Radin. He had grown very red and seemed on the point of having apoplexy.

"Keep cool!" whispered Marks.

"I should keep cool when a low-life butcher comes into my house?" cried Radin. "How did he get in?"

"He came down from the roof," answered Leah, calmly. "Mr. Marks's servants were kind enough to let him go up on their roof and I told him to cross over to ours and walk down-stairs. He came to see me on business. We're writing a book together."

"How interesting!" exclaimed one of the women at the table.

"Won't you read to us that last chapter you wrote?" asked Leah, turning to David with an innocent smile. "The one where the man makes love to the girl."

"Sure," said David and, drawing some manuscript from his pocket, he began to read:

"All night I can't sleep because I keep thinking about your eyes. Before I went to bed I wrote a poem about them which is the first poem I ever wrote.

"No star shining in the skies
Is as bright as Sarah's eyes."

"Say!" cried Radin, "where did you get that?" All his guests looked at him. He was blushing furiously and seemed in a perfect tumult of vexation and embarrassment.

"Leah and I just thought it out," replied David. "There's one poem about 'all the roses in the world rolled into one.' Would you like me to read it?"

Marks was slowly rubbing his chin and gazing at the table-cloth. The guests all felt that they were witnessing a mysterious scene whose meaning they could not grasp. Then Marks turned to his host.

"It's Passover night," he said, "and he's here. Tell him to eat his dinner."

Radin drew a long breath.

"Go ahead and eat, Mr. Epstein," he said. "We don't care to hear any more reading."

"We've got some love letters that we're going to put in the book," said Leah. "But the book won't be published for a long time."

"Not until after we're married," said David.

The guests tried to avoid looking at one another. Young Mr. Fishel occupied himself with tracing designs on the table-cloth with his fork. Leah surveyed her father's guests with a calm smile.

"Papa thinks he isn't going to give his consent," she said, "but he is."

THE door-bell rang.

"Papa always had a kind heart," Leah went on, "until he took it into his head to become stylish. An honest heart is better than all the stylishness in the world. And it's better to be poor than to be mean. Isn't it, Mr. Marks?"

But Mr. Marks did not answer. His face, pale and convulsed with rage, was turned toward the door where stood Mrs. Markovitch. Both Leah and David advanced toward her and led her to the table. Without a word Marks rose from his seat and strode out of the room.

"Papa," said Leah, "this is Mrs. Markovitch. You used to know her long ago, didn't you?"

The guests were speechless. Radin's feelings compassed almost the entire gamut of human emotions and they were too tumultuous and chaotic for any one ever to undertake to describe them.

"Don't you remember me, Morris?" asked Mrs. Markovitch. The light of recognition began to dawn in Radin's eyes. Some of the guests began to smile. They were all highly embarrassed but were struggling bravely to conceal their feelings. And then, suddenly, Leah rose from her seat, threw her arm around Mrs. Markovitch, laid a hand upon David's curling hair and laughed — a somewhat strained laugh.

"You people probably don't know it," she said, "but Mrs. Markovitch is Mr. Marks's wife. Oh, yes. He takes care of her. He supports her as long as she is willing to stay on the East Side and not bother him. She isn't stylish enough to suit him. He's so stylish that he changed his name. But I'm thanking God I'm not stylish. I'd rather be a street pedler on Avenue A than live on Fifth Avenue and belong to your clubs and be stylish with a heart like Mr. Marks's. He'll look after his wife all right. If he doesn't, David and I will. And papa will help us. Papa used to be a pedler on the East Side. But he always had a good heart."

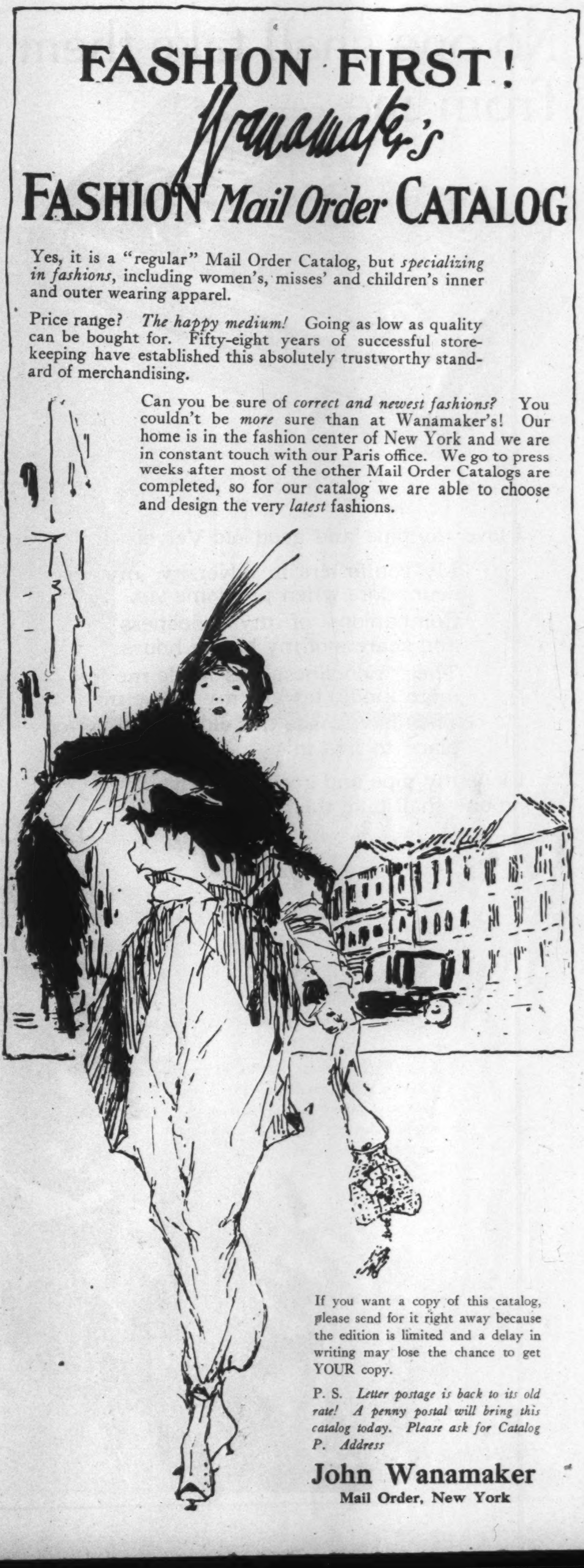
And then, impulsively, she ran toward her father, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

It was close to midnight. David and Leah had been standing in the hallway for nearly half an hour taking farewell of each other. Mrs. Markovitch rose from the parlor sofa and, with a laugh, held out her hand.

"I'm sorry you got to go," said Radin. "It's so nice to talk about old times."

And, after a moment's hesitation, "I guess I used to be a pretty big fool," he added.

"Used to be?" asked Mrs. Markovitch, with quite a young laugh.



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Price range? *The happy medium!* Going as low as quality can be bought for. Fifty-eight years of successful storekeeping have established this absolutely trustworthy standard of merchandising.

Can you be sure of *correct and newest fashions?* You couldn't be *more* sure than at Wanamaker's! Our home is in the fashion center of New York and we are in constant touch with our Paris office. We go to press weeks after most of the other Mail Order Catalogs are completed, so for our catalog we are able to choose and design the very *latest* fashions.

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I love my pipe and good old Velvet—
My comforters in adversity, my wise
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Companions of my loneliness
and sharers of my happy hours.
Their friendliness has made me feel
more kindly toward my fellow men.
They have made this old world a better
place to live in.
I love my pipe and good old Velvet;
no one shall take them from me.

Velvet Joe.

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Pells Will Be Pells

[*Continued from page 24*]

out of the game and the magnates were on the point of disbanding the league after the Reds had raised their triumphant pennant. Luckily, though, news of the Armistice came in November and baseball was saved.

With the new year came a scramble for players. Contracts were rushed to the more able of the veterans and urgent requests were made to the army for the early release of soldier players.

In the spring the teams lined up and the season opened with unusual enthusiasm. The sporting pages fairly bristled with daily advices of the arrival of this and that youngster, returned from the War. Baseball scribes had abundant material to keep things humming and the sport was once more on its feet, basking in a new popularity.

There was a grand, enthusiastic opening at the home grounds and the Champion Reds were on their first trip around the circuit. The club was not over-jubilant. An even break was the best they got in the first two towns and they were now on their way to Binville, the toughest spot in the league. So far the Reds had not looked like champions.

It being a rainy day and no game the team was traveling in the afternoon, scheduled to make Binville that night. Several players who already had done their turn had gone on ahead. In this lot was Benny Pell, scheduled to pitch the first game.

The remainder of the players, those on the train, spent the afternoon in the smoking compartment playing cards. Manager Meloney, finding little interest in watching this, took a walk through the train. Up forward was a through sleeper from New York and in that there was a possibility of finding some old acquaintance.

Entering the New York car Jimmy stopped petrified with astonishment.

There, stretched out across a seat, partly dressed in the uniform of a U. S. soldier, lay the form of Braxton Beaureguard Pell — Old Pokey — sound asleep!

WHEN Meloney had recovered sufficiently to take his eye off the sleeping, windburned face, he observed an overseas cap on the floor. Instead of leggins and breeches he also noted that Pokey wore long khaki trousers. On the front of a uniform coat hung on a hook Jimmy's eye caught the color of a small ribbon. It was the D. S. C., which by this time he had learned to recognize.

Moving forward, the manager approached the sleeping soldier. His hand was outstretched to wake Pell when he suddenly withdrew it. He recalled that he had orders to notify the draft board the moment he learned the whereabouts of the missing ballplayer. Should he obey the telegraphic instructions that he had received nearly a year before or should he first seek an explanation?

As he stood there hesitating, the sleeping form turned into a more comfortable position, and as it did a pair of keen gray eyes opened slowly and gazed straight into those of the manager. For a second there was the stare of one half awake, and Pokey's face slowly broke into a grin.

"Hello, Jimmy," he said drowsily, "I wuz dreamin' that I wuz on the old Reds' bench, sound asleep. How goes it?"

"You were asleep," answered Meloney, "but not on the old bench, and I don't think you ever will be. Where are you headed?"

Pokey Pell pulled himself together, got his six foot of soldier into a sitting position and regarded the manager with an intent look.

"Why, I'm headed for your office, lookin' for a job. How's the gang?"

"The gang's all right," answered Jimmy suspiciously. "But what are you doing in that uniform?"

"It's the only thing I've got. They didn't give us no dress suits or baseball uniforms when we left France."

"You been in France?"

"Sure, where'd you think I been?"

"Well, I'm not so sure. Where'd you get that ribbon over there — that D. S. C.?"

"Oh, that thing. Well, you see, a feller come round with a wagonload to distribute one day an' as I happened to be workin' right near they made me take one so as to help him git rid uv 'em. It's purty, ain't it?"

"Is that a wound stripe on that coat sleeve?" inquired Jimmy, not quite sure as to how much he was being kidded.

"Naw, 'tain't exactly no wound. Some Boche bored a hole through the meaty part o' my leg one day jes' to let the air in — but it don't bother me none in pitchin', ef that's whut you mean. Only thing is it makes me wear these long, loose pants for awhile."

During this cross examination Meloney was thinking hard. Finally he made up his mind.

"Listen, Pokey, you lay there an' go right back to sleep. There may be some trouble for you before night, so I'm not goin' to tip the other players off that you're here. The club is back in the rear car. We'll be in Binville in an hour or so an' you get off there with me. Do you get me?"

"Jes' as you say, Jimmy. Whutever the trouble is I reck'n we kin tackle it."

"By the way, Pokey, why didn't you write to somebody?"

"Writin' ain't my long suit, Jimmy," answered Pokey with a smile. "Besides, I ain't got nobody to write to. You know I ain't got no Pa, Ma, sisters or brothers. They think I'm no 'count down in that town uv mine 'cause I'm a ball-player, and I wouldn' send 'em a letter to save their lives. The only friends I've got that I know uv is you an' Benny Pell an' his family."

"Uhuh," grunted the manager, sympathetic but not completely convinced. "Now, Pokey, you stay right here till I come back."

And Pell resumed his nap.

At the next stop Meloney wired the President of the Draft Board to meet him at the hotel in Binville; that his business was imperative and confidential.

As the train neared the destination Meloney went back to the New York sleeper, where he found Pokey spruced up and ready for departure.

"I don't get this thing at all," Meloney informed him. "But you are goin' to get an even break. When we get to the station you take a private cab an' go straight to the hotel. Tell the clerk to give you one of the ball-club rooms that are held in reserve. If he recognizes you tell him to keep his mouth shut till I get there."

Pokey signified his willingness to obey these instructions and gathered his things together.

Jeremiah Evans, President of the Draft Board, was waiting for Meloney in the lobby. He was plainly puzzled over the mysterious telegram.

"I've got Pokey Pell," Meloney confided to him without preliminaries. Thereupon Mr. Evans got excited and hurriedly sent a messenger for his papers.

"He's here in this hotel," Jimmy informed him. "And, say, you don't mind if my club gets a little advertising out of this?"

Mr. Evans could think of no objections, especially as he was about to run for Congress himself.

"All right," announced Meloney. "Notify all the local scribes to be here in a half hour. I will tip off Hype Adair and the other two fellers traveling with my club."

Forty minutes later Jimmy Meloney got the newspaper men into a corner of the bar and mysteriously told them to follow him and Mr. Evans to Room 154.

"There's quite a story in it for you fellers," he said, "and, remember, that for once Old Jimmy has tipped you off to a good one."

As the forces assembled in the hall outside Room 154 Meloney gave a loud knock on the door. There was no response. He repeated the rap and still there was no answer.

"Trying to kid us, Jimmy?" demanded Hype Adair.

Apprehension began to gnaw at Jimmy and he tried the knob. The door was unlocked. Shoving it open he slowly pushed his form inside and — grinned.

THE famous ballplayer lay on the bed asleep, or pretending to be. As Jimmy observed to his guests afterward, Pokey was surely running true to form.

"Why, it's Pokey Pell," declared Adair, the smiling gang gathering around the bed.

Pokey turned wearily, looked up — and smiled.

"Whut's the idea?" he demanded. "Sheriff's posse, singin' class or sumpin'?"

The visitors were not slow to notice the uniform lying in the corner.

"I guess you may call it a sheriff's posse," announced Mr. Evans, with an attempt at severity. "I am about [*Continued on page 64*]

The Sports Woman

"Outdoors" *and* The Skin:

The keen exhilaration of the Autumn Outdoors has its physical opposites—it promotes the fine, free flowing of the blood, even while it endangers the smoothness, the natural beauty of the skin to wind and sun.

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The constituents of Resinol Soap tend to prevent the spread of facial flaws, to preserve the bloom of the fairest skin, and to present to the world of The Sports Woman (in whatever sphere) the delight of life so enhanced by purity of color and of feature.

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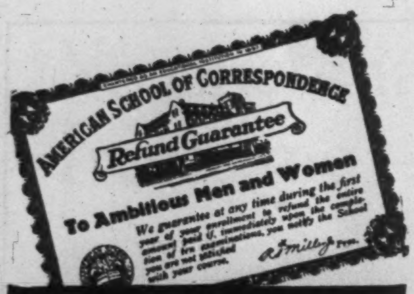
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Ship by Truck

A Transportation System Founded on Facts

by Harvey S. Firestone

WHEN armies, munitions and supplies monopolized all available vehicles, when freight cars had to be loaded to their tonnage capacities, when our inadequate terminals were jammed with cars by the tens of thousands, and when the Government was forced to declare embargoes in a final convulsive effort to keep traffic moving at all, then it was that the possibilities of shipping by motor-truck was driven home to farmers and manufacturers.

But the War is over. Freight cars are no longer bursting, the embargoes have been declared off, and railway traffic departments have come out of their long slumber to solicit business again. Now comes the reconstruction — a period and a process of readjustment. Will the motor-truck continue to demonstrate its possibilities? Can it develop a legitimate peace-time place of its own?

It is conceded that the motor-truck has earned its place in the sun, and that it has a field of operation all its own. Within this field, a motor-truck service can be operated to the profit of the owner and the advantage of the public. Properly organized a motor-truck service can become a permanent and integral part of our system of transportation. It must simply be stabilized and placed on a business basis.

The Automobile Department of McClure's
is edited by
Waldemar Kaempffert
Editor of the Popular Science Monthly

No two territories or sections are identical; therefore no two routes offer exactly parallel problems. Stories picturing in alluring terms the vast tonnage handled by individual operators here and there, and the business achievements of such operators, unaccompanied by facts as to the conditions under which accomplished and the accurate costs thereof, do more harm than good to the motor transportation industry.

The sponsors for the "Ship-by-Truck" movement had kept in close touch with the war-time development of the motor-truck and had visualized it as the great tap root of America's transportation system. To them it had a mission of untold usefulness in the evolution of our commercial supremacy after the War.

The first effort of the "Ship-by-Truck" movement was directed along the line of investigation — to get the real facts of the situation. It was found that records of performance the country over differed with respect to operating conditions and costs. On the other hand, the reports of trained investigators revealed unsuspected uses for motor-truck lines. The field was vast; it justified expert business development. Properly exploited it would expand into the greatest factor in freight transportation since the coming of the railroad, and would, in fact, even amplify the utility of the railroads.

Then followed a national campaign of education and demonstration to bring home generally the vast importance of motor-truck transport. The gospel of "Ship-by-Truck" has spread in sections where its importance was not recognized, by demonstrations of long-distance hauls by trucks over all roads and under all conditions. At the same time data were collected for a great bureau of information with many local branches. A number of big truck fleets were dispatched on Ship-by-Truck expeditions over the country.

Perhaps the most notable of these trips was a 6700-mile jaunt through the south and east, the immediate goal of which was a sectional motor-truck conference at Macon, Georgia. The crowning feature of this meeting was the motor express demonstration organized and led by those responsible for these long-distance trucks.

Four trains of sixty motor-trucks each were assigned to routes radiating fifty miles out of Macon. Loaded to capacity, the trucks departed to deliver goods of various kinds to farmers and merchants along the routes, picking up return loads on their trips back to Macon.

It was a most impressive sight, — a wonderful object lesson to the people of that section — those long trains of loaded trucks headed for the rural districts, while freight cars bursting with perishable fruits and other "rush" consignments stood on sidings, block after block, waiting for orders, held up by congestion in the yards, lack of engines and other causes so well known to shippers.

Everywhere these truck fleets were received with enthusiasm. In every section, people confessed that their eyes had been opened to the real possibilities of shipping by truck. All classes were reached and interviewed on these journeys — farmers, merchants, manufacturers, bankers and professional men. And all were agreed as to the future of the motor-truck.

Next came the establishing of a number of Ship-by-Truck bureaus in every section of the country — service bureaus. With these bureaus, the truck owners engaged in inter-city or rural truck haulage are listed. At frequent intervals, the bureaus publish in local papers the names and addresses of the various truck owners, as well as the routes covered.

Competent men, thoroughly familiar with local and national conditions of motor transportation, are in charge of the bureaus. Truck owners file with the bureaus schedules of rates, tonnage capacities of trucks available, return loads information and other data concerning shipping by truck in their territories. And shippers can telephone these bureaus at any time and secure truck operators to handle their shipments. Already sixty of these Ship-by-Truck bureaus have been established in as many different cities.

These bureaus cannot stabilize the trucking industry unaided; but they centralize and set in motion the forces which must inevitably lead to stabilization.

What is the chief advantage of the motor-truck over railroad freight transport? It can go where the railroad cannot. It taps hitherto undeveloped sources of supplies. It eliminates most of the rehandling operations that attend the shipping of goods — the net result being quicker, more economical and more satisfactory deliveries.

In every town are many shipments that can be handled by motor transport better than by railway. To judge whether it will be more to their interest to use the motor-truck or the railroad in any given case, the shipper has but to consult the local Ship-by-Truck bureau. Also, the advertisements appearing regularly in local papers keep the names of truck operators before the public. The idea is to make service stations of the bureaus for both truck owners and shippers. Return-load bureaus will be automatically formed as the work of Ship-by-Truck bureaus broadens and their scope becomes better known.

A division of economic research at the headquarters of the Ship-by-Truck bureaus will gather a great mass of accurate information to be distributed broadcast. Every conceivable economic aspect of motor-truck transport will be studied. When a Ship-by-Truck representative advises a truck operator or a shipper on a certain point, his advice will be based on actual accomplishment.

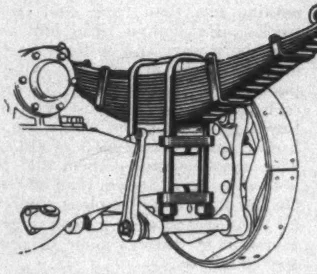
The operator can come to the bureau and learn how to reduce his costs through more efficient operation, and how he can stimulate the volume of his business through the bureau's publicity and advertising. Thus the bureau will operate automatically to the advantage of the operator in enabling him to give better service at lower rates. Educational campaigns will be conducted to show the folly of destructive, cut-throat competition.

Sometime ago in a farming community about twenty-five miles distant from a large city, the trucking rates charged on produce were fifteen cents per hundredweight. Some of the farmers thought that the charge should be reduced. When one or two "tramp" trucks came into the community when ship-

GMC

General Motors Trucks

—In Marketing Livestock



The Springs

GMC Springs, as one unit in the structural plan, are wider, longer, and more sturdy, amply strong to carry the rated load under all road conditions. On the efficient functioning of these Springs, depend long life and flexibility.

This ton-and-a-half GMC Truck earned $3,300 the first year of its operation hauling livestock for its owner, A. C. French, Honey Creek, Ia.

In 250 trips from Honey Creek to the South Omaha stock yards a million pounds of cattle on the hoof were carried—a total mileage of 8,750 miles.

According to the owner's statement, taken from detailed daily records, the total upkeep expense for this first 12 months was $6.90, and the original tires are apparently good for another 12 months.

Still another profitable feature of the performance of this GMC Truck—and one, by the way, which does not appear in the daily record—was the prevention of loss through shrinkage. That alone is a big item.

GMC Trucks are built with every regard for the efficient service shown in this instance—economy of operation, mechanical strength, reliability, endurance and low tire expense.

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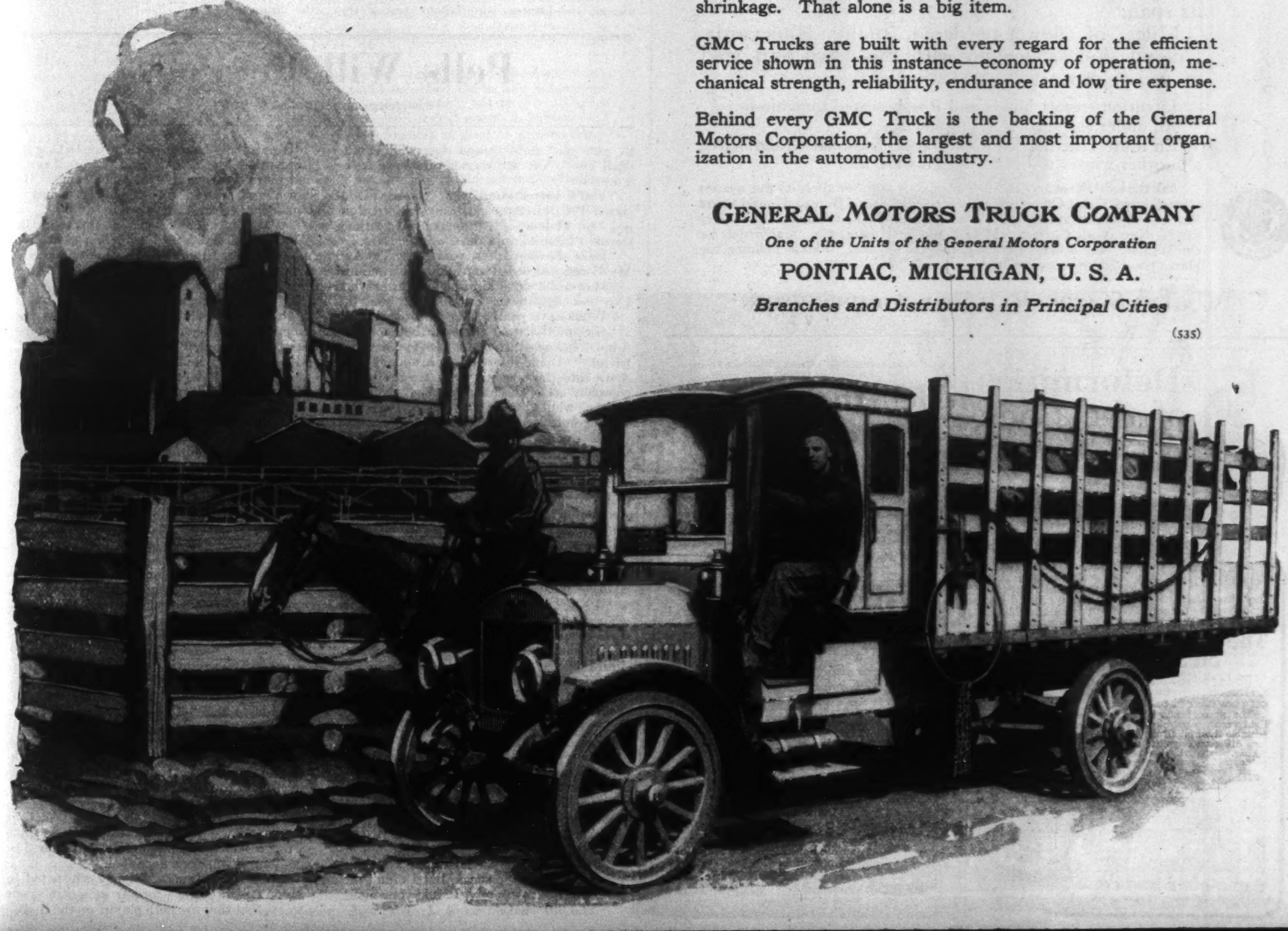

Summer and
its blossoms
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Here children laugh at play, and age lengthens its span.

Miles of flower-bordered, sunlit boulevards. Upland slopes, covered with the green and gold of orange groves.

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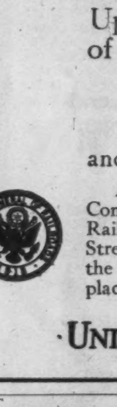

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Greatly benefited or entirely cured by the Philo Burt Method.

The 30,000 cases successfully treated in our experience of over 17 years is absolute proof of this statement.

No matter how serious your deformity, no matter what treatments you have tried, think of the thousands of sufferers *this* method has made well and happy. We will prove the value of the Philo Burt Method in *your* own case.

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The very next time you over-exert yourself, or find an unaccountable lameness in your muscles, or stiffness in your joints, stop at your druggist's on the way home and get a bottle of *Absorbine, Jr.*

Give the affected parts a good stiff rub, using a few drops of the liniment in the palm of the hand, and see how different you feel in the morning.

$1.25 a bottle at your druggist's, or postpaid. Good-sized sample bottle sent on receipt of 10c in stamps.

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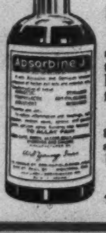

Absorbine Jr.

ments were at their peak and carried full capacity loads at lower rates their impressions were strengthened.

The regular operators had spent several years in developing the business, and they felt that the charges were fair, especially in view of the seasonal fluctuations in the volume of their business. At a conference of operators and shippers, it was decided that a trained investigator from the Ship-by-Truck bureau was to make a survey of the situation with especial reference to the matter of rates, costs of operation, volume of business from month to month, character of service rendered, etc. From his unbiased investigation it transpired that the regular operators were not charging enough. After studying the field thoroughly, the investigator called a meeting of the interested shippers. He itemized the cost of service, and the considerable fluctuation in volume of business, and demonstrated the impossibility of rendering a regular daily service at the rate charged by the "tramp" concerns. Further, he pointed out that the shippers would be left without service during seasons of the year when capacity loads were not carried regularly — if "tramp" service alone were to be depended upon. In conclusion he contrasted the character of service rendered to the community by the regular operators and by the "tramps."

The effect of that frank discussion was eye-opening. If the investigator had not been qualified both by training and experience to make a thorough investigation to present the facts from every angle, the operators of the trucks would practically have been forced to abandon a business which it had taken a long time to develop, and the community would have been left without service. Facts saved the day.

In another section, a group of men decided to establish a route between two large cities fifty miles apart. The country between was devoted largely to fruit and garden-truck growing. Unquestionably the territory was a rich field of opportunity for a motor-truck line. The organizers of the enterprise were not without experience in operating trucks among the farmers roundabout during the busy seasons. But they had kept no accurate records of costs. They first thought of using one and one-half ton trucks. Very wisely they discussed the proposed route with a Ship-by-Truck representative who knew the costs of operating similar routes in other territories. The truck men saw that they were proceeding on an erroneous basis and that their costs had been calculated upon a route about twenty miles shorter. Instead of making a round trip daily, the actual running time and the time allowed for delivering and for picking up return loads would have occupied two full days. Moreover, it developed in the course of the investigation that they had underestimated such items as depreciation, annual overhaul and tire costs. For instance, they had figured on one set of tires lasting an entire year, which would have meant about 22,000 miles — entirely possible but hardly a substantial basis of calculation. Other items they had overlooked entirely.

The bureau representative proved that there was more tonnage to be moved than they had estimated, provided they could render a commensurate service. He developed a plan for increasing the volume of tonnage, advising them to commence with nothing less than three and one-half ton trucks. He showed them how to get full loads both ways and outlined a pick-up and delivery service at terminals, which made it possible for them to make the round trip each day. As for the cost of operating the three and one-half ton trucks, the organizers had arrived at an estimate of $16.33 per day. The expert convinced them that they could not safely figure on less than $30.00 per day. On the other hand his plans made it possible for them still to make a good return on their investment, whereas their original scheme spelled failure.

In other words, Ship-by-Truck means *service* — a service founded on facts, resting upon a sound economic basis, and dedicated to the stabilization and advancement of a system of motor transportation which bids fair to accomplish more in the development of our country's natural resources than anything since the coming of the "iron horse."

Pells Will Be Pells

[*Continued from page 60*]

to put you under arrest for evading the draft law. You are carried on our books as a deserter."

"You'd better mind whut you say," declared Pell, his eyes glittering with a light new to Meloney. "I'll make you eat them words. I don't keer a durn who you are."

"Here are the papers, young man." And Mr. Evans proceeded to read his instructions.

"How in the devil kin I be a deserter when I've been fightin' in the army?"

"What have you to offer as proof?"

"Gimme that coat there on the floor, Mr. Adair," Pokey called out to his old newspaper friend. Upon receiving it his hand went down into the pocket. Out it came with a complete set of discharge papers.

"An' whut d'ye suppose I got that little ribbon on my coat fur?"

Mr. Evans was closely scanning the official papers.

"Read that other one at the bottom," ordered Pokey. "Whut does it say?"

It was a copy of the citation giving the decoration for extreme bravery under fire and the capture of four members of a German patrol single-handed.

"But here is the draft card that you did not answer," argued Mr. Evans. He took another look at Pokey's papers.

"I see," he observed, "that you are discharged as B. Pell. Your name is Braxton Beaureguard Pell, is it not?"

"It shorely is." That crafty look came into Pokey's face. "But ef I've got to make a confession I want to do it in the presence uv Benny Pell." He added, "I want to admit to you folks right here that I done that feller mighty wrong. Put it in the papers, Mr. Adair, that I done him wrong."

Jimmy Meloney stepped across the hall and brought Benny in. Before the veteran could recover from his surprise and greet his old friend as he would have desired, Mr. Evans began to explain to him the situation.

"And what have I got to do with it?" asked Benny.

"It's this, Benny," answered Pokey. "I acted the part uv a sneak, but I didn't mean no harm by it. Benny, I stole your mail!"

"You did what?"

"I'm talkin' 'bout how come me to beat it. I wuz settin' in the clubhouse by myself early one mornin' when the mailman come. He had a card addressed to Mr. B. Pell and it wuz from the draft board.

"'I reck'n that takes the old fellow to the War,' the mailman said to me, an' that give me a notion in a minute. 'Gimme that card,' I says to him. I knowed it wuz for Benny Pell an' not fur me 'cause my name's B. B. Pell. Besides Benny had registered an' I hadn't. But I 'lowed nobody'd know the difference. Anyhow I wuzn't goin' to stand fur Benny goin' to war an' leavin' that sick wife an' kids behind. So I grabs the card an' skips out. I goes to the place it called fur, down in the other town, an' tells 'em I'm the B. Pell on the card. The next day I'm in the army."

"An' that explains why I never got a card callin' me in the draft," declared Benny, his eyes getting moist.

"Yes, I reck'n that's it. Your name is on the book as havin' gone in the army."

"An' you, old Pal," blurted Benny in a half sob, "are registered as a deserter. You — the gamest guy I ever heard of. You did that for me?"

"But, say, Pokey," inquired Hype Adair, "where does the apology come in?"

All eyes turned inquiringly on the South Carolinian.

"Don't you git it, Mr. Adair, don't you see the point?" answered Pokey. "While I wuz over there havin' all the fun an' gittin' all the credit I wuz actin' under false pretenses. I wuz usin' another man's name an' didn' have nerve ernuf to say so.

"Why, why —" and the big fellow gulped. "Even that medal wuz give out in Benny's name." He glanced fondly at the little ribbon and then, resolutely, "The medal itself is in the side pocket. Take it, Benny. Take it — it's yourn!"

"Pokey— " answered Benny, all shot to pieces, "I was just about to tell these folks what a smart feller you was, but now I'm convinced you are a darn fool."

In the hall Jimmy Meloney whispered to Hype Adair, "Don't forget, in writin' your story, that they are both playin' on the Reds."

How We Loved Them!

Some Unforgettable Boys of the A. E. F.

by Captain Monroe Douglas Robinson

A CURIOUS title perhaps for just a jotting down of unconnected ideas. However, the ideas come surging back continually, more to-day than ever before, because it was a year ago to-day that we left Bordeaux to travel across France to join our Division that was to go into the line at Baccarat.

I doubt very much if many of the great American public understand the relationship between an officer and his men that existed in the A. E. F. It is a relationship hard to describe. They were "your" men. It was up to the officer to see that they were always as well fed as conditions would allow; to see that they were as well billeted as possible; in fact to look after their very smallest reasonable wish. You were always more than well repaid for the very slightest effort you made in their behalf; they grew to trust you, in fact a mutual respect and love grew up that is absolutely impossible to put on paper.

We had been at Camp de Longe near Bordeaux for about six weeks, when orders were issued that two companies of the Motor Battalion of the Ammunition Train should go across France to join our Division, and it was our good fortune to be selected as one of the companies. Excitement was in the air and the men were crazy to go.

My company was the unfortunate one to have a certain unpopular make of truck assigned to it, which caused much wailing and groans.

THESE trucks, in France, were useless for anything that they were intended for. They caused more fluent profanity and a general feeling of discontent than any one other thing in the A. E. F. The steering knuckle never steered. If it was a new one, it broke, and as there were very rarely any new ones, the contrivances used to make the truck go at all were many and ingenious in the extreme. Also, the body of the truck was designed for carrying shells and nothing else. So when we were forced to put on the equipment of 146 men, all the company property and kitchens, there was no place left for the men to ride and they had to hang on anywhere.

Finally, we left and it was a grand feeling to get under way, and everyone was in holiday mood as though going off on a long picnic. It was a picnic, from start to finish.

The peasants in the little villages hung garlands of flowers on the necks of the men and shouted "*Vive les Américains!*" and the men shouted and howled back in reply.

We finally reached Baccarat, after ten days on the road, minus fourteen trucks.

It was on this trip that I first began to know the men, and realize what a wonderful body collectively and individually they were. More unfailing good cheerfulness could not be wished for under the most trying circumstances. If it was pouring rain and they were soaked to the very skin, they laughed, and if the sun was shining and they were festooned with flowers, they laughed.

A company commander naturally has feeling about his various men, and that is only natural, only favoritism cannot be shown.

For pure personal enjoyment and pleasure, and yet with it an intense admiration for him as a soldier and a man, Corporal B—— held a large place in my affections. I think Corporal B—— had "done time" in some penitentiary before he came to Company B. If he had not, I know he should have because his proclivities were such that would land him in jail in peace time, but he was an invaluable asset during the War. His looks are all against him; in fact, he has no looks, only a long hawk-like nose and a couple of keen shiny eyes that pierce you when they look at you. Before the War I should have hated to meet Corporal B—— in an alley-way. His great asset was that he could steal a betrothal kiss away from a bride and bridegroom and they would never know it. At Camp de Longe we needed some tiles for a drain that had to be dug and yet we could get none from the Supply Officer, and I knew only one man who could solve the problem and that man was Corporal B——. As well as being by all odds my best thief, Corporal B—— was one of the best soldiers in the company.

I sent for him, and he came, saluted and stood stiffly at attention. I explained the predicament I was in and said I wanted his advice. He said, "Sir, I think I know where there are a few unused tiles that we could use." I then asked him how many men were needed. He said, "The whole Company, Sir; and as there is no moon to-night, it would be cooler for the men to work at night than in the hot daylight." I ordered him to take the company and by the next morning the ditch was dug and the tiles were under. He explained he knew how very urgent it was to have the drain dug, and also he did not like to leave the tiles above ground as *somebody* might steal them from Company B, and that would be awful!

His greatest and most astounding feat was performed at Fère en Tardenois, when our division was sent to the Vesle.

We had a splendid stringed trio in our company that performed at all times. They gave concerts when the company was on the road, they played at the officers' mess and were a great addition everywhere. All that was lacking was a piano to make our orchestra complete, and the whole company expressed an intense desire to have one.

Houses were scarce enough around Fère en Tardenois, so the chances for piano hunters were very slim. The "Boches" had just been driven out a few days before we got there.

But the idea for a piano grew with so much fervor that Corporal B—— and two of his most skilful detail were given a truck to go and find one. In an hour he came back with a very good piano and an armchair that he had found in some German dugout, and so the first night in an active sector we spent listening to a fine concert, with the piano, and I was presented with the armchair.

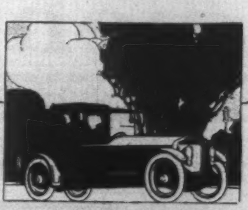
Every non-commissioned officer and every man could be relied on in any emergency. All that was necessary was to give an order and you could forget about it immediately as the mission was as good as accomplished. There was, however, one man in the company who was a gallant soldier in spirit and heart, but his body could not respond. The spirit was willing but the flesh was weak. His name was M——. He was fat, round and soft and looked exactly like a snow-man such as children build. In close order drill he was impossible, as "Right Shoulder Arms" was for him a feat that could not be accomplished. I fussed and worried as to what I should do with him and finally conceived the idea of making him a "squad" by himself under the charge of a curly, black-headed Irish Sergeant. The idea worked out to perfection, and you could hear Sergeant F—— shout out "Halt Squad M," and he would put the one-man squad through all kinds of evolutions. Finally, seeing it was impossible to use him on the trucks, I made him "Permanent Kitchen Police," and wherever the pots and pans were there you could always find Squad M.

The spirit and courage of the men were something unbelievable in every emergency, and the utter unselfishness of the way they would risk their lives made you take off your hat to them.

ONE evening we were ordered up with some ammunition and we were forced to go over a road known as "Suicide Alley." I said to the Sergeant in charge of the detail, "Sergeant, it looks like dirty business to-night, are we all set?" The Sergeant answered, "Captain, it does look pretty bad, but don't you worry, as any shell would have to go through two or three of us before it gets you." I turned away to hide my emotion.

I left this company of the ammunition train in the end of August and took command of the supply train of the division. This outfit consisted of six companies of 77 men each, a Headquarters Detachment and a Medical Detachment.

The duty of the Supply Train, which consisted of about 154 trucks, was to carry rations and supplies to the various regiments. The men were all chauffeurs and mechanics, and a finer body of men could not have been collected together. When once given a mission they always accomplished it. Fre-



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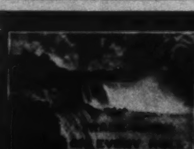

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quently the instructions were so vague that they would merely be given the names of the village and simply by inquiring and true Yankee ingenuity they would always get to their destination.

One day when our railhead was at Grandpré in the last big advance in the Argonne, we were terribly short of trucks to get the rations out.

We were at our wits' end, when suddenly a detail of trucks came in that had been out for five days and nights. The Sergeant in charge came up and reported. I said, "Sergeant, it is awfully rough on you and your men, but you have got to go right out again."

"All right, sir. Have we got time to wash up and eat before we go?" That was the spirit.

To have had the good fortune to have been in command of and to have known as soldiers and friends such men as these was a rare privilege. Personally, I never can forget them and shall always look back on those days as days to hold closely in my thoughts, for I shall always be grateful to have seen "*real men*" at their best!

Ground Floor Values

[*Continued from page 15*]

"A nice evening, ain't it, Mrs. Fishbein?"

"Yes, like summer, Mrs. Ginsberg. Already I told my husband to put on his light underwear. How is it you ain't baking, Mrs. Ginsberg? Didn't I hear you making your batter in the kitchen?"

"Ya, only I stopped a minute to sew my Jennie's stocking. All her new pairs she's got in the wash; she goes out to dances so much. Say, it's only Thursday night, anyhow — my baking can hold."

"Sure, about your baking you don't need to worry, Mrs. Ginsberg. If I could make a dough like you once — nobody on the block can make such a strudel."

Mrs. Ginsberg interrupted with a modest gesture of her thimbled hand.

"Sha, Mrs. Fishbein, it ain't so wonderful — sometimes my Renie ——"

"Never mind, Mrs. Ginsberg — I know. Only yesterday I said to my husband a nerve that Mrs. Wasserman's got, making such a talk about her baking — trying to outdo Mrs. Ginsberg. In the butcher's yesterday you should hear her brag about her strudel. Even her Max makes a big talk about his mother's cooking."

Mrs. Ginsberg bit off a thread of black silk.

"Nu, we'll see, Mrs. Fishbein. We'll see, when I get finished my Shabbas baking to-morrow. Mrs. Wasserman should talk. To-morrow I will show her strudel and cheese tarts. Shon, here comes my Renie already ——"

Up the block, amidst children who hopped tirelessly over sidewalk chalk games, Miss Rena Ginsberg, tall and stooped, dragged herself wearily. Her skirt hung full around her ankles, revealing, as she walked, flat-heeled, common-sense black shoes. She carried a black bag and a neatly folded newspaper. A few strands of black hair hung over her big dark eyes.

"Hello, ma, whatcher sewing? Good evening, Mrs. Fishbein, how's your husband feeling?"

Miss Rena Ginsberg vanished into the vestibule and appeared in a few seconds in the dim ground floor parlor.

Mrs. Ginsberg looked up fondly.

"Late, ain't you, Renie? Was you busy to-day?"

"Oh, Tellen wanted his letters all out to-night — " Miss Ginsberg threw down her hat and coat and sank wearily on the tufted plush sofa.

"Come, Renie, mamma's got a nice plate of noodle soup for you — wide noodles — the kind you like. Come, eat, Renie, maybe after you'll get dressed and go with Jennie to that dance."

"Mamma, you know I don't ——"

"Never mind now, come Renie — your soup will be all cold." In the gas-lit dining-room, Mrs. Ginsberg set the plate of soup before her daughter.

From the inner room came the voice of Miss Jeanette Ginsberg:

"Mamma, did you see my tan spats — I can't find 'em?"

"In your drawer I seen you throw 'em yesterday. Such a muss — no wonder she can't find nothing ——"

Mrs. Ginsberg entered the disordered room and closed the door softly behind her. She approached her daughter who was bent over the bureau drawer, frantically stirring the disorderly contents.

Mrs. Ginsberg lowered her voice: "Jennie, I want you should ask your sister to go with you to the dance. When that Sollinger feller comes you an' him can wait outside on the stoop for Renie to get dressed."

With a surprised wail, Miss Ginsberg ceased suddenly her frantic searching and looked up at her mother:

"Oh, mamma, for goodness' sake! How can I do that? Gee whiz, Eddie'll be sore as the dickens. He didn't invite my whole family along, mamma. You're always taggin' Renie onto me. Why can't she get her own fellers?"

"Jennie!" Mrs. Ginsberg stopped suddenly in the act of straightening the blue celluloid toilet articles on the bureau. "You shouldn't talk about your sister like that, do you hear? You're too fresh — nineteen years. You should remember your sister Renie is five years older. She's gotta get married first — the oldest ——"

"Oh, mamma, then Renie's gotta be different with fellers. She never even opens her mouth to fellers I introduce her to at dances. She don't even know how to kid 'em along, mamma."

Standing at the door, Mrs. Ginsberg shook a warning finger at her daughter.

"All right, Jennie. Mamma'll fix you. When you won't wait for Renie, she kin go alone to the dance."

In the dining-room, Mrs. Ginsberg set a plate of chopped meat and steaming red cabbage before her elder daughter who sat hunched over a newspaper.

With a sidelong glance, Miss Rena Ginsberg surveyed the plate disdainfully.

"Oh, mamma, chop-meat balls again — gee, we only had 'em last night ——"

"Nu, chop-meat ain't good enough for her — I should stand in the middle of my baking and cook supper yet, with Mrs. Wasserman rolling her strudel dough already."

Mrs. Ginsberg sat down opposite her daughter and watched her in silence for a few seconds. Then she spoke hesitatingly:

"After your supper, Renie, maybe you can dress yourself nice in your new taffeta dress and go round to the dance. Jennie's goin' early with that Sollinger feller — she says you should come later. All the fellers Jennie knows for you to dance with."

"I don't want to go, mamma." Miss Ginsberg resumed her newspaper reading. Mrs. Ginsberg clasped her hands over her blue checked apron.

"What? Don't wanter go? A grand time you will have, Renie — so many fellers!"

"Oh, mamma, for heaven's sake — I said I don't want to go. What's the use of telling me about the dance? You're always trying to make me go with those fellers — an' they don't care about me. Jennie's always gotta tell them to dance with me anyhow — they never ask me themselves. Wish I did know a feller who'd ever ask me of his own accord. I tell you I'm not going, mamma."

In silence, Mrs. Ginsberg carried the empty plates from the table to the kitchen. As she stood at the kitchen table, scraping them off, the voice of her younger daughter interrupted her:

"I'm goin', ma. Eddie's whistlin' for me outside."

"Don't come late, Jennie. An' Jennie — don't dance such a lot you should get a pain in your side again. Wait, mamma's going to the window to see how you look."

Through her ground floor parlor window, Mrs. Ginsberg watched her younger daughter trip daintily down the street on high French heels, clinging to the light grey arm of her dapper escort.

She turned to the green-sweatered figure seated on the stoop:

"Nice, my Jennie looks in her new blue suit, don't she, Mrs. Fishbein?"

"Ya, a regular *mench* she's getting to be. Ain't your other daughter going out, too, Mrs. Ginsberg?"

"No, my Renie's got a headache to-night. She works too hard, I tell her."

"So, ain't that too bad. That's just what Max Wasserman told me when he was sitting here all alone just now. He says how hot their flat is from the oven. His mother's making her Shabbas strudel already. A big show-off she's going to do, he says, before the block."

"Say, she should try, Mrs. Fishbein. Once I wanter see her strudel better as mine. Already I got my sponge cake batter made."

"Such a talk that Maxie Wasserman makes about himself and his mamma, Mrs. Ginsberg. I wished you should hear him. No girl ain't good enough, you would think. He don't get married, he told me, because he can't find a girl who ain't so flighty and don't run to dances all the time. An' such a talk about his mother's cooking — a nerve he's got, ain't he?"

Mrs. Ginsberg began to rock slowly.

"Ya, a nerve —" she repeated absently.

"That's him there — see — that kinda fat feller coming up the block, walking slow? Nu, I must go, Mrs. Ginsberg — my Selma ain't sleeping so good — her stummick teeth she's getting." The matronly figure of Mrs. Fishbein disappeared in the vestibule.

Mrs. Ginsberg rocked in silence, her hands clasped in front of her full waist. At intervals, she nodded her head. She watched the round figure of Mr. Max Wasserman waddle slowly up the block, pause before the stoop, then seat himself on the top ledge near her window. After a minute, he removed his derby, revealing sparse brown hair combed horizontally across his rosy head.

Mrs. Ginsberg rocked slowly. She nodded as Mr. Wasserman glanced in at the open window.

"A nice evening, warm like summer, ain't it?" with neighborly friendliness.

"Yep, certainly is a pretty fine night — too warm to stay in the house." Mr. Wasserman fanned himself with his brown derby.

"Ya, so it is for young people. Only good times going out, they should have. Ain't it so, Mr. — Mr. ——"

"Wasserman, Max Wasserman, Rosebud Manufacturing Company, Junior and Misses' Coats." Mr. Wasserman dove a pudgy hand into his coat pocket and handed his card to Mrs. Ginsberg through the window.

SHE took it, held it tightly, and reclasped her hands in her ample lap. Her slow rocking commenced again.

"A young feller like you — it's funny you ain't out enjoying yourself, Mr. Wasserman."

"Oh, I'm getting sick of this running around stuff. It gets kinda stale after a while ——"

"Just like my daughter Renie says. All kinds of fellers she has inviting her out to dances — but she won't go neither."

"Same here — I don't care for that stuff somehow another ——"

"Every night she gets invited out by fellers." Mrs. Ginsberg rocked on. "You'd think once she would go. No — home she stays. 'Not for me, mamma,' she always says. 'I'm tired of these flighty good times.'"

"Um, same here, I get dozens of invitations from girls — pretty swell girls, too. See — got this one here this morning! A Miss Shapiro on Riverside Drive — father's head of Shapiro and Isaacs — Velvets." As proof, Mr. Wasserman extended a turquoise envelope toward Mrs. Ginsberg.

"Nope — somehow another, I don't see this party stuff any more ——"

"Ain't that funny, my Renie says the same thing. Not with one of the fellers will she go, Mr. Wasserman. Almost every night she stays home. Would you believe that girl likes baking better as dancing? Ain't that funny, Mr. Wasserman, a young girl?"

Mr. Wasserman turned sharply and stared at Mrs. Ginsberg.

"Say, when it comes to baking — my mother ——"

"'I want to be a good housekeeper, mamma,' my Renie says, 'and now's the time to learn.' To-night I told her maybe Mrs. Wasserman ——"

"Oh, so you know my mother's baking — ain't she ——"

"Ya, already I heard how grand she makes a strudel. That's why I told my Renie maybe she kin learn from Mrs. Wasserman. For a young girl — ain't that funny, Mr. Wasserman? Not one of these snips will she look at. 'No, mamma,' she says to me, 'they're all kids. I like older, sensible men.'"

"Say ——"

"Excuse me a minute, Mr. Wasserman, I think that's my Renie calling me now. I must go an' see what she wants."

Mrs. Ginsberg rose heavily from her rocking-chair.

She walked slowly through the parlor to the narrow bend of the little hallway. Then she stood hesitating, in doubt. At the end of the hall she saw her kitchen, with the yellow earthen bowl standing on the scrubbed table, the egg beater conveniently alongside.

All at once, Mrs. Ginsberg lifted her head and sniffed. Through the airshaft hall window, from the floor above, came the pungent aroma of freshly baked cake, just out of the oven. In that second, Mrs. Ginsberg took a determined step toward her kitchen.

Suddenly from the ground floor parlor window she heard the voice of Mr. Max Wasserman:

"Yep, that's what I say, Mrs. Fishbein, they're flighty kids, most of 'em. Now if I could meet a nice sensible girl ——"

Mrs. Ginsberg clenched her hands.

"R-Renie —" her voice was husky. "Why don't you go out on the stoop in the air for a little?"

She stood at the door of her daughter's room. Miss Rena Ginsberg lounged before the bureau leisurely sticking hairpins in her back hair.

"Oh — an' Renie — afterwards — I want you should go an' ring Mrs. W-Wasserman's bell an' ask her — ask her if she kin tell you, h-how much flour she puts in her strudel dough." Mrs. Ginsberg took a long breath. "Say your mamma heard how she makes such grand ——"

Miss Ginsberg stared at her mother through the mirror.

"Mrs. Wasserman? Say, what's the idea, ma, you asking her about a strudel? Ain't she the woman who's trying to outdo you in baking?"

Mrs. Ginsberg evaded her daughter's glance. She stooped to pick a faded lavender crêpe kimono from the floor.

"Never mind no questions, Renie," she repeated doggedly. "You should do what I tell you. I want you to go an'— an'— ask Mrs. Wasserman ——"

Mrs. Ginsberg pressed her hand tightly to her left side.

"Say, mamma, are you crazy? Gee, she'll think you can't bake as good as her, if you gotta send me up to learn from her. What's getting into you anyhow, mamma — wanting to get so friendly all of a sudden with Mrs. Wasserman?"

"D-do you hear me, Renie? Do what mamma tells you." Mrs. Ginsberg's voice was husky. "From Mrs. Wasserman's baking any person could learn ——"

"Oh, all right, I'll go later. I swear, I don't know what the idea is though, mamma. I'm going out on the stoop first."

Miss Rena Ginsberg sauntered out leisurely. The hall door slammed.

Mrs. Ginsberg stood alone in the center of the disordered room, her knuckles pressed hard against her cheek.

An hour later, alone in the still darkness of her ground floor parlor, Mrs. Ginsberg sat near the open window, rocking quietly. From the darkness of the stoop, low voices drifted toward her:

"Honest, Miss—Miss Renie, that's straight goods — you really are! Most of 'em are all nuts on this dancing stuff, but you ——"

"Say, Mr. Wasserman, you needn't kid me."

"Honest and true though. The minute your mother started telling me how keen you were for baking and cooking, I knew ——"

"Oh, I ain't such a wonder as your mother, Mr. Wasserman, I really ain't."

"Well, give yourself a chance, Miss Renie. Say, when my mother begins teaching you how to make a strudel ——"

In the dark parlor, Mrs. Ginsberg clasped her hands tightly before her broad waist.

"What do you say to a French frappé, Miss Renie, around the corner?"

"A French frappé? Why, yes, thank you, Mr. Wasserman, I feel like having one."

Down the silent street, Mrs. Ginsberg heard their footsteps echo sharply. The murmur of their voices grew fainter and fainter.

Alone in the still darkness of her parlor, Mrs. Ginsberg rocked slowly, rhythmically.

Inside, on the table in the kitchen, stood a yellow earthen bowl, its batter thick, congealed, an egg beater lying conveniently alongside.

In November: A fervid article by Newell Dwight Hillis

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When Peck Turned Bolshevik

by J. George Frederick

PECK TRUMBULL became famous in the Paxton plant before he drew his first pay check. He had done what nobody had ever done before — he had fussed up the important little youth who was called employment secretary by the management, but whom the men called "the shrimp."

You see, this "shrimp" had been on the nerves of the men in the Paxton plant for a year, and their appetite was keen for some fun at his expense. Rather naturally, you will agree, when you understand that not only did this "shrimp" hire you (and in doing so ask considerably more questions than a cautious country parson might ask of a runaway young couple wanting a splice), but, ye Gods! he also called on your wife and checked up how often you came home o' nights and how much money you handed her of a Saturday eve.

Peck Trumbull, on applying for a job, listened to the "shrimp" drone out his stereotyped inquiries, watched him proudly assemble his vari-colored system forms, and then collided with the "shrimp's" famous "questionnaire," a two-foot-long list of pet questions (with neat catches hidden in them).

The very first one, "*Why do you want to work?*" tickled Peck's fancy, so he promptly replied, "*Because my wife won't.*"

A loud roar of laughter shook the dignity of the shrimp's neat and proper little office. The workmen who were in the office for some reason or other, simply couldn't help the laugh — against the rules though it was; and most of them, knowing that exactly forty-three other questions were coming, waited expectantly for the fun to continue. They hoped the show was booked for a full run. Peck's special wry, sociable smile gave notice to all that he considered the joke was on himself, not on anybody else. Peck always looked as if he had gotten the worst out of life, and was fortune's good-natured football, so that it took a long stretch of imagination to consider him impertinent. His blue gray eyes were set deep in his face, and radiated gentleness itself. His head was as poverty stricken, as economical of hair as a Connecticut farm is barren of good rich loam.

But the shrimp sat up straight, not permitting himself to notice the hard efforts of the other men to hold their laughter, and in a carefully controlled voice said, "Mr. Trumbull, I think you had better fill in your answers yourself over at the desk." And as the Paxton plant needed men very much indeed Peck "went through."

The men just naturally gathered around Peck in the shop whenever there was a chance. He always had something to say that you could chuckle over and remember. One day a group of men were in particularly bad humor over the shrimp's "home spy" system. It seems that "Chuck" Collyer, a fat, redfaced toolman who was a little fonder of the brass rail than of his own fireside, and who was also a little afraid of his large and brawny Irish wife, was in trouble.

"This here shrimp, boys," he roared indignantly, "comes into my house, sees the missus and tells her, by God, what she shall feed me! Is this America or is it Rooshia? No little shrimp can tell me I gotter stop eating potaties!"

Just then, before the men were aware of it, the head of the Paxton Company was in the midst of them. He was liked by the men because, even though he was there but seldom, he mixed in friendly fashion with them. He was a good fellow. "What's this grumbling I hear?" he asked smiling. "Come on boys, out with it. Don't you like the employment secretary? Isn't he treating you right?"

"Oh, I don't know," drawled Peck, after a pause. "I kinda like the young feller. He saved me a lot o' money," continued Peck. "I never told the ol' woman that I was makin' $10 extry a week here, and I was droppin' about that much down at Joe's every week. When your young man calls, my ol' woman gets it out of him how much I make, and — well, now I've got a lump here" — indicating his arm — "where she whacked me one with a waffle iron, and now *she* gits the extry ten every week."

Mr. Paxton joined in the general laugh. "That's the kind of a fair play spirit I like to see — giving the devil his due. I know you fellows haven't fiked young Parkman, and he leaves this week. He was a mistake."

About fifty new men were added to the works soon after that, and a great many of them were of a kind rather new to the plant. They were rabid radicals, many of them foreign born. Everything was wrong in their eyes — government, business, religion, education, marriage. Absolutely all was robbery, pillage and heading to ruin. Everybody was crooked but the laboring man. Only by seizing everything could labor hope to get a square deal. The rising cost of living had set many workmen to thinking, and being new to theorizing they fell easy prey to the glib tongues of these men.

A CHANGE came over them. Their faces took on a less kindly look; their eyes carried a suspicious light in them; they were "grouchy," nervous, irritable and loud-mouthed, tiresome in their theorizing and ill-mannered and discourteous to each other and to everyone else they met. Their ideas spread like a disease about the shop.

Meetings were held, and the new element managed, by their aggressive manner and shrill voices, to dominate everything.

Peck looked on the scene with his deepset eyes and twisted smile from the top of his tower of bones He said nothing, and nobody now waited for his kindly humor.

One day there was a meeting arranged outside the factory gates. Some organizer of radicals was to be there during the noon hour to talk This man, with a bristling, short black beard, and arms that operated as wildly as if run by a motor, was a passion-stirrer such as the town had never before seen. He could play on the men as an organist plays on his keys. He told horrible tales and pictured impossible scenes skilfully contrived to lash his hearers' emotions into fury.

Peck stood still as a statue for a few minutes and then, getting up on a sewer pipe elbow standing at the curb, he placed his hands to his mouth and megaphoned: "This meeting is nobody's meeting, so let's have a new deal."

Then, without a single gesture or windmill motion, he commenced in a cool and calm tone that was in tremendous contrast to what had gone before.

"Boys, I see Carl over there. His father, over in Russia, when he was only thirteen, used to get up at half past three in the morning and plow the ground with a knot from a tree for a plow. He couldn't sign his name and he couldn't own any land. His house had no floor but the ground. He ate beets and black bread. He was old and worn out soon after he was thirty. He came to America, and before he died he burned up the mortgage on a nice little house, saw Carl graduate from high school, go to technical school at night, and in five years, when he's only twenty-six years old, draw $35 a week in this plant. God, what a rotten country this is! Let's bust it up and go back to beet soup and black bread!"

Peck stopped, and looked around, his twisted smile positively satanic in its silent sarcasm. One of the radicals bellowed out a challenge but a score of voices shouted, "Let Peck talk! Shut up!'

"I see Mickey O'Shea over there," he continued; "Mickey came over here from Ireland. The chickens used to sleep under the kitchen table in Mickey's house; and sometimes the pig would crawl into his bed first; sometimes Mickey was able to beat him to it. He lit out of old Ireland early. They told him America was the land of promise. They said he could make seventy-five cents a day here instead of thirty-five. It was a horrible disappointment to Mickey when he came here. The second day after arriving somebody paid his fare and his meals on a Pullman to Chicago and gave him a job at $2 a day, and he's picked and choosed his jobs ever since."

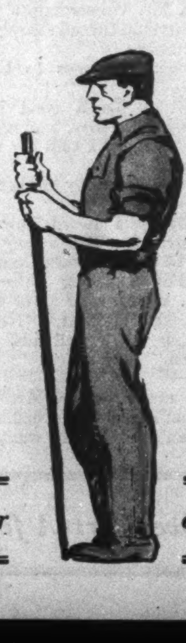
Peck pointed his long arm in another direction. "Over there's Cheep Jergens. Cheep has bummed all over the world. Down in the diamond mines of Africa he got a lot o' diseases and bad habits, and when he landed in this town he was told he had only a couple o' years to live. They looked him over at this plant, and after giving him a job at twice or three times as much money as he'd ever made before, they began to doctor him. They helped him get rid o' whiskey, and even brought a specialist here from Boston They nursed him free in the hospital. Consequence is, Cheep is cheeping around in better shape than ever before in his life, and what's more, he gets married not long ago and starts a home. . . . *Boys, this hell-hole* America has got to go, — to hell with her — what do you say, Cheep?"

Cheep Jergens, a gaunt, dark-skinned man, as tall almost as Peck, suddenly bellowed out from the audience a volley of oaths. "Bring him to me," yelled Jergens, "any man who's got the guts to stand in front of me and tell me America is a bum country, come on! I'll take 'em three on!"

Everybody laughed; but there was a little twinge of feeling in the laugh. Then, in a twinkling, Peck forsook his cool satirical tone, and in a tone that cut like a blade of steel, he addressed the agitators. "Come on, now — let's start out and blow up America! Get your bombs and your pistols ready. Let's burn her down! Let's pull her over! Let's rape and murder and steal! What do we care — these Bolsheviki here are going to give us a heaven like they have in Russia now. All together now, boys! Three hisses for the American flag! . . . Well, what's the matter with you?"

A snicker ran over the crowd. One of the agitators started a harangue, but was pulled down, amidst bitter words

"Bah! Why you fellows can't even hold a little street corner meeting without fighting with each other," continued Peck. "You tear at each other like wolves, and yet you talk about brotherhood! Sure, we'll make America still better! I'll show you how. There's the whistle — wake up out o' your bad dream and let's get to work!"



Peck has a message here for every new American citizen

Trudging Along with the Boches

[*Continued from page 13*]

say, but I think we fully atoned for the deficiency of words in the manner in which we said those few that we knew.

"*Ce n'est rien,*" they would reply with a smile, (it is nothing). But it did mean so very much to us.

As we marched away, we heard their cries of "*Au revoir! Bon santé! Bon chance! Bon courage!*"

We marched straight to the station now. As we passed through the streets, many a head was turned in our direction to watch us go by. Many a remark was made concerning the "*prisonniers Anglais*" for they took us all for Britishers. Whenever he could, Fleugel would let them know that two of us, at least, were otherwise.

"*Americains,*" he would proclaim to those nearest us, pointing proudly to himself and me, whereupon murmurs of astonishment would arise, and then we would leave behind us the excited buzz of discussion among the group that had heard the announcement. There were the Belgians, of course, who paid some attention to us. The Germans we passed along the march for the most part gave us no heed whatsoever.

ACROSS the cobblestoned square they marched us and through the waiting-room of the station, out upon the platform, where a train was waiting. We were escorted by our guards the full length of the trainshed to the last car, where we were all loaded into one compartment. It was not exactly sumptuous, either; just bare wood benches and walls that were similarly unadorned. By dint of much crowding together we were all able to sit down, for which privilege I suppose we should have been duly thankful. Our guards locked the doors, then went themselves into the adjacent compartment with some other Huns. Now and again one of them would take stock of us from the corridor that ran the length of the car at one side, thus connecting the compartments.

While our train lay there in the station for perhaps fifteen minutes, I occupied myself with weighing the possibilities for an escape through the window. It would be easy enough to elude my immediate guards by slipping out just after one of them had taken a peep at us, but I came to the conclusion that there were too many stray Huns about the platform, who might become excited to see a khaki uniform parading among them. So I postponed the attempt.

Just before we started there came an amusing diversion, furnished by the Tommy who sat on my left. Several of the men had taken out Red Cross biscuits from their recently acquired supplies and were munching on them.

The Tommy next to me, observing his comrades thus pleasantly engaged, suddenly bethought himself to do likewise. He reached under the seat where he had stowed away his flour-sack portmanteau. Dragging it forth, he untied the knot at the top and reached in for a biscuit. Up to this point I had been only vaguely aware of his actions, but now there fell from his lips such a cry of dismay as immediately fixed the attention of everyone upon him. Slowly he withdrew his arm from the sack, while we all watched in puzzled silence to learn the cause of his discomfiture. Then a roar of laughter greeted him as he held out his hand for us to see. Molasses — thick, brown, sticky molasses — told the story. Oh, such a mess! Shirts, socks, biscuits were firmly bonded together by the heavy coating of molasses that enveloped them. It reminded me of an ice cream sundae, over which thick chocolate sauce had been generously poured.

The same Tommy it was who a little later gave me his handkerchief. I had occasion to use one and noticing my predicament he promptly drew from his pocket a silk one of brightest magenta.

"Take this one, sir, it's far too good for me." And he insisted that I keep it. So now I treasure among the souvenirs of that experience this brilliant square of silk, that I carried with me from that moment.

It was about three in the afternoon when our train finally drew out of the station. None of us had the remotest notion of where we were going. We rolled lazily along over even, flat country, through the fresh green of cultivated fields and grassy meadows, dotted here and there with lone, red-roofed farmhouses, and now and again with little clusters of buildings that made up the villages.

I settled myself for a long ride. I would probably not get off this train until late at night. I had no idea where the stopovers would occur, if any there were to be at all. We had been traveling about an hour when our train made its first stop and the guards ordered us out. I expected to be told to remain aboard. It was natural that the others should detrain for they were to join their working parties; but I knew that I was on the way to Germany, so was surprised when they made me get out, too.

We shouldered our belongings and marched in column as before through the station, out into the town. The name of the place, I noticed on a large signboard, was Peruwelz. Here, I thought, must be our stopping place for the night. As we walked on into the town, I looked ahead to discover what building looked most like a possible prison and lodging house. When we had passed all the way through the village and had reached the outskirts on the far side, without calling a halt, I inquired of the guard behind me where we were going. All I gathered from his reply was that our destination lay a little farther on along this road we were traveling.

Just about here we came to the terminal of an electric car-line. A car was waiting there, empty save for two Huns who were in charge. We had passed by it when our rearguard suddenly acquired an idea. He called to the Hun who was leading us to halt; then he went back to the car to ask for a ride. I knew, well enough, that it was not to save our footsteps that he was prompted to do it, but only that he might rest his own lazy carcass. Even so, I was glad we were to get a ride. We had come only half a mile, but already my new shoes were beginning to make themselves felt.

What was this? Were the men in the car refusing to take us? It certainly began to look that way. Our guard was having a heated argument, with apparently small hope of gaining his point. He very soon gave up the attempt, and in disgust came back to us. It was of no use, he said, the car was going shortly for a load of German wounded and could not be bothered with taking us, so we were ordered to be on the move once more.

I felt bitter, indeed, when I remembered the treatment that I had seen accorded German prisoners in England, and compared their lot with our own. I knew of one place where they were daily being driven a mile or so in motor trucks, to and from work — ridiculously light work, at that. These were all strong, healthy, overfed men, mind you, whereas we had only just been released from hospital where we had been recovering from wounds on a soup and black bread diet.

WE trudged on and my basket of flying clothes grew heavy. I developed a terrible thirst, too, and my shoes pinched annoyingly. We had gone about a mile when the empty car came humming down the track behind us. We all turned to watch it come, hoping that the driver would have by this time relented, and that he would now take us aboard. But what a hope! He did not even glance at us as he rumbled by, and soon he was lost even to view as he rounded a curve in the distance.

Another fifteen minutes brought us to a small village that was perched upon a hill. I remember very plainly the steep ascent up the main street, lined on either side with shops, and that one window with the delicious looking fruit in it.

At the top of the hill the road took a turn to the right. Just there at the bend on the right hand side we halted for our first rest. It was a welcome stop, indeed. We sat down on the curbing to make the most of it. There was an *estaminet,* or inn, just here where we were sitting. We had scarcely been settled two minutes before a woman came hurrying out to us, a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other. She paused just outside the door to look nervously up and down the street; then, satisfied that all was well, she came quickly to us, pouring out a glass of beer as she came. We crowded eagerly forward, and, smiling, she handed it to the one nearest her. Glass after glass she poured, until everyone had drunk his fill. No drink, before or since, has ever tasted better than that one did. The guards, meanwhile, were also being attended to. Otherwise they would probably

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not have permitted us to receive anything.

By this time many people had gathered around us in small groups to talk excitedly about us. Some brought cigars that were long, slim and black and curled and twisted into the weirdest of shapes. An old woman, pitifully bent and gray, came hobbling toward us from an alleyway beside the inn. It was the hollow sound, made by her wooden shoes, as they thumped against the cobbles to her hurried tread, that caught my ear. I turned to watch her come toward us, as she held in her thin hands the hem of her apron to her breast. An apron it was that sagged with the weight of a hidden something in its folds. She brought us apples and pears, an apron full of them to be divided among us. How delicious they tasted!

We were munching happily away on them when suddenly some one gave a cry of alarm. Instantly the party broke up. Such a scattering and scampering for cover I have never before seen. In three seconds we were alone with our guards.

I was for some moments at a loss to account for the strange behavior of our hosts, until one of the men pointed down the road to a large gray touring car. Officers were approaching — these people were afraid of the officers.

The car came bounding rapidly up the hill and rolled past us around the corner. It was funny then, the way the heads bobbed out all around us. In doorways and windows they appeared, and from around corners of buildings they peeked cautiously out. Almost as quickly as it had dispersed, the crowd surrounded us once more.

Between bites of the luscious pear I was eating, I tried to talk to those nearest me. I told them I was an American flying officer, and soon had an eager group about me, plying me with questions. They asked me where I had fallen. When I replied that it had been in the neighborhood of Arras, one man eagerly informed me that he was a refugee from that vicinity. There were others there from Douai and from Lens. Lens, I knew, had been absolutely wiped off the earth. They wanted to know how many Americans were already in France and how fast the new men were coming across. They seemed greatly cheered to hear the latest figures.

"Un mois — trois cent mille hommes," (one month — three hundred thousand men) I told them and they were jubilant at the good news.

Ten minutes was about all the time we were given for the rest. Then we were ordered to go on again. We were grateful, indeed, for the presents these good people had given us. We tried to tell them so as we fell in to start off on the march once more. They waved good-bye, happier I think, that they had been able to do something for us. We certainly felt more cheerful for their kindly generosity. Strengthened by the refreshments, we swung along down the hill with lighter hearts.

We still followed the car-line. On and on we tramped until we had left the town far behind us; until our footsteps began to lag again, as the burdens we carried grew heavier. I began to feel weak. I had not done so much walking for months — not since the last time I had played golf in Scotland. That seemed ages back. Would we never reach our destination?

At last the guards stopped for another rest. We flopped down, exhausted, on a grassy spot at the roadside. I lay for perhaps ten minutes flat on my back under a big tree; then, feeling somewhat rested, I sat up and fished into my bag for a biscuit. As I sat chewing on it with my back to the tree trunk, I caught a sound of clanking iron, off in the distance. It grew louder and louder, until I thought there must be a boilershop approaching.

[*These adventures continued next month*]

Aboard the Midnight Limited

[*Continued from page 11*]

"peaches! There was two of 'em that might be taking this joy-ride with me now."

"Both — at once?" demanded Fraser.

"One of 'em — I don't know which. But I got my girl. I picked her, and believe me, I picked her right. She's made to order, just for me."

"Where is she?" queried Fraser.

"In there," returned the youth. "We've got a compartment to ourselves — stateroom A, car 3."

"We're neighbors," nodded Fraser, "I'm in stateroom B, car 3."

The youngster stared at him curiously for a moment. A puzzled expression crossed his countenance, momentary recognition struggled to the fore. Swiftly he rose to his feet, saluted with a jerk of his hand.

"Didn't know you in civilian clothes," he said. "Captain Grayson or I'll eat my hat."

"You know me?" queried Grayson.

"Don't you know me?" returned the youth. He was slightly disappointed.

"I know your face," mused Fraser, "but I took it I'd merely seen you about town in River City. Tell me."

"You was my doctor at Camp Devens," said the youngster. "I'm private Joe Delaney. You kept me from pneumonia up there. Private Joe Delaney, maybe you remember."

"I *do* remember," exclaimed Fraser, "I do remember now. And you're a River City boy, you told me at the time."

"Ah," said Private Joe Delaney, "I'm foreman of a finishing room at Steel Products on the meadows. I got my old job back."

"You got to France?" asked Fraser.

"Sure did," said the boy.

"I didn't," returned Fraser. "They held me at Camp Devens ever since you had pneumonia."

"But I didn't have it," said Delaney. "You kept me out of it."

Fraser smiled. "It wasn't I, it was youth that pulled you through. How old are you?"

"Twenty-three."

Fraser drew a sharp breath. "Twenty-three," he said, "and married. What do they pay you at Steel Products?"

"Ten a day," returned Private Joe Delaney, with nonchalance.

"You're twenty-three, you're married, you get ten a day," cried Fraser, "no!"

"Yep," nodded Private Joe Delaney. There was a question in his eyes. "You married, Captain Grayson?" he inquired.

Fraser smiled, a bit sheepishly. "You had the goods on me, Delany," he confessed. "I'm thirty-five. And I was married yesterday."

"So, just hitched up," smiled Private Joe Delaney. "Put it there, Cap. Shake!"

They didn't shake. Before they could perform that solemn rite, something else happened. A hand was laid upon the arm of each. They turned. A fat little old gentleman was clutching them, a little old man with sharp eyes and a comprehensive grin.

"Boys," said the old gentleman, "I came out here to get a smoke, sat over in the corner there, behind you. You didn't hear me, didn't see me, didn't know I was there. But I was there, eavesdropping. I like to hear you talk. Have a cigar?"

He handed out two. Joe Delaney grabbed one. Fraser slowly shook his head.

"Oh, yes," said the old man, sharply, insistently, "you'll take it. You'll like it. You'll smoke it. It's a special brand."

He drew up his chair, he sat between them. "Yes," he said, "you boys must excuse me. But it's a dismal day, and I like to hear you talk. I've got a good excuse for butting in. Yesterday, gentlemen, was my wedding day."

"No," cried Fraser.

Joe Delaney coughed, spluttered, winked.

"Three of a kind, Cap," laughed Joe, "everybody's doing it, all ages. You can't stop 'em. I'll tell Tessie that. She'll want to hear."

"I haven't a card with me," said the old gentleman, "but my name is Smith. That sounds suspicious, but it really is. You interrupted me, young man," he went on, sharply, to Delaney, "I didn't finish. I said that yesterday was my wedding day. It was, just fifty years ago. I'm on my golden wedding trip — what do you think of that?"

"How old are you?" asked Joe Delaney.

"I'm seventy-three," said the old man, "and I've been married fifty years."

Joe Delaney started. "Then you married — just my age," he cried.

"That," went on the old man, "is why I spoke to you. I heard you say that you're foreman of a shop. When I was married I was foreman of a shop myself."

"What shop?" asked Joe Delaney.

"Timothy's Tool Shop," nodded the old man.

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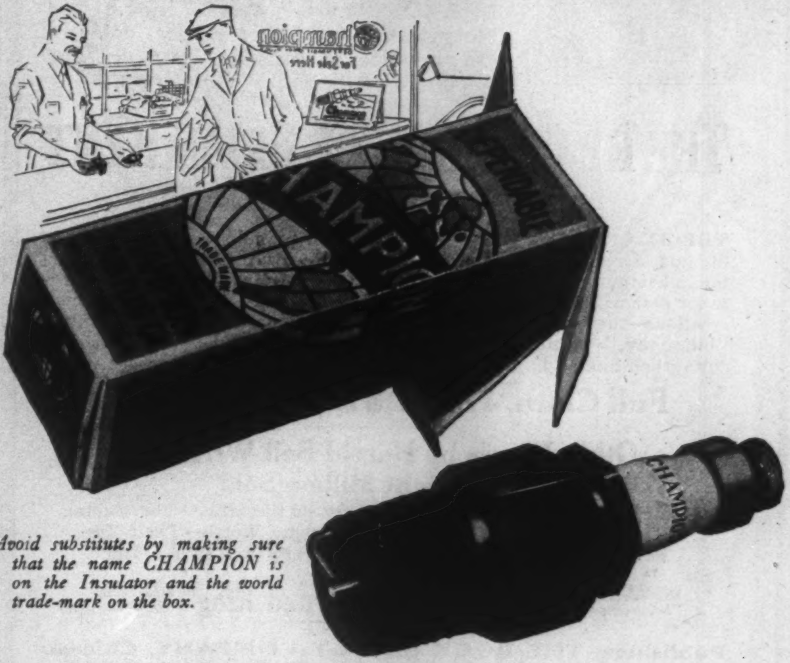

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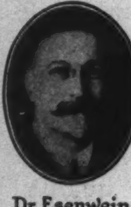

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The Premier—

It was Fraser Grayson's turn to start.

"Timothy's Tool Shop — where?" he demanded.

"Farnsworth, New Jersey," returned Mr. Smith.

"I know Timothy's Tool Shop," smiled Fraser reminiscently, "everybody in Farnsworth knows it. I'm a graduate of Farnsworth University."

"Yes," said the old man, "I figured you to be a college man."

Fraser sadly shook his head. "When I've been married fifty years," he mused, "I'll be eighty-five years old — and dead."

"You should have started early, son," nodded the old man, "it's an early game, this game. If you don't get into it early, you can't play it according to the rules."

"I'm a physician," nodded Fraser, "I know. I shouldn't wonder if you're right."

He turned from them and stared once more into the distance, toward the point where the two rails met. "I know," he repeated, as though talking to himself, "I shouldn't wonder if you're right."

Private Joe Delaney, in his exuberance, caught both his new companions by the hand. "Now, boys," he said, impartially, "now, boys, you look-a here. I'm just married and I got some rights. Tessie's just married and she's got some rights. I want to show you both to Tessie. I got to show you to her, Cap. You saved my life at Devens. I got to show you to her, Mr. Smith. I gotta. I want her to see how good I'll look to her when I've been married to her fifty years."

"Go and bring her out," said Fraser.

"Not *now,*" cried Joe Delaney, "you can't put anything like that over on Tessie. I don't want to see anything prettier than Tessie is this morning, but according to her, she's just a fright. We got to give her time to do things to herself. I got to get back to her myself. I'll bet by now she's hollerin' for eats. You wait till after lunch. You come in, both, at half-past two."

"I'll bring Phebe, I'll bring my wife," said the old gentleman, his eyes beaming.

"That's understood," said Joe Delaney, "this here is ladies' day."

Fraser went back to Margie. She was waiting for him. There was a question in her glance. He could see that she was wondering why he had stayed away from her so long. She placed a cool hand upon his forehead, smoothed out a wrinkle.

"I thought you promised me," said Margie, "that there'd be no more worry, honey dear."

FRASER smiled. He shook his head in a sorry sort of way. "I know," he said, "there won't be. Only — I've sort of put my foot in it again. Always putting my foot in it, somehow, every way I turn."

He told Margery about Joe Delaney, and the wholly unknown Mr. Smith; told her of his own ill-advised, enthusiastic engagement to drag her, his own bride, up the aisle to stateroom A at half-past two. Margie stopped smoothing out the wrinkle. Fraser perceived that he had good cause for worry.

"Honey," cried Margie, distractedly, "why are you always doing things like that? Why do you do things like that, when we're on our honeymoon? When we want to be alone — when we must be alone. You don't consider yourself, dear. You don't consider me."

Yes, she'd forgotten all about the wrinkle on Fraser's forehead. She had a few, now, of her own.

"Fraser, why did you promise?" she demanded. "Why do you pick up with strangers? Why do you talk to everybody that wants to talk to you?"

Fraser was exceedingly troubled. "I don't know why I do," he said, "it's born in me, somehow. I can't snub people, Margery, I can't."

"But every Tom, Dick and Harry," she protested.

"Yes, I know," said Fraser, humbly. "You're dead right. The trouble is, dear, I've traveled in a rut. I'm set in my ways. I've lived in my own way, for myself ——"

Margery forced herself to smile. "Never mind, honey," she said, "we'll put on a bold front at half-past two and attend this brilliant gathering. Only, promise me this, dear. I won't have to do it any more. You'll consult me, always."

It was a quarter to three when they made their way up the aisle and stepped — a bit gingerly, perhaps — into stateroom A.

Smith, the old gentleman, was ahead of them. He was seated with his wife on the little upholstered bench that faced the windows and backed up against the passageway. His wife was a fussy, nervous little woman, but one, nevertheless, who had weathered the matrimonial storm well. By mutual consent old Smith and Private Joe Delaney had reserved the seat that faced forward for the captain and his bride. Tessie, Joe Delaney's bride, in the exuberance of her spirits, grabbed Fraser the instant that he came in sight. She kissed him fervently. Margie stood, a frozen statue, staring. Tessie saw how it was.

"I'm not trying to steal him," she explained, giggling, "it's only because he saved Joe's life at camp."

Singularly enough Margery found herself assailed by pleasant little thrills. She discovered that, among the members of this little coterie, she occupied position. Joe Delaney and his bride, a private and the wife of a private, placed her instantly upon her pedestal. Mrs. Smith, by reason of her years, perhaps, took it upon herself to patronize Margery.

"My dear," said the old lady to Margery, "my husband is always doing funny things. He has no more right to break in upon your charming little party here ——"

Margie was going to explain, elaborately and with emphasis, that it wasn't her little party at all, no matter how charming it might be. She didn't. Fraser was imploring her, with a silent pressure of his hand, not to say it.

"Private Joe Delaney's got the right idea," Fraser found himself remarking, quite inanely. "We're all traveling in the same direction. We're here. So what's the odds?"

There was a flicker of the lights in the compartment. A sudden nervous movement on the part of Mrs. Smith attracted Fraser's attention. He glanced at her sharply. She was staring in a frightened way out into the driving storm. She was clutching Mr. Smith about the wrist. Mr. Smith never noticed it, he kept smiling at Joe Delaney and his bride. Joe Delaney eyed the old man.

"You was foreman of a shop when you was married?" he remarked.

"Surest thing you know," nodded the old man.

"I suppose you own the shop by now?" said Joe.

"Well," laughed the old man, "I have got an interest in one, at any rate."

Joe squeezed Tessie's arm. "How many children have you had?" asked Joe.

"Oh," returned the old gentleman, "children. They don't count, do they, Phebe, now? Children don't count. Grandchildren don't count. But — great-grandchildren ——"

"Ah," smiled the old lady, relaxing her grip upon her husband's wrist, "great-grandchildren! We've got three."

"Three great-grandchildren," echoed Fraser. It staggered him. "I can't realize a thing like that," he said. "To me, it's like infinity. First — children. Then the long years until they marry. Then grandchildren — and the long years until *they* marry. Then ——"

"Ah," cried the old lady, "they're babies yet, those great-grandchildren." She smiled at Margie. "My dear," she said, "it makes me want to get married all over again, every time I see 'em. It does — it does ——"

Fraser was troubled. For the instant he forgot Margery; he was thinking his own thoughts again, in his own way, he had slipped back into the rut. He eyed the old couple wistfully.

"To shake hands with your own great-grandchild," he mused, "I'm afraid it's not for me."

The old man came to the fore. "You know," he said to Fraser, "in my line I pick men now and then, men that our concern can bank on. The man I pick is the marryin' man. He may be married, he may be single. But I can tell whether he's a marryin' man or not. You know," he went on, still to Fraser, "I'd pick you out of a crowd, at any time, and anywhere, for a marryin' sort of man."

"Well, I'm married," smiled Fraser, "so there you are."

"Don't follow at all," returned the old fellow. "A man can be married and not be a marryin' man. But I got you spotted. You're one of 'em from the word go."

"I know," said Fraser, "what you're going to say. I'll answer you right now. I'm a professional man, a family doctor back in River City, Mr. Smith."

"Hear him, Mrs. Smith," cried Margie, "Family doctor — why, he's a perfectly wonderful specialist on nerves."

"No!" cried Mrs. Smith. She glanced at Fraser with renewed interest.

"He's got a wonderful future," exclaimed Margery.

[*Continued on page* 77

Don't Ask for It Girls! Earn Some Yourselves!

THE interests of McClure's men readers are well taken care of in this magazine.

At last we have decided to pay particular attention to the needs of our thousands of girl and woman readers.

For months and months in the correspondence from thousands of members of the "My America" League, we have been gathering bits of information and at last we have put comments upon comments and have decided to organize a club, — a money-making club for the benefit of the women folks, readers of McClure's, and their friends.

One request came in only a short time ago from the organizer of one of the chapters of the League, which read as follows:

"I have enjoyed the work in the League immensely, but I come in contact with so many women who need money themselves.

"These women and girls are willing to work, but it seems that they hardly know what to do to earn the few extra dollars they need. They have been so loyal here, and many of them still have some time to wait before their brothers and their husbands, and some their sons, return.

"Isn't there some plan that you can outline by which women who wish so badly to earn a few dollars may realize that ambition?"

Not only have the "My America" League members asked this question time and again, but the extreme demand of the readers of McClure's for a money-making club for girls and women, has prompted the management to allow me to organize this new department.

Finally, the decision was reached that McClure's had struck the right idea and that a novel way for girls to occupy their spare time, would be the next move.

GIRLS came to the front during the serious times of the last five years, with their money, with their help, and with their lives, even. Many a wife was left without a husband, and was placed upon her own resources. Many a girl was robbed of her promised husband. Many a dear mother was robbed of the son's help, and times were made harder for her. Many a wife, in these high-cost-of-living days, has made it her duty to help increase the family's income. Many a bride has helped her husband to start a home by her own money-earning efforts.

From girls and women in every walk of life, letters have come, requesting a plan by which they might turn spare time into money.

I have in mind now a letter received not long ago, from a young woman in Montana. "I wonder if you can tell me," she writes, "of a way to earn a little money to help me over a difficult place. I'm trying to earn and save enough money to see me through college."

Then Miss J. W. of Maryland wrote, "Father just had to cut my allowance this summer, and although Mother would not listen to such a thing as my working in a store or the like, I wondered if you could not tell me a way to earn a little — if only five dollars a month, to make me feel just a wee bit more independent. So, if you know of a plan by which I may utilize my spare hours and make a few dollars a month, I shall surely appreciate it."

Not only do the girls want to earn money, but oh, how the letters come in from their mothers, and their big sisters some of whom have good positions, or are attending college!

Here's one I want you to read, from a young wife, of Chicago. "I have not been married quite two years, and although I love to crochet and do embroidery work, I am anxious to know of a way to earn real money. There is not always a market for my fancy work, but, in these trying times, there is always need for money. Can you help me?"

YES, we will help every one of these girls and women. We have found a way — a pleasant way — which is going to prove the means of independence and success for many friends of McClure's.

Did *you* ever want a new dress, and Mother said you must wait until some future date — that the big doctor bill would have to be paid first?

If you ever have gone through that sort of a trying time, you have probably said something like this — "Mother, dear, I wish I knew a way to *earn* enough money for a new dress" — and simply let the matter drop.

Wouldn't it have been a joy to be able to turn to your own bank account, and possibly help to pay the big doctor bill? Wouldn't it be a joy to write a check for that new fall suit, and not absolutely *have* to ask your father or husband for the money?

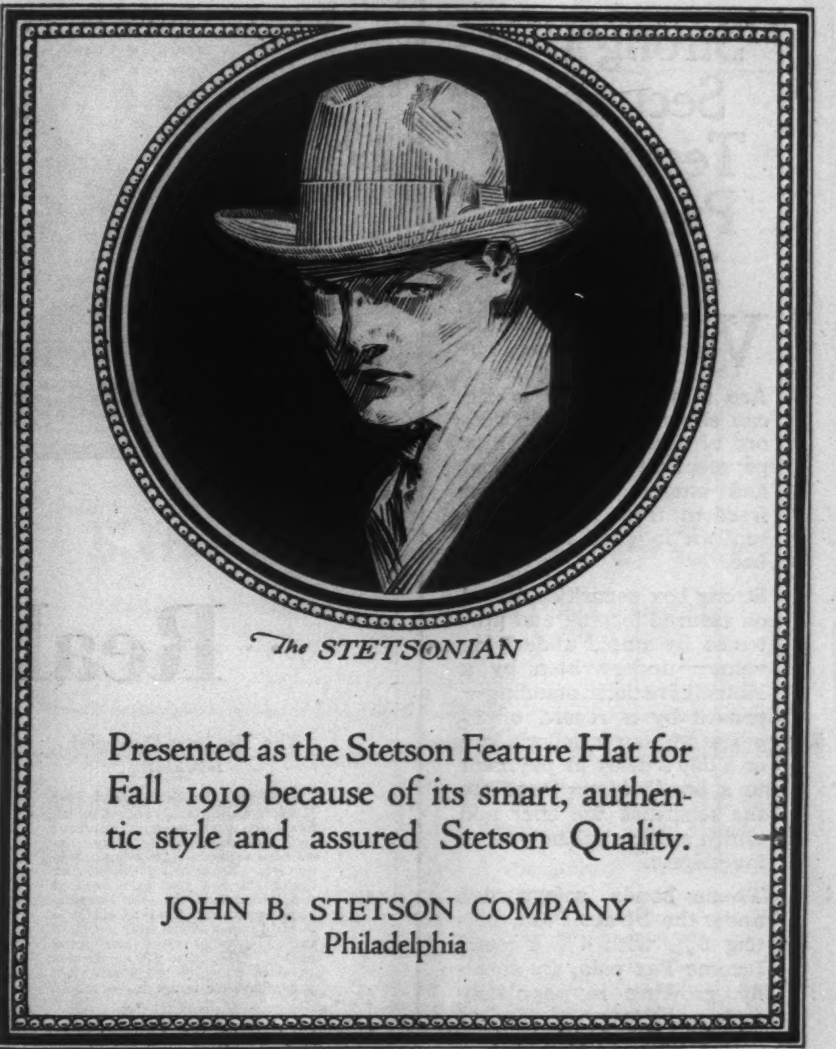
Being a woman myself, I know exactly the feeling a girl or woman has, in having to ask for money. I do not believe we like to do it — but — some of us do not know of a way to earn it, and we must ask for it. But, girls, if you feel that you would like to be independent of that allowance — if you feel that you would like to *earn* an occasional dollar, or five dollars, or more, tell me, and I will tell you how to surprise your father or husband, by showing him a big McClure check which you have earned all by yourself.

Our Club is open to girls of all ages. Mature women are eligible. The only requisite is — sincerity in your desire to earn money. The rest is so easy, so simple.

Don't delay writing, girls — the sooner you write, the more quickly you will begin to earn money. I am here to help girls and to show them a way to earn money. I have already sent the plan to the girls I mentioned above, and by this time next month, I shall be able to tell you of their success. Who wants to be the first in this new McClure department? Write at once. A prompt reply will follow.

Roberta Blake

Director of The Girls' Federation,
McClure's Magazine,
25 W. 44th Street,
New York.



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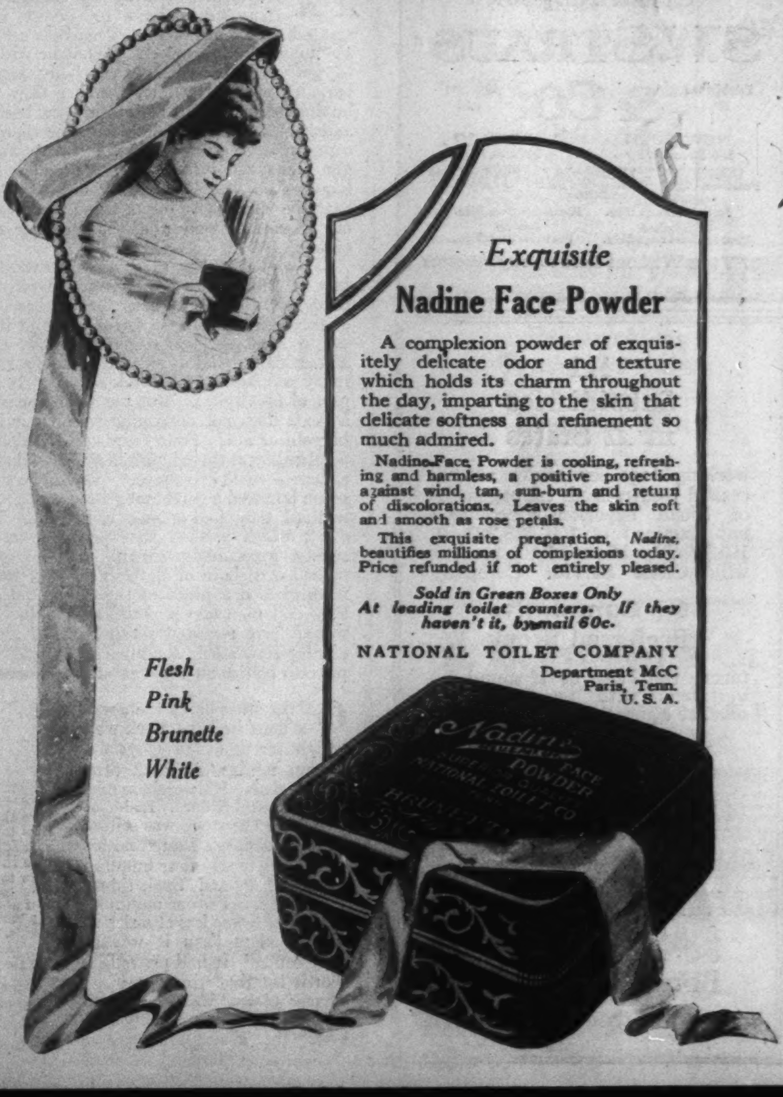

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The McClure Financial Booklet

This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum of fifteen cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing. This book will enable you to avoid many of the pitfalls that a new investor is apt to encounter.

Special Service of Inquiry Department

The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance; also information on standard investment securities. This service is absolutely free to McClure readers. The Financial and Insurance Department cannot undertake to give any stock market prophecies, nor to suggest speculative opportunities. Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 25 West 44th Street, New York City.

A READER of this magazine recently wrote to the Financial and Insurance Department stating that he had five thousand dollars to invest and wanted the names of some securities selling at "unusually low prices." What he wished to get were bargains. Everybody wants bargains when they buy, whether they are buying securities or real estate or horses; and it is a legitimate ambition, for there is every reason why we should try to make our money go just as far as possible. It requires no vast amount of brains to see that the cheaper we buy a thing the greater our chance of gain and the less our risk of loss.

We want bargains therefore. We want to buy at "unusually low prices." What is a bargain? Is a stock a bargain that is selling at fifty cents a share? On the face of it, it would seem so, and the fake stock promoter knows that there are always a good many people who will think so, too. It is a part of his capital. But the selling price of a stock does not determine whether it is a bargain or not. Four years ago Bethlehem Steel selling at three hundred and fifty dollars a share seemed expensive. When it went to seven hundred a good many thousand people realized they had missed a bargain. The stock which seemed so expensive was in reality exceedingly cheap. At the price named one share of Bethlehem Steel would have yielded a profit of three hundred and fifty dollars, when it doubled in value. It would have required seven hundred shares of fifty cent stock doubling in price to realize an equal profit.

ON the other hand, there was a man in New York who bought ten thousand shares of a certain mining stock at fifty cents a share. His purchase cost five thousand dollars. Inside of two years the stock was selling at forty dollars a share and his profit was nearly four hundred thousand dollars. Such things do happen, but as one man said, "The stock was less of a risk at forty dollars than it was at fifty cents." It had proved its worth by that time, and the chance of loss was greatly diminished. It is probably safe to say that in almost every case a stock selling at three hundred and fifty dollars a share is "cheaper" than one quoted at fifty cents. If a stock sells as high as three hundred and fifty there is some reason for it.

Another case of a bargain was a stock brought out on the New York Curb about August first of this year. It was reputed to have been underwritten at around $12.50 a share. It was offered at $36 a share, and a day later sold up around $50 a share. There were 420,000 shares, which, multiplied by $.7.50, representing the twenty-four hour appreciation in their market valuation, shows what a fine bargain somebody got. But who got it—the public or the underwriters?

We received a second letter not long ago stating: "I have recently purchased $15,000 worth of the four per cent. bonds of the Blank Railway Company, so that the immediate return on my investment is nine per cent. Do you think this is a safe investment?" The answer is easy. There is no safe bond which will yield nine per cent. As a matter of fact the company which issued these particular bonds presently failed and went into the hands of a receiver. Interest stopped, a committee was formed for the protection of the bondholders, and the bonds declined even further in price. It may be that the company will eventually get on its feet and the bonds become really valuable again, but it is sure to be a tedious process. Meanwhile, a large number of people are deprived of income on which they may have been dependent. The exercise of a reasonable amount of judgment should have told the man who bought the fifteen thousand dollars' worth that he was making a poor investment.

Nine per cent. return is alluring, but it is not compatible with safety. Which is better, nine per cent. for six months or a year, and then nothing—combined with a loss of capital invested—or a Liberty Bond yielding a little less than five per cent. but with interest and principal absolutely assured? The answer is obvious.

IT may be that what may be a poor investment for one man is a real bargain for another. Take the case of the three per cent. bonds of the first Liberty Loan. Three per cent. may seem a small return to the man of moderate means, but to a millionaire obliged to pay an enormous income tax the three per cent. received from an investment in these bonds, which are tax exempt, might be more than he could obtain from other bonds yielding twice as much. Combined with safety, he could ask for no better investment. So in the case of municipal bonds in states where there is a state income tax. The tax exempt feature of these bonds makes them most attractive to men of wealth, and the recent passage of an income tax law in the state of New York has created a brisk demand for the bonds issued by the municipalities of that state.

There was a story in the newspapers last spring of a man living in London whose income was derived principally from real estate located in the United States. He was obliged to pay an income tax to both the English Government and the United States Government, and according to the story his taxes amounted to more than his income. It is conceivable that such a thing might happen. Imagine, therefore, what a bargain it would have been for that man to have owned the first issue of Liberty Bonds instead of real estate. He would have escaped the income tax entirely in this country, and the tax exempt feature of these bonds explains why they sell so much higher than the later issues which, on the face of things, yield more.

Opinions may vary as to whether a certain security is a bargain or not but guess-work should never be relied upon. The first and most important thing to remember perhaps is that it is a mistake to try to get too great a bargain. Like the railway bonds just referred to, such a low price and such a

McClure's Financial Booklet

Eighth Edition

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First Principles of Life Insurance
Investment Opportunities of the War
The Partial-Payment Plan

Booklet will be sent for fifteen cents in stamps. See announcement above. Address all communications to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 25 W. 44th St., New York.

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Bonds *Short Term Notes* *Acceptances*

Compare Your Bonds

We have prepared some data regarding one of the best bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange. This data is arranged in such a way that investors can readily compare their present holdings, item by item, with the strong features of this bond. We believe that it will be interesting and to the advantage of investors to make such a comparison.

Write for Circular MC-53

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Investment Securities
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Capital and Surplus $500,000.00

high yield should make the investor suspicious. There are always reasons for the selling prices of securities. Are they low because the company has not yet proved its worth, because its business is temporarily bad, or because its affairs are in dangerous condition? Perhaps it is little known and there is small demand for it. It may be that general economic conditions keep prices down. In July of this year conditions were such that the average of stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange was probably higher than it has ever been before. Some people considered them bargains at those prices. Were they right?

What is a bargain anyway? Is it something cheap? That is the way we usually think of it, but "an advantageous purchase" is perhaps a better definition as applied to securities. It may be low in price or it may be high, but the real test is whether or not it is advantageous to the purchaser. So we have seen that a return as low as three per cent. may be a bargain. For all people safety of principal and income should be essential. Do not think too much of "unusually low prices." A security which is safe, which yields a reasonable return, and for which there is a market, is an advantageous purchase—a bargain. There are always bargains of this nature to be had from among the listings of the New York Stock Exchange, and the offerings of the established and recognized investment houses. Where many people make their mistake is in thinking that in order to get bargains they have to speculate. Not at all. Investment buying is successful a hundred times where speculation is profitable once. Who wants to give odds of a hundred to one? The real bargains are in the purchase outright of sound securities.

Books About Stocks and Bonds

Insurance and Banking by Mail

1.—The Guaranty Trust Company of New York will send upon request an interesting booklet describing the advantages of using their traveler's checks. Send for booklet MC.

2.—Messrs. Kidder, Peabody Company of Boston, Mass., will be glad to send upon request a list of new investment offerings. Send for list "M C."

3.—"Investment Advantages of Preferred Stocks carrying Common Stock Bonuses" is the title of an interesting booklet issued by I. D. Noll & Company, 170 Broadway, which explains the substantial profits which in many instances have accrued to those purchasing preferred stocks with common stock bonuses; a number of cases being cited where common stock originally given out as a bonus has eventually become worth a great deal of money.

4.—Each number of Dunham's Investment Digest, which is an interesting bimonthly publication devoted to current comment and analyses of securities readily marketable, and offering market profit possibilities, reviews many prominent independent oil, mining, Standard Oil, industrial and motor companies. Tables of current quotations and coming dividends contained are extremely handy for ready reference. The current number may be obtained from the publishers, Dunham & Company, 43 Exchange Place. Ask for 3-CC.

5.—S. W. Straus & Co. have issued a new "Investment Guide" describing a widely diversified variety of first mortgage serial 6% bonds safeguarded under the *Straus Plan* in $1000 and $500 denominations. This circular, together with the "Questionnaire for Investors" will be sent without charge to any one writing S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York City, or Straus Building, Chicago. Ask for Circular R-904.

6.—H. M. Byllesby & Co., Inc., 111 Broadway, New York, 202 South La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill., will send, upon request, a booklet describing their new oil property. Send for booklet MC-1, "A Study of Shaffer Oil & Refining Co. And the Position It Occupies in the Petroleum Industry."

7.—The Doherty News, published by Henry L. Doherty & Company, operators and fiscal agents of Cities Service Company, is published monthly and gives the latest information regarding oil statistics and production figures in the United States. It also contains valuable information regarding public utilities and a general review of the investment situation.

8.—A. B. Leach & Co., Inc. of 62 Cedar Street, New York, will send to those interested data which can be used for comparison of bonds now held with one of the best bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Ask for Blank No. MC-53.

We advise the purchase and are making a Specialty of
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Net earnings will be over 3 times interest.

Borrower is entirely responsible.

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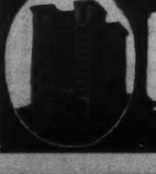
PERKINS & CO. Lawrence, [illegible]



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Send for Booklet D-12 "Odd Lot Investment"

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9.—Short time, carefully safeguarded investment netting an unusually high return. Peabody, Houghteling & Co., Established 1865. 10 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago.

10.—"Opportunity in Bonds" will be the leading article in "Bond Topics" this month. There will also be an excellent article by Samuel Insull on what the Middle West Utilities Co. has done during the war "Bond Topics" will be sent on request by writing to A. H. Bickmore, 111 Broadway, New York City.

11.—Bankers Mortgage Co., Des Moines, Ia., will send booklet 118, dealing with Iowa First Farm Mortgages and Tax Free Municipal Bonds.

12.—"Acceptance" is the title of a comprehensive and thorough booklet which will be of great value to business houses dealing in acceptances. Both foreign and domestic acceptances are dealt with in this booklet. It will be sent upon request by the National City Co., New York.

13.—John Muir & Co., odd lot and liberty bond specialists, 61 Broadway, New York, have recently made several changes in their partial-payment-plan terms which are explained in the new edition of their booklet, "The Partial Payment Plan," which is free on request.

14.—A "Banking by Mail" plan which has stood the test is explained in Booklet "D" of The Citizens Savings & Trust Company of Cleveland, Ohio. Write to the bank and it will be mailed you without cost.

15.—"Six Per Cent and Safety" is the title of a booklet giving some very interesting facts about that old and tried institution. The Calvert Mortgage Company of Baltimore, Md., which has paid 6% continuously for a quarter of a century.

16.—Farson, Son & Co., 115 Broadway, New York City, will send upon request an interesting circular regarding the Cadet Hosiery Company, 8% Preferred Stock. Send for Circular C-T.

17.—Francis & Company, 1 Wall Street, New York City, wil[illegible]leased to send upon request some interesting circulars describing a variety of new investments.

18.—The Twenty Payment Plan was originated by Slattery & Company, Inc., of 40 Exchange Place, New York City, and has been in successful operation for a great many years. Booklet describing the plan in detail.

19.—"We're Right on the Ground,' by E. J. Landers & Co., of Grand Forks, N. D., covers Farm Mortgages from the Northwest. Free.

20.—Perkins & Co., Lawrence, Kan., will send free a list of farm mortgages. Send for list 718.

Upon request from readers, McClure's Financial Department will arrange with any of the above named firms to furnish promptly the booklets mentioned in this column. In sending request to McClure's for booklets, please order them by number.

A Bench in the Park

[*Continued from page 20*]

are greater in N. Y. where succes is to be found please dont come back & maik yrself misserable. What you need is a nice girl in yr life. Get some swell close & maik the awquaintance of some nice girl & you will find all o. k. I love you my boy & say this for yr good. . . ."

Prunella turned away from the intimate work of reading over the young man's shoulder. Flexing her wrist she consulted the small bracelet-watch which popped out under the edge of her glove. It was ten minutes after six. Her mother would inquire where she had been. She would have to hurry in order to dress herself properly for dinner at a quarter to eight. She handed the misspelled letter back to the Menace.

"You mustn't go about it — this way," she said, with all the wisdom of her nineteen years.

"I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings," he replied, flushing as he put the letter back into his pocket.

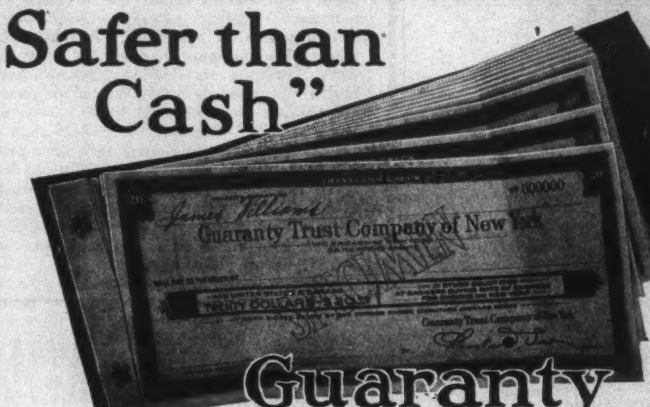
"No — no. Really. I'm so glad you told me all these interesting things about yourself. And I should like to help you, I am sure."

"Would you?" He looked up at her with a sort of miserable hope.

"Certainly — if there is anything I can do."

"Well — would you go to the movies with me to-night?"

"Safer than Cash"



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20 shares 7% Cumulative Preferred with 35% Bonus of Common in the
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1 PLANT—Niles, Michigan
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4 Direct Sales—low overhead expense.
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6 DIVIDENDS—Preferred paid regularly since incorporation—three years.
7 EARNINGS—Preferred dividends now earned several times—good balance on common—Capacity earnings indicate 40% on Common.

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8% Preferred Stock

Company Successfully Operating for over ten years.
Present sales at rate of over $1,000,000 per year.
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Sinking fund to retire Preferred Stock.
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Price to net 8% with bonus of 25% Common Stock.

Send for Circular C. M. C.

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"Investment Opportunities"

An inquiry for 8-A will bring this publication, with booklet, explaining
"The Twenty Payment Plan"

SLATTERY & Co
(Inc)
Investment Securities
40 Exchange Place, New York

Prunella arose hastily. More hastily than she had intended.

"Thank you. But I'm afraid I couldn't do that."

The plum-colored suit arose stiffly.

"I don't suppose you'd let me come around and see you or —— "

"I'm sorry I must be going," she interrupted quite breathlessly.

"I'm sorry, too," he said; and there was both gentleness and dignity in the way he removed that odd hat and took her hand. "I'm very much obliged to you, lady. You helped a lot. All I wanted was a nice girl to talk to, and I guess now I'm feeling a lot better."

"Good night," said Prunella, already moving away.

"Good night," said the lonely man as he stood beside the bench.

As she walked briskly away toward Fifth Avenue the feeling of irritation came back to her. She had so wanted something interesting to report to Mrs. De Finnegan.

She looked back once before turning beyond the stone post at the Park gate. The man in the green hat was sitting on the bench, leaning far over, his fingers extended toward the resident squirrel who came bobbing forward in the very human hope of getting something for nothing.

Aboard the Midnight Limited

[*Continued from page 72*]

"A future," added Fraser good-naturedly, "that is always just ahead of me. I'm a family doctor, Mr. Smith. As such, I believe in early marriages."

Margery sighed, quite audibly. "Please don't get him on that subject, Mr. Smith," she protested. "Early marriages — I've been talked to death about it. Please."

Mrs. Smith nodded complacently. "Let him talk, my dear," she said, "it does him good."

"But it doesn't do him good," protested Margery, "it only worries him."

"Jerry," said the old lady, "you go over there and sit by him. Let her come over here and sit by me."

Her was Margery. The change was swiftly effected. It was a change not to Margie's liking. She was still afraid of the old lady's somewhat domineering, patronizing manner, and she was more afraid that Fraser, without her, might be inclined to talk too much.

"Look a-here," nodded old Smith to Fraser, confidentially, "you don't practise what you preach."

"Barkis was willin', Barkis was always willin'," returned Fraser, "but I'm a university man, and a professional man besides, with all that that implies."

The old man sadly shook his head. "By gorry, Doc," he cried, "you've got something they can never take away from you, something that Private Joe Delaney here and me have never had. You've got higher education. See?"

"So," laughed Fraser, "has everybody else."

"Not by a darned sight," cried the old man.

"You've got me started," went on Fraser.

"I was aiming to," said the old man, "you go on, college man. Private Joe Delaney, we've got a college man a-talking. You listen, Private Joe."

"I'm listening," said Joe.

"You go on, Doc," insisted the old man.

"I got into Farnsworth at eighteen," said Fraser. "My folks starved, I think, to put me there. But they put me there, all right, they kept me there. I can never pay 'em back. They thought, and I thought, that with a university education I could lick the world. You see?"

"By gorry," cried the old man, "you can. Give me a college education, and I can lick the world. I should have had it, Doc. It would have been the makings of a man like me. It's the one thing I should have had, the one thing I never got to get."

"I got it," returned Fraser. Saying it, he looked tired, suddenly, and old.

The old man smiled reminiscently. "Farnsworth," he mused, "I used to like those lads. Foreman of Timothy's Tool Works in the town, I told you that. Foreman of a shop, it meant something in those days. This lad, Joe Delaney here, he pushes a button, and the world goes round. But we were the machinery, those days; we were hard as nails. The college boys knew it, we used to mix it up with 'em. Some fine scrappers among 'em. One of 'em handed me this."

He pointed to a scar above his eyebrow. "I liked them boys," went on old Smith, "but I didn't envy 'em. I didn't envy 'em — not till I'd been superintendent for two years, and wanted something better. I didn't envy 'em until I went to Timothy for an office job. Phebe wanted me to get a salary, you see. Timothy turned me down. He was taking lads from Farnsworth; his office force was made of Farnsworth boys. Greenhorns, see?

"'What do they know about your old tool works, Timothy?' I said.

"'Smithy,' said Timothy to me, 'I used to think the same as you. I'm no college man myself. Greenhorns — yes, when they come in. But in six months — in six months time, by gosh,' said Timothy, 'they *know*.'

"Well, they did. I could see that with only half an eye. I watched 'em. Sore at 'em, I was. Sore at Timothy. Sore at myself. But I had to hand it to 'em. They always knew, they always understood. Give me a college boy, let me train him for a year or so. He's on. I always liked those Farnsworth boys," said Smith.

"I hobnobbed with the best of them," said Fraser. "I told you my folks starved to make it possible. Four years in Farns-

Coming in the November McClure's

"The Man Who Wouldn't Make Friends," by Fred C. Kelly, is the beginning of a most remarkable business series. No business can be run independent of the personality of the head of that business. Don't fool yourself that what you are doesn't creep into every bit of business that is transacted in your office, your factory, or your shop. This article will prove it to you in a new and wonderful way. The series begins in November.

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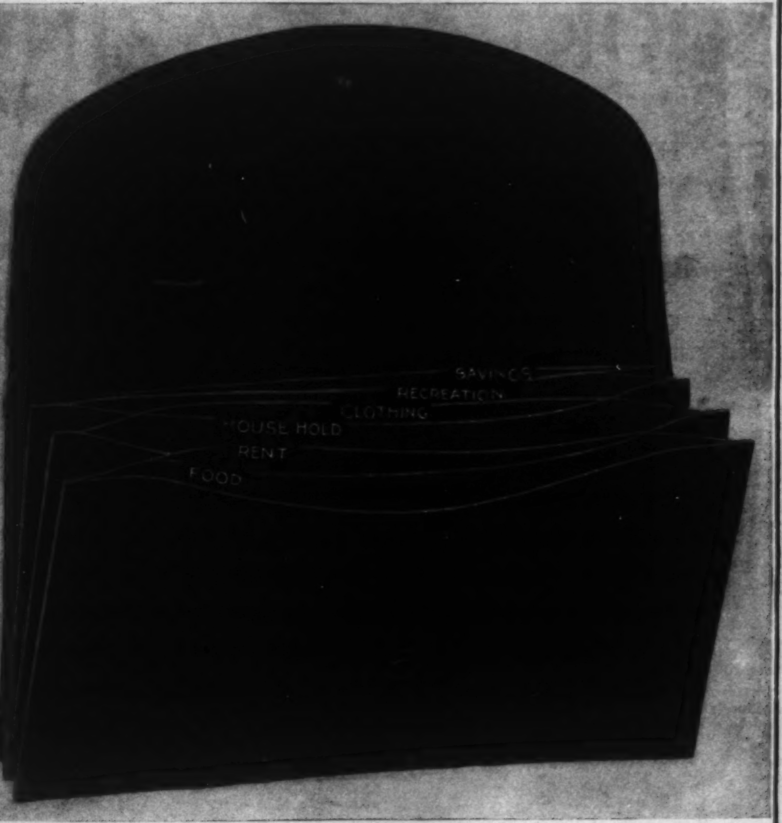

Actual Size 5⅛x3⅛ inches when closed

The Prosperity Purse is designed especially for the man or woman who is living on a fixed salary or allowance. It enables you to treat your income in the same scientific, results-bringing way that is used by the big successful corporation.

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>
> *WOODROW WILSON.*

The Prosperity Purse is handsomely made of genuine black grained leather. It has seven compartments, six of them capped with small red leather tabs, neatly lettered in gold. Used as an ordinary purse, which merely *spends* money, it would be excellent value—a purse you would be proud to carry. But this purse also *saves* money and so is worth its weight in gold.

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McC. 10-19
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worth. Four years in medical school. Two years in a hospital. Ten years in all. Twenty-eight when I got out, full-fledged."

He was interrupted. The old lady had leaned forward, suddenly. She clutched her husband by the arm. "Jerry — Jerry," she cried, shrilly, "something's going to happen. I know it. I feel it, Jerry. It's — coming on."

Fraser glanced sharply at the old lady's face. There was hysteria in the tones of her voice. There was something in the expression of her face, some deep-rooted trouble shone from her eyes.

"Jerry, I can feel it," she insisted.

The old man drew her to his knee and put his arms about her. "There — there, Phebe," he soothed, "you know it never happens, Phebe. You only feel it's going to happen. But it won't."

"It will — it will," cried the old lady, starting up again, "I know — there's something the matter with this train."

"Doc," said Mr. Smith, "will you push that button, please?"

"Can't I be of service to your wife?" queried Grayson.

"No — no," cried the old lady, "I — pretty soon, now, I'll be all right."

Fraser touched the button. The porter appeared. "Colonel," queried the old man, "where'd we leave the main line roadbed — why?"

"Yassuh," said the porter, "it was at Stanton — seven miles back."

"Why?"

"Proppin' her up f'r fear of washouts, I reckon," said the porter. "We're on a little detour now. Yassuh. Jus' a little detour. But it ain' goin' to be f'r long. No suh. Not f'r long."

AS he bowed himself out the old man patted the old lady on the shoulder. "Phebe," he said, "you were dead right. There *was* something the matter with the train. You win."

He sidled back to Fraser, and handed out cigars.

"You got out, full-fledged," he reminded Fraser.

"You want some more?" asked Fraser.

"I want it all," said Mr. Smith.

"Full-fledged—at twenty-eight," went on Fraser. "A doctor—at twenty-eight. A professional man, qualified to set the world on fire. And saddled with a debt to my folks that I never have repaid, that I never can repay."

"Never mind that," said the old man, "they didn't want you to repay it."

"*They* didn't, I know," conceded Fraser. "So I settled down in River City — to set the world afire. Listen, Joe, listen, Mr. Smith. In River City there are five hundred doctors, my competitors. And every one of 'em, maybe, went to a university to set the world on fire. At twenty-eight I started practise. At thirty I couldn't pay my office rent. At thirty-five I marry; most people would laugh at me if they knew the size of the income that I'm marrying on. For thirteen years I've known my wife. For seven long years we've been engaged. And now we're married. And what's the answer?

"Time was," mused Fraser, "when I thought that I'd rather be a Farnsworth man than anything on the face of the earth. Time was when I stretched forth my hand and made the noblest of all professions — my profession. You've got great-grandchildren at seventy-three. Joe Delaney is a bridegroom at his age. And I'm a marrying man — and just now married. Did higher education hand me a lemon, or did it not? That's what I'd like to know."

His curiosity remained unsatisfied. His question stood unanswered. There was good reason. The Pullman car in which they sat suddenly derailed itself, paused for a moment on the brink of ruin, and then rolled down the side of the embankment. Singularly enough, it drew up almost on all fours.

There was, of course, the devil to pay. Fraser and Private Joe Delaney, the trained men of that little company, were the first to recover full possession of their senses. Fraser was uninjured. Joe's head had been cut by broken glass — the blood streamed generously down across his face; otherwise he was all right. The old man had hurt his arm. The women had escaped serious injury. They had not even fainted, and the old lady was the only one of them affected by hysteria. Fraser demolished what was left of the broken windows with his boot, and, with Joe's assistance, helped the women to the ground. The old man, holding his left arm with his right hand, piloted them to a little hillock in the middle of a field of growing corn. As he did so, the clouds cleared away and the sun began to shine.

Fraser found his hands full — he was the only doctor on the train. But inside a quarter of an hour the whole trainload of passengers was huddled on the little hillock in the middle of the field of corn. The perspiring crew counted noses. There were no serious casualties — Nerve shock for the present was sustaining those who had met with the severest injuries. The conductor raised up his voice.

"Stateroom B," he cried, his glance scanning the trembling little crowd, "is there anybody here from stateroom B, car 3?" His tone was solicitous in the extreme. Fraser Grayson waved his hand. "My stateroom — and my wife's," he said.

"Both all right?" demanded the conductor.

"Not a scratch," said Fraser.

"How did you escape?" persisted the conductor.

Fraser smiled. "By being at the time, conveniently in stateroom A," he said.

The conductor shook his head. "You're a lucky pair," he said. "Stateroom B landed on a big rock full force. You'd have been killed. It was smashed to smithereens."

Old Mr. Smith plucked the conductor by the sleeve. "What you going to do?" he asked.

"I don't know yet," said the conductor, "we got word there's a wash-out ten miles further on."

"This bunch is in bad shape," said the old man, "the women are whimpering ——"

"I know," said the conductor. He pointed to a wagon road that crossed the railroad tracks. "Here come the motor cars from town."

A dozen of them drew up at the track. "You from Othello?" queried the conductor. They were. "Much of a town?" It was, they claimed. But no hospital, except the emergency rooms at the mill. Othello was a factory town and nothing else.

"How about hotels?"

"Lots o' room," the drivers said, "there ain't been any custom since the War."

With the exception of one or two commercial men who chartered a motor car and proceeded on their way, the whole trainload followed the advice of the conductor — and good advice it was — and were driven to Othello. When they reached there, the late afternoon sun was drying up the roads and the mill folk were getting home from work. The hotel was a cheap affair, but new and good and clean.

"How many doctors in this town?" queried the conductor of the hotel man.

"Three," said the hotel man, "but there's sort of an epidemic of malarial fever — fifty cases in the lower end of town. This wind'll clean it up. But so far, it's kept our doctors busy nights. I'll get 'em if I can."

The conductor tapped Fraser on the arm. "For the present, Doctor," he remarked, "I guess it's up to you."

FRASER ordered the women to bed and gave them sedatives. This eliminated racked nerves from the situation. He redressed the cuts and rebound wrenched ligaments. There wasn't a dislocation, nor a broken bone. It was very late at night when Fraser reached his room. Margery was awake and waiting for him.

"Fraser," she cried, "isn't it just our luck — a train wreck on our wedding trip?"

She had borne up wonderfully well, Fraser told himself. "You've got it on the other women, honey," he told her, "tomorrow their nerves will be in shreds. Joe Delaney's little bride has been crying for three hours. This place will be like a mad-house in the morning."

There was a hurried tap upon their door. "Doc," cried a familiar voice,

Fraser stepped into the hall. It was old Mr. Smith. The old man was half clad and distinctly worried. Under the hall light he seemed old and haggard far beyond his age.

"It's Phebe, Doc," he whispered, "it's my wife. She's in a bad way — she's got 'em again."

"Got what?" asked Fraser.

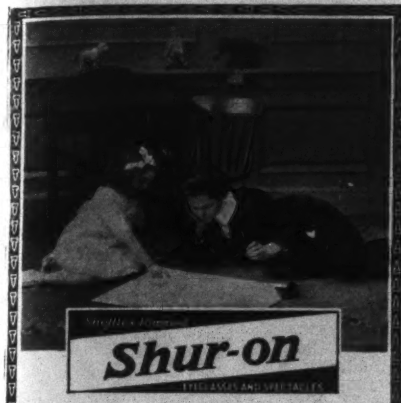
"The bad spell — she had it in the train to-day. It grows on her — it gets worse as time goes on. Just now she's got it bad. You come."

"I'll be with you in a minute," Fraser told him. He went back to Margie and explained the situation. Margie sighed.

"It's just our luck, Fraser, isn't it?" she said, "and — Fraser, honey, don't — don't be long."

Fraser found old lady Smith propped up in bed. Her eyes were frantic, fear seemed indelibly stamped upon her features.

"Here's Doc Grayson, Phebe," said the



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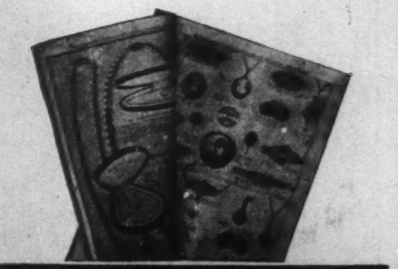

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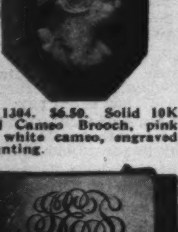

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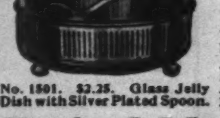

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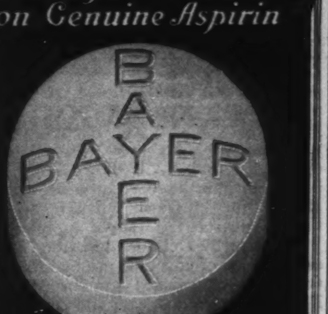

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old gentleman, tapping her on the shoulder.

"Oh," cried the old lady, catching Fraser's hand, "I'm glad you've come, I'm glad you've come."

"You're in trouble," said Fraser, making himself at home.

Old Mr. Smith chuckled. "Phebe's the girl for troubles, Doc," he said. "She's always having troubles, only most of 'em never happen."

"I'm in deep trouble now," said the old lady, her eyes wild.

"Tell me," said Fraser.

"Doctor," said the old lady. "I'm going to die, I know I'm going to die."

Old Mr. Smith nodded. "That's her trouble, Doc," he said. "She's always going to die. She always going to, and never does. She's as lively as a two-year-old, my Phebe is, she'll outlive me by a dozen years or so. But she's always going to die."

"This time I *know*," said Mrs. Smith. She looked at Fraser through tortured eyes.

Fraser held her hand in his. "You're not afraid to die," he said.

"That's it, that's the way to talk," returned the old lady, "only — I can't tell you before Jerry there. Jerry doesn't know. He treats it as a joke. You send him to his room."

JERRY tiptoed away and shut the door behind him. Fraser nodded to his patient.

"*I* think about death," he said, "my own death ——"

"Ah," cried the old lady, "that's the way to talk. And you're not afraid to die?"

"I don't believe," said Fraser, slowly, "that I am."

"I wouldn't be afraid," quavered the old lady, "if I hadn't done it once ——"

"Done what?" queried Fraser.

"Died."

"When did you die?" asked Fraser.

"Listen," said the old lady, "I've never told it to a living soul. I've always kept it to myself. It was with little Jerry. He was my first, my little Jerry was. When he was born, I died."

"But you're here now," said Fraser.

"Ah," she returned, "I came back later. But I died . . . it was horrible, that death. I could never tell my husband. But I died, . . . and I came back . . . And I never want to die that way again. . . ."

"I'm interested," nodded Fraser, "tell me all about your death — that time."

It was after half-past seven in the morning, when he stole, finally, into the old man's room. The old man was dressed and shaved, he looked fit as a fiddle.

"Phebe?" queried the old man, anxiously.

"She's asleep," said Fraser.

"What's the matter with her?" queried Mr. Smith.

"She's an old lady," said Fraser.

"With an old lady's foolish fancies," returned the old gentleman.

Fraser shook his head. "With an old lady's fancies—I can hardly say they're foolish. I let her talk. She'll be better when she wakes."

"Will she ever get over it?"

"That's hard to tell," said Fraser. He stretched forth his arm and gripped Mr. Smith's sound arm. "Mr. Smith," said Fraser earnestly, "look at the rows of little cottages, look at the flowers, look at the young girl mothers, look at the children playing around doorsteps. That's life."

"Of course it's life," said the old man, "who said it wasn't?"

"Young people — young married people — living together, with lots of children. Lots of children, strong children, Mr. Smith. Strong, because their mothers and their fathers have mated young. It's life."

"It's been my life," said old man Smith.

"It'll be Joe Delaney's life," nodded Fraser, "it's the life I want for every man, but it's not my life. It's not for men like me."

"You're a professional man," said Smith, "you've got higher education. You're doing good in the world. You're making the world better every minute of your time. You can't eat your cake and have it, too."

"I want strong-limbed children," went on Fraser, "like yours, like the children that Joe Delaney and his wife will have. . . . I'll have one child, perhaps . . . one child, to carry down with him the traditions of my learning . . . one child. . . ."

"Look here," cried the old man, "you don't mean to say you regret your college education."

Fraser stared at him. "Regret," he echoed, "man alive, I want it — I want all the education I can get. I got out of Farnsworth all that Farnsworth had to give. . . ."

"And the world is better for it," nodded the old man.

"Better for it so long as I live," said Fraser, "but why should it stop there, why should all my learning die at my death. I want it to go on, I want my learning to go down through the ages, down through the blood of strong-limbed children to their children and their children's children. The world is full of children, such as Joe Delaney's kids will be, who've inherited good blood, big lungs, clear eyes. I want it to be full of children who've inherited something else. . . . I want to see born into existence hordes of children with innate intelligence, with higher education, as you call it, in their blood. I acquired intelligence. I didn't inherit it. It was a wrench for me to speak straight English when I went to school."

"I quit struggling long ago," chuckled the old man.

"I'm a Farnsworth man," continued Fraser, "and I want Farnsworth and what Farnsworth stands for to permeate the earth. The world is entitled to huge generations of educated people . . . entitled to a universal strain of intelligence. The world educates a man . . . isn't it entitled to that man's progeny — progeny born in the full vigor of that man's youth? Is my education to be wasted because I can't marry until I'm thirty-five?"

The old man nodded. He stared at Fraser in a puzzled sort of way. For the moment he seemed startled. "I get your drift," he said at length, "I get it — *hard*."

Joe Delaney and his bride resumed their trip next day. Three days later a railroad official from Chicago arrived in town. He reached the hotel just as the hotel guests were eating dinner. Fraser's table was pointed out to him and he made a bee-line for it. He introduced himself to Fraser and to Mr. Smith.

"Now, in the first place," he said, "you folks'll want your tickets all renewed. Most of 'em, I imagine, have expired."

"Don't want mine renewed," returned Mr. Smith, "no more railway trains for me and my wife — not just at present, thank you."

"What are you going to do?" queried the railroad man.

"I'm going to motor to the nearest lake port," said the old man, "and take the Great Lakes' trip home. How long will it take me to redeem my railway tickets? When can I get the cash?"

The railroad man made a rapid mental calculation. "Oh," he returned, "under present circumstances — in about three months."

"Why the terrific rush?" asked Smith.

The railroad man eyed him sternly. "Mr. — er — Smith," he said with mock severity, "men have been hung for sardonic treason of your kind . . . what about your plans, Doctor Grayson?"

Fraser produced his tickets. "I'm going on," he said.

"Good," said the other man, "I'll have 'em fixed up for you this afternoon."

FRASER pulled out a little strip of hotel coupons. "By gosh," said Fraser, turning white, "I forgot all about my rooms. They're bought and paid for, every one."

"You mean," said the agent slowly, "that you paid in advance for all your hotel reservations. Foolish ——"

"No," interposed Mr. Smith, shaking his head, "not foolish. Doc's got the same idea as me. I always nail 'em in advance. Lots o' reasons for it. One thing, I want to know what the trip is goin' to cost."

The agent looked at Fraser. "Haven't you wired to cancel these?" he asked.

"I never thought about it," returned Fraser.

The agent shook his head. "There's a long chance of your losing all that you've paid for reservations up to now. Better get busy right away and wire hotels to cancel all the rest."

"I'm stuck now," mused Fraser, "on my reservation for the last five days."

"How long can you stay here?" asked the railroad man.

"I want to go," said Fraser.

"Doctor," said the railroad man, earnestly, "special favor. You're a life saver to us, just happens so. Can't you stick it out here in Othello till the last galoot's ashore? It won't be long — first of the week — or the middle, at the most. We'll make it worth your while."

"Oh," said Fraser, "it hadn't occurred to me to make a charge."

"Why, of course, you'll make a charge," returned the railroad man.

"I should say so," added Mr. Smith.

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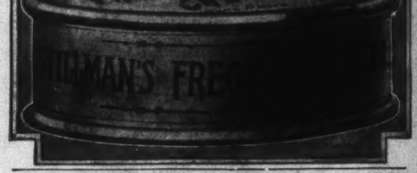

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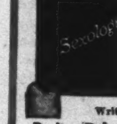

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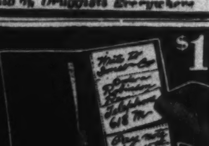

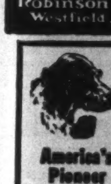

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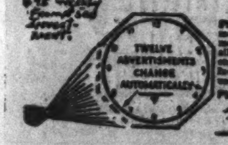

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"Well," said Fraser, "I can't turn down a decent offer, but I've stood ready to stick it out here, without expecting pay. What size bill ought I to render to the road?"

"A thousand dollars, at the least," said Mr. Smith.

"Fair," mused the railroad man.

"Plus expenses," added Smith.

"Yes, of course," said Fraser. He hardly dared to look at Margery. But Margie's eyes were bright. A thousand dollars, picked up on a wedding trip, was an accident worth while.

"You make out your bill, Doctor, for a thousand dollars and expenses," said the railroad man, handing out his card, "and send it in to me. I'll do the rest."

"It's to be made out to the road?" asked Fraser.

"Well, to the government — railway administration."

"Oh, yes, the government," said Fraser. "It'll go through Washington and you'll get your check."

"In three months," said Mr. Smith.

"Oh," protested the Chicago man, "it won't take as long as that."

"Now," said Fraser, "what about my hotel reservations? Can't you fix them up?"

"I can't," said the Chicago man, "you'll have to stand the loss on those reservations now and include it in your claim against the government."

"I know," said Fraser, "but I want the reservations now."

He might have added, that, if he didn't get the reservations now, he wanted the money for the reservations now. The situation scared him just a bit. His itinerary was all planned. Also, he had cut his coat according to his cloth. The mix-up was liable to cost him a hundred dollars more in cold, hard cash; he wasn't sure that he could stand the strain.

"LOOK here," he said to the Chicago man, "you ought to put everybody here in status quo. You're paying the hotel bills here, for all of us. Why can't you fix me up on the hotel rooms I've lost."

"Matter of damage — not emergency," said the Chicago man, "you put in your claim for money. If it's right, the government will pay."

"If it isn't, it won't," said Mr. Smith.

"But if it is, it will," persisted the railroad man, loyally. After he had left their table, Smith turned to Fraser.

"Look here, Doc," he said, "this man, the trouble with him is, he's got no authority. None at all. I know Dicky Birdsall in Chicago — he's a man that has."

"Railroad man?" asked Fraser.

"Probably," said Smith, "he's this man's boss. I'll be in Chicago by to-morrow afternoon, it's not so far away. I've an idea I can fix this up with Birdsall, and get you straightened out."

"Just how?" asked Fraser.

"You fix up your itinerary with new dates for your hotel stops," said Mr. Smith. "You arrange to make Chicago, say, by Thursday of next week."

"I can do it sure, by then," said Fraser.

"Good," said Mr. Smith, "if I can't get Birdsall to fix you up, I'll eat my hat."

He didn't eat his hat. Two days later, in the morning, he telephoned to Fraser from Chicago.

"It's all fixed, Doc," said Mr. Smith, "your first stop is the Blackthorne in Chicago next Thursday afternoon."

"That wasn't my hotel," said Fraser.

"It's your hotel now," said Smith. "There are a million conventions coming into Chi next week. The Blackthorne goes."

"You're a wizard," returned Fraser, "and how about the rest?"

"That's what I want to tell you," went on old Smith, "I've left your itinerary and all your hotel coupons with Alf Peters, the clerk at the Blackthorne. He's got 'em in his safe. So you're all fixed, Doc. Dicky Birdsall came to the front like a little man. Good luck, Doc. Phebe sends her best regards. Here's hoping that you have lots of 'em, Doc," said Mr. Smith.

"Lots of what?" asked Fraser.

"*With* inherited intelligence," laughed the old man.

"Oh, you go to thunder!" exclaimed Fraser.

On Thursday of the following week, Fraser left Margie in the corridor of the Blackthorne, registered at the desk, asked for Mr. Alf Peters, of national fame, and got a sealed package out of the safe.

"Your friend, Mr. Smith," smiled Alf Peters, "was most particular about you."

"Fine," said Fraser, "and *I'm* particular about myself. It was a railroad mix-up. I want to know whether my bill is all paid here in advance. I want to be sure that they came through all right."

They had come through. Fraser found that everything was paid. He and Margie were escorted to their quarters on the fifth floor. The bell-man unlocked the door and stood aside. They entered. Margie gasped.

"On the lake front," she cried. "Fraser — on the lake front — and a corner room."

Fraser looked about him. "How many rooms are we getting here?" he asked the bell-man in surprise.

"There's three," returned the bell-man, "there's three rooms, besides the bath."

When the bell-man had departed, Margie held out her hand for the sealed packet. She located the hotel coupons and scanned them.

"Fraser," she cried, "that Mr. Smith is a first-class business man. He's made them give us the best hotels all the way across. Fraser, it looks as though that accident had changed our luck somehow."

Fraser's eyes were dancing. "Nothing to worry about," he said, "until we get back home."

"And," added Margie, "a thousand-dollar check waiting for us when we do. Fraser, we've begun to live."

"I believe you," returned Fraser, "we *have* begun to live."

The thousand-dollar check wasn't waiting for them when they finally reached home. Home was waiting for them without the check. They had a neat little cottage in a dingy part of River City, down among the factory folk. Margie was distinctly shocked when they entered their little living-room on their return. She had been sojourning in apartments fit for a queen. She had made leisure toilets at dressing-tables that were worth a fortune. She had been treading upon carpets an inch thick. And now *this* — this tawdry, second-hand little place. And, situate Down Neck. It was wrong — all wrong.

"Fraser," she said, "when we get that thousand-dollar check, let's start right, up on the Hill."

Fraser slowly shook his head. "I don't know, my dear," he said, "it's taken me seven years to get established here. It's a safe practise — it's a cash practise, Margie. I've got to a point where I can dig out a living for us both. Seven years it's taken. If I go up on the Hill, I've got to tear myself up by the roots and do it all over again. We've got to live — remember that. We've got to live."

"Do you mind my talking, Fraser?" asked his bride, anxiously.

"Go the limit — you do me good," said Fraser. But he was worried, nevertheless.

"Fraser," went on Margery, "your way may be the right way. The safe way would seem to be the right way. I know that. But, there are ways of getting on in River City. You know lots of college men. I know clubwomen, many of them rich. I see no outlook down here, Fraser. These people, down here — they take all the ambition out of me. And I'm ambitious, Fraser. I want you to get along. I know that, with proper management, you'll be one of the biggest specialists in River City ——"

"I know," said Fraser wearily.

"And it can't be done down here," went on Margie. "It's — it's horrible down here. I can't even think as I want to think, or work as I want to work down here. If we had a little cottage on the Hill, among the right kind of people ——"

"Who never pay their bills," laughed Fraser.

"Oh, well," said Margie, "if you're going to laugh about it ——"

AFTER that they kissed and made up. "Honey," said Fraser, "suppose we wait until we get that thousand-dollar check, and then we'll talk. Agreed?"

"Yes," said Margie, swiftly, "we'll wait until we get that thousand-dollar check."

They waited a week, a month. It didn't come. Margery met the postman on his every round; she wouldn't leave the house until the mail had come. Two months passed, the check failed to materialize.

"Fraser," said Margie, "you'll have to write them, and keep on writing them, until they send that check."

Fraser wrote, and wrote again, and wrote again. Luck favored them. As they sat down to breakfast one day during the third month, the letter-carrier announced his advent with a whistle so extremely sharp and shrill that it nearly knocked Fraser off his chair. Margery believed in signs.

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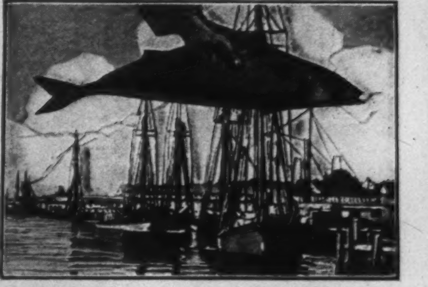

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"*There*," she assured Fraser, "I *know* that that's the check." She rushed frantically to the front door. She swept back in triumph, clutching a long envelope in her hand.

"From the railway administration at Washington," she said.

"Open it," said Fraser.

Margery shook her head. "First principles of a married woman," she declared, "I never open your mail, never. You'll open it yourself, Fraser, open it quick."

Fraser obeyed. He drew forth its content — no check. A single sheet of official letter paper addressed to him. This is what the letter had to say:

> Referring to recent bill rendered by you for medical services furnished in connection with the Hubbell Junction wreck, this department desires to call your attention to the fact that, while you are admitted to practise in the State of New Jersey, you are not admitted to practise in the commonwealth where the accident occurred and where the so-called medical service and attention was rendered. Under the law of the last mentioned commonwealth, no charge for services of such character can be made, nor fee accepted, except by a practitioner duly qualified to prescribe within that state. Your claim for services, therefore, stands rejected. Your bill includes items of expense, all of them for purchases of drugs at drug-stores in Othello. You perhaps are not aware that a police order of the municipality of Othello, as well as the state statute of the commonwealth in question, make it a misdemeanor to procure or sell narcotic drugs of any character, without the prescription of a physician duly licensed by that state. As the drugs were of the proscribed character, obtained in violation of the law, this department must decline to reimburse you for them. We regret exceedingly to come to this conclusion, but there is no doubt about the facts, and the facts must govern our determination. The claim in its entirety, stands rejected.

Fraser was the first to recover his equilibrium. He burst into raucous laughter.

"Dear Uncle Sam," he cried, "he needs no specialist. His nerves are all on straight."

Margery cried.

"Never mind, dearest," he assured her, "somehow, sometime, we'll move up on the Hill."

Just as he was about to leave, the telephone bell rang. Margery answered it.

"Missus Grayson," cried a cheery voice.

"Oh, yes," said Margery.

"You sure remember me — Tessie and me," went on the voice, "I'm Joe Delaney of that railroad wreck, you know."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Delaney, but you don't want me," she said, "it's the Doctor that you're after, I suppose."

It was. Fraser took the wire.

"Hello, Captain," said the private. "Say, have you got time to-day to trot around and have a look at the wife? I'm living only six blocks away from you, just now."

"What's the trouble, Joe?" queried Fraser.

"Oh, nervous — flighty," said Delaney, "I guess you understand." His voice trailed off into a species of masculine giggle.

"Right-o," said Fraser, "I'll drop in at your house this afternoon."

He did. He called on Mrs. Joe Delaney at half-past four.

"What's the trouble?" queried Fraser.

"Nothing *now*," said Tessie, "I'm like our flivver. When you take it to the repair shop to find out, it always acts all right. Now that you're here, I'm fit as a fiddle, Doc."

"There's something," persisted Fraser.

"Only once in awhile — this morning, for instance," nodded the girl, "I just kind of feel — afraid."

"You're — looking forward," suggested Fraser.

"Yes," said the girl, "too much."

"You're afraid," went on Fraser, "because you don't know — you're not sure."

"Yes," returned the girl, staring at him, her lips parted, "I think — I'm sure — that's it."

"Suppose I tell you," smiled Fraser, reassuringly, "just what *is* in store for a strong young girl like you."

Tessie was eager and grateful. She was still asking questions when Private Joe Delaney stole into the room. Tessie leaped up and threw her arms about his neck.

"Oh, Joe — Joe," she cried, "I'm not going to be foolish any more. I'll never be scared of anything in all my life. I won't even be afraid of you."

"Not even of me, eh," chuckled Joe, holding her tight.

"I'm going to give her a prescription," said Fraser, taking out his pad, "a little one. It doesn't amount to much. Only, every time you take this, you just think of what I said."

"Oh, I will, I will," returned the girl.

"Captain," went on Private Joe Delaney, "you know I've got a bunch down to my shop that'll eat out of my hand. I tell 'em to buy Liberty Bonds, they buy. If they want to keep on living, they just ask me; I give 'em the necessary permission to draw their breath. You see? And here's the dope. This goes. The first man that gets sick, or his wife gets sick, or his kids, he goes to you. That much is understood. Those boys, from now on, go to you."

"Well, but," protested Fraser, "they've got other doctors, Joe."

"Never mind that," said Joe. "The thing is fixed. Other doctors, maybe, they have. But they'd be coming to you, now, anyway. They know all about Camp Devens, an' they know all about that railroad wreck. You get me. And after this, of course, they'll know all about this old man Smith."

"What old man Smith?" asked Fraser.

"What," cried Joe Delaney, "you ain't forgot that old man Smith. Him and his old girl Phebe? Smith of the railroad wreck?"

"*That* Smith," said Fraser, "what's he got to do with this?"

Joe smiled at him mysteriously. "You ain't read the evening papers?" he inquired.

Fraser shook his head.

"I grabbed one on my way home," went on Delaney, "first crack out of the box, there was the old man on the first page as large as life."

"He hasn't been — killed?" queried Fraser.

"Not so you can notice it," laughed Joe, "fact is — he's just come to life. And to think we never even guessed who that old geezer was."

"Who is he?" cried Fraser.

"Oh," said Joe Delaney, producing the paper, "he's Smith all right. He's Jeremiah John Smith of New York. That's who he is."

"What," cried Fraser, "that man — Jeremiah John Smith?"

"Nothing but," said Joe, "you read."

Fraser read. He read steadily for a quarter of an hour. Then he pulled his hat down on his head and waved his hand to Joe. "You let me take this paper," he exclaimed, "I've got to take it home and show it to my wife."

Ten minutes later he showed it to his wife. "The headlines," he exclaimed, "just read the headlines first." Margery read them. They were splashed all across the sheet.

And this is what the headlines had to say:

FARNSWORTH GETS FIFTY MILLIONS FROM WALL STREET MAGNATE

JEREMIAH JOHN SMITH'S GIFT CONDITIONAL

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FARNSWORTH TO BE REORGANIZED INTO SHORT COURSES OF INTENSIVE TRAINING WHICH WILL FIT STUDENTS FOR BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL LIFE AT EARLY AGE.

Margery read the headlines with avidity. Then she read the whole write-up from its start to finish.

"That *is* wonderful new doctrine, Fraser," she exclaimed.

"Yes," said Fraser, "things always sound so well — in print."

"But it's solid reasoning, Fraser," protested Margery, "he's got it all worked out. He's a wonderful old man, to think of all that. And at his age."

"He's a wonderful old man," said Fraser.

Margery caught him by the arm. "Fraser," she screamed, "you — you didn't read this.

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Down at the bottom here, he says it's your idea — Dr. Fraser Grayson of River City, an old Farnsworth graduate, it's your idea, not his."

The telephone-bell rang. Margery answered.

"This," said a crisp voice, "is the office of Mr. Jeremiah John Smith, in New York. Mr. Smith would like to talk to Dr. Grayson. Is Dr. Grayson there?"

"Ye-es," quavered Margery, "he — he is."

"Will you please put him on the wire?"

"He's on the wire," said Margery. She handed the receiver to her husband.

"Hello," said Fraser sharply,

"Is that you, Doc?" said old man Smith. "By gorry, but I'm glad to hear your voice."

"I'm glad to see your face," laughed Fraser, "even by proxy — in the River City papers."

"They've got that story, have they?" queried the old man.

"Painted the town with it," said Fraser.

"That's a mere detail, Doc," went on old man Smith, "have you got anything to do to-night?"

"Not a blessed thing," said Fraser.

"Look here," said old man Smith, "wish you'd come over to my house — Seventy-third, right around the corner from Fifth Avenue. I want to have a talk with you about my wife."

At half-past eight that evening Fraser was ushered into the old man's spacious study. All the evening newspapers from miles around were scattered over the floor.

"Never mind them," said the old man, "we'll talk about that later. It's Phebe that I want to talk to you about just now. She's had half a dozen spells since we left you out there in Othello."

"You've had specialists?" asked Fraser.

"By the dozens," said the old man.

"Who?" queried Fraser.

The old man named them.

"They ought to do her good," said Fraser, "they're the biggest men we've got."

"Trouble is," said Smith, "she won't give up to them. She won't see 'em. Won't give 'em an opening. They're too big, too important for her, too important for my wife. You see, Doc, she wants something — she just wants you."

"Wants me?" echoed Fraser.

Jeremiah John Smith nodded. "She says you're the only doctor in the world that can do her any good. Look here, Doc. I want her cured. I think you're the boy to do the trick. I'm going to ask a big, big favor of you. I want you to stick by Phebe from now on. I want you to stick to her, Doc, until she's cured. By gorry, Doc, you're my only hope."

Fraser thought the matter over. Then he held out his hand. "I'm with you, Mr. Smith," he said, "I'll stick to Mrs. Smith. And I'll say this much, even at her age, I think she can be cured."

"That's the boy," said old man Smith. He scribbled in his pocket check-book and tossed a slip of paper toward Fraser.

"There," he said, "is a retainer on account." Fraser looked at it. He turned pale. "Do you know," went on the old man, "I wonder if all this fear of Phebe's, all her terror, don't come from ignorance. Phebe's never had much education. Do educated women have these nightmares? How about your wife, Doc? She's a cultured woman. You take your wife. Does she ever have hysterics?"

Fraser beamed across at old man Smith. "So far," he conceded, "Margie never has. But I feel sure that when she sees this check she will."

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Steamer

By placing the colander inside the large kettle and inverting the pudding pan, using the inverted pudding pan as a cover, you obtain a steam cooker, which will cook two articles at the same time, thus saving space and fuel.

Double Boiler

Another combination easily made with the covered two-quart pudding pan is to place it inside the large kettle. This gives you a perfect double boiler, in which you can steam rice, make oatmeal and other cereals, etc.

Egg Poacher

The large outside kettle with the rack and egg tins makes an unsurpassed egg poacher. Eggs cooked in this way have an extremely inviting appearance. Doctors say that the only absolutely sanitary utensils for poaching eggs are made of pure aluminum, because this metal is in no way affected by food-acids.

Casserole

By simply putting the cover on your pudding pan you have an excellent casserole, or bake dish, which is splendid for baking beans, macaroni, potatoes, escalloped corn, apples, and other dishes.

Pancake Cover

If you wish to keep pancakes warm on the table or to keep the heat in them while carrying from kitchen to dining room, you have only to cover them with the inverted pudding pan.

Stew Pan

By inverting the colander and placing it on top of the pudding pan, you obtain an ideal stew pan, because the perforation of the colander allows the steam to pass off properly.

Jelly Moulds

The three jelly moulds (which are also used for the egg poaching), are of just the right size and shape for use as containers of jelly, gelatine, and marmalade. Each mould is equipped with a convenient handle.

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For draining vegetables, macaroni, for washing lettuce and other uses the perforated pudding-pan will be found very handy as a colander.

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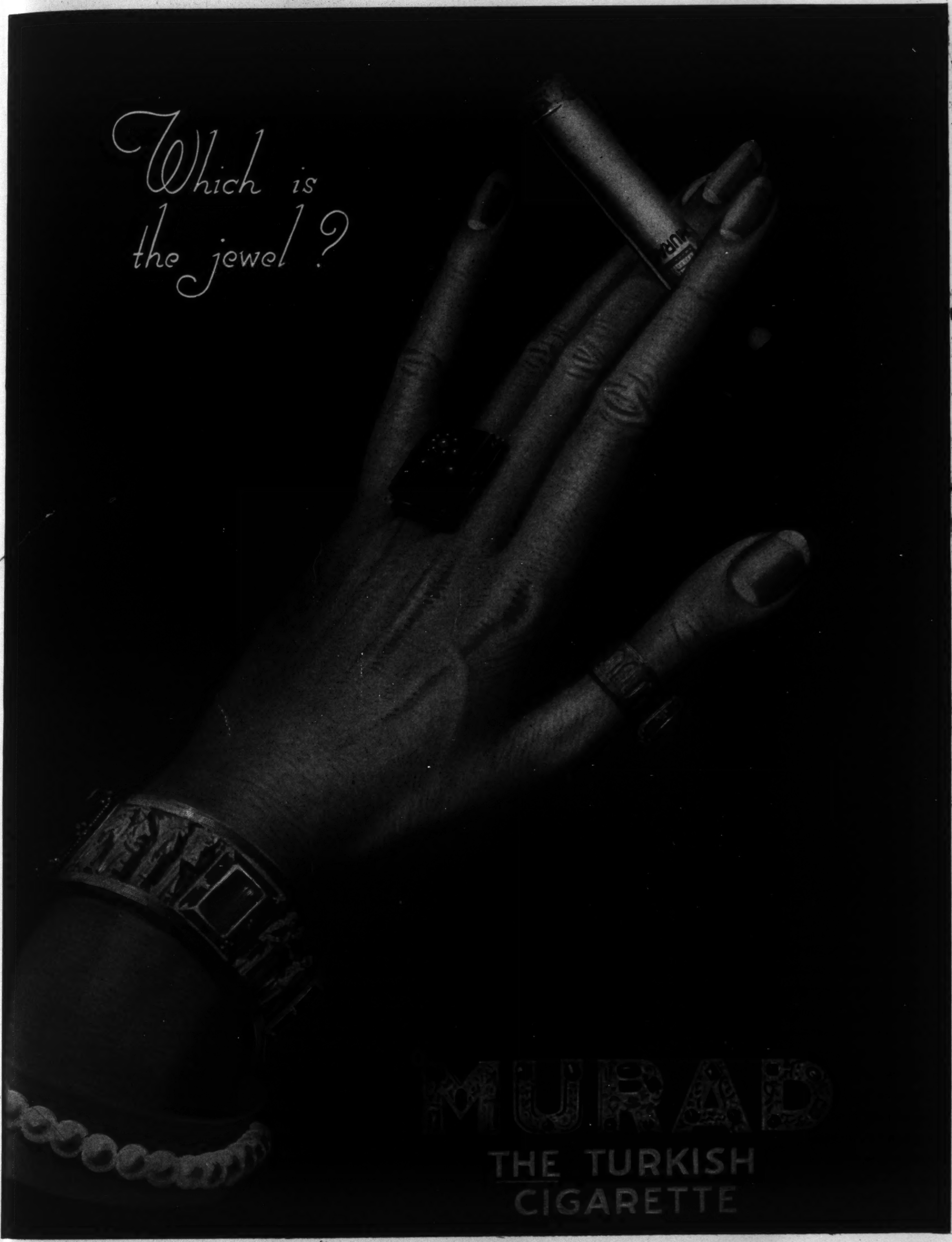
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